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16-page lift-out

TOYS AND GIFTS
to make for Christmas

**COOKING FOR A
TAHITIAN PARTY**

Two doctors tell
WHY you get a
pain in the neck

**SWIMMER LYN BELL
... OFF TO MEXICO**



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OUR COVER

● Lyn Bell (21), a member of Australia's swimming team for the 1968 Olympic Games, smiles happily with her kangaroo mascot before leaving Sydney's Kingsford Smith Airport for Mexico. The swimming team, 14 girls and 10 boys, were among the 163 Olympians farewelled by a crowd of more than 1000 and the Royal Australian Navy Band. Lyn comes from Belmont, N.S.W., and will swim in the 100 and 200 metres freestyle events and the 4 x 100 metres relay. She won a silver medal at the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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HOW'S YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE?

● Who says women don't know much about anything that goes on outside their own homes? Husbands and boyfriends say so — it's one of those myths, like the universally bad woman driver and the gossip-addict.

HOPING to prove them wrong, we present the first of a new series of general-knowledge quizzes.

Most of the questions are based on current events — involving facts you might glean from your newspaper, radio or TV news sessions. Others involve the use of words.

No prizes — but a big pat on the back (and a glow of satisfaction) if you can answer every question!

QUESTIONS

1. When is the U.S. Presidential election?
2. There is a lion park at Warragamba, near Sydney. On whose property is the one in England?
3. Every one has heard of Mandrake the Magician — but what is a mandrake?
(a) A sort of spanner? (b) A bird?
(c) A plant? (d) A gardening tool?
4. Does abrogate mean (a) Discard? (b) Give away? (c) Cancel? (d) Shut?
5. Kinetic jewellery is a new idea in London. What would you expect this jewellery to be like? Would it
(a) Contain a picture? (b) Move? (c) Tinkle?
6. Where is Biafra?
7. Britain is changing to decimal currency. What will be the principal monetary unit?
8. Before her death, Mrs. Daisy Bates presented two big cases of manuscripts to the Government archives in Canberra. Who wrote them and what were they about?
9. Australian champion boxer Lionel Rose has been offered \$75,000 to defend his title in Los Angeles. What title does he hold?
10. Can you say, without the slightest hesitation, how many fluid ounces make a pint?

ANSWERS

1. November 5.
Score a point for the date, but as a matter of interest, there's a bit more to it than that. As required by the U.S. Constitution, this is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, four years after the last Presidential election.
2. The Marquis of Bath's property, Longleat, in Somerset.
3. A plant with a large forked root. It was used as an anaesthetic in ancient times, was credited with magical powers. It was supposed to shriek loudly when dug up.
4. Cancel.
5. Move. (Our "cinema," from the same root, shows a moving picture.)
6. Biafra is the eastern, breakaway portion of Nigeria, West Africa, now involved in civil war with Nigeria.
7. The pound sterling (still expected to be called a pound). It will be worth 100 pennies, instead of 240, as at present.
8. Mrs. Bates wrote them herself, and they were the records of her long lifetime of work for Australian Aborigines. They dealt mainly with Aboriginal legends, customs, and language.
9. Rose is bantamweight champion of the world.
10. Twenty. The imperial pint, used in Australia, is divided into 20 fluid ounces. The American pint is divided into 16 fluid ounces.



BESS CAYZER photographed during her European tour.

When Russian tanks rolled into Prague

● BESS CAYZER, of Sydney, was a tourist trapped in Prague when Russia invaded the city.

NIGHT had fallen as we came to Prague.

In the streets and in the houses the lights were on and some neon signs shone. It was a beautiful city.

The tour bus had left from London and I had joined it in Holland. We had been through Holland, Germany, the U.S.S.R., and Poland. We were due in Prague on August 19.

We came to the Polish-Czech border at midday. Our first view of Czechoslovakia was rolling hills of forests, ordered farmlands, villages with tall steeples.

Prague has been noted for centuries as a university town, for its churches, and for its museums with their rich collections. We found it all it was reputed to be, with bright sunshine and gay, relaxed people who enjoyed being photographed.

Many young people strolled in the streets — some singing, some with ukuleles. Girls were in short skirts, with shoulder-length hair; boys were casually dressed. They seemed westernised and happy and friendly.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Mamma once said, when I complained that show business was hard, because you were always travelling and had no steady friends, and if I'd learned a trade I could live in a house and budget to a fixed income. "The fellow with a steady job probably envies you the bright lights, the glamor, the travel."

MOMMA'S MORAL: The grass is always greener the other side of the fence; and why not, when the neighborhood kids always play on your lawn.

Our last night in Prague came; and we went out for a last look at the city. People were still about, and some were gathering in groups — an unusual sight in Soviet countries, where officials were suspicious. There was a large crowd in the main square.

During the night there was a great deal of noise and I slept very little. The next day dawned dull and grey and I was up and out very early.

A large crowd had gathered below the main stair-

By BESS CAYZER

case. "We're surrounded," they said. "The Russians have come."

I couldn't believe it. I turned quickly and moved to the door to see if I could see outside; someone pulled me back. I moved to the stairs to go to my room; "Don't move," they called.

It was like a dream. I heard gunfire, more frequent and closer and closer. Some shots seemed to be almost outside.

Suddenly the whole awful scene shot into focus. The noises of that long wakeful night of August 20 had been approaching Russian tanks. Prague was in a state of siege. I was terrified.

When the initial shock was over, word went around that the Czech leaders were trying their utmost to win a peaceful settlement. The people were to be patient and not be provoked. We went to our rooms and waited.

By afternoon the noise of tanks and planes had increased. Fires were ablaze, and news went around that tanks had been set alight and the radio station blown up in retaliation. We saw the smoke billowing and the bombs exploding. We saw the tear-gas rising and the shells exploding and more ambulances coming and go-

ing and more people shouting and running.

Leaflets, giving the latest news and repeated warnings not to resist, kept coming from the Press, and even the soldiers had them. Rumors went around that Communist Party leader Dubcek had been killed and President Svoboda was being held. But nothing was certain.

By night the firing had abated considerably and there was an unnatural calm.

But by morning the situation had worsened. The tanks that had disappeared in the evening reappeared in greater numbers.

Suddenly, word came that foreigners were to get out; they weren't wanted by the Russians.

There was joy as our bus moved slowly off; but we did not know what lay ahead.

As we came to the Vltava River, the tank guard at the bridge thickened. As the bus crossed, soldiers stood with guns drawn, but none fired.

On the other side, people had come out to watch us go. They smiled, waved, and some made the victory sign.

More soldiers, tanks

Ten miles out of Prague, the tank tracks we had followed swung off the road and into the bushes.

We were not free of the Russians yet. More soldiers appeared, some in full view, some among the trees, with tanks behind them.

We were now near the border, and still the forces were coming.

Now we had caught up with the traffic ahead. We did not know if the frontier was blocked, or merely jammed with the volume of traffic. Then we began to inch forward.

Some hours later we moved through the border gate. There were crowds waiting for friends and families; their gaze went quickly from us to the long line still in Czechoslovakia.

We turned, too, for one last look — and a gesture of encouragement for those brave people we had left behind us.



GRACE OF MONACO AND DR. BARNARD

THE PRINCESS DANCES WITH THE SURGEON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

AT MONTE CARLO, the Rainiers extended a royal welcome to Dr. Christian Barnard, of heart-transplant fame. Here, Princess Grace and Dr. Barnard are partners at a grand ball for the Red Cross. It was the second dance, the Princess having opened the ball by dancing with her husband, Prince Rainier. In thanking her for the wonderful hospitality throughout his visit, Dr. Barnard reminded her that it was in Monaco, at the beginning of the century, that early work was done in immunology techniques — work which had an important bearing on the advanced heart surgery of today.

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THE PIED PIPER OF MUSIC LAND

● Meet Les Slade, the Pied Piper of Music Land: a dapper man with a toothbrush moustache and a big panama hat. And he is capable of making a whole lot of noise on his One-Man Mini-Band.

LES SLADE is an effervescent man who bubbles with life and enthusiasm.

His face is never still for a moment, and when he's behind his mass of instruments his feet and hands are just as active. Children love him, the music he makes, and the way he makes it. So do their parents.

His innovations in the music world are unconventional, but they achieve the result he's after—audience participation. His latest creation is a Dairy Band, complete with cow and pig, assorted cheeses, cowbells, and a plastic train.

Well known for his work in advertising promotions, he was commissioned by the Australian Dairy Board to design and build a band for the Australian Cheese Carnival.

Les Slade loves challenges like that and after two months in his workshop under his Northmead, Sydney, home he came up with something that meant fun not only for children but for the whole family.

Probably his greatest fans are the neighborhood youngsters.

Mrs. Slade invariably answers her back door in the

afternoons to the same question: "Is Mr. Slade home?"

When one had a party recently, it was the most natural thing in the world to have Mr. Slade along, and 16 little girls queued up waiting to take their turn on the band. Two of them came in to give us a demonstration and it was obvious they had had lots of practice.

With Mr. Slade singing a dairified version of "Old MacDonald's Farm," and

By
MARGARET ANN KANDAL

playing on his Mini-Band, anyone game enough stands with feet apart on two carpeted pedals and marches up and down in time to the music, so that two "cheese beaters" connected to the pedals beat two large cheese drums.

When it's time to "moo" you press down on a slab of gorgonzola and the noise comes out of a cow's head. A different cheese works the same way for the pig. To get toots you squeeze the plastic train, for country meadow sounds you ding the cowbells at the back.

It doesn't sound too hard to work, and it doesn't look

too hard, either, but just try playing "Macdonald," particularly at the end when it gets faster and faster and you're trying to toot, moo, snort, and ding-a-ling at the same time but NOT laugh. It's fun!

Mr. Slade is a perfectionist. "Each day he wants to do something different to it," said his wife.

He bought the cow and pig heads and the train, but he made the cheeses (including the drums at front) from a plastic material and mounted the whole on a steel frame. Connecting wires to the animals and train produce the sounds.

Mr. Slade has been a musician for more than 30 years. Until ten years ago he played in a group, but decided to branch out on his own. "First it was for money," he said. "You get a great deal more working on your own — it doesn't have to be split up. But you also get far more gratification — you're an individual and you can do what you like."

He plays at clubs, parties, picnics, store promotions, premieres, fetes, and any other type of function that comes his way. The first band he built was the Cock-tail, which he still uses at clubs and parties. It's bigger



than the Mini, which consists of rhythm guitar, drums, half a piano - accordion, public-address system, percussion instruments, and an amplifier.

While playing, he can still sing songs and jingles, or, particularly in sales promotions, get the dialogue across to his audience and yet keep them entertained.

One novel invention was his tin-can band, to publicise canned products. Using them as an accessory to his Mini, he tapped out tunes and sang such songs as "Can Can."

Audiences join in

Another gimmick, very popular at children's parties, is a number of percussion instruments for the youngsters to play.

"I think this audience participation is very important," said Mr. Slade. "Music should be fun and I make it as much fun as possible, not only for me but for those I'm entertaining as well. They don't just stand by and listen, they help create, too."

"One of my best bands had pots and pans as 'accompanying instruments,' and during club acts I invited women to play on them."

When the film "Mary Poppins" came to Australia, Mr. Slade was commissioned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to create a gimmick for its promotion. He came up with a replica of chimney-sweep Bert's mobile one-man band.

"I had the drum and cymbals on my back," he said, "and at the front a concertina and a mouth-organ. We went on tour of Australia and New Zealand, and besides being an enormous success it caused quite a bit of havoc in the streets. I'd be walking down the main road and there'd be hundreds of children following behind, all singing and playing different instruments. They loved it."

Mr. Slade writes many of his own songs and has a charmer for the Cheese Carnival. It's a question-and-answer song about a cow called Who.

THE DAIRY BAND. Mr. Slade plays his Mini-Band while Virginia Grossfeld (centre girl) "grunts" the pig, Maxine Hutchinson "toots" the train, and a pretty dairymaid plays a triangle.

"I'll probably be giving about three or four performances a day in the stores during the Cheese Carnival," he said.

The Cheese Carnival officially begins its four-week run on September 30.

Mr. Slade will play at Sydney stores as part of the promotion, and there will be 20 young dairymaids, as store hostesses, dressed in typical dairymaid costumes of emerald-green and white.

So if you see a crowd of people milling round a lot of noise on one of your shopping excursions, do try your hand on the Dairy Band. It's great fun, even if a little tiring on the legs, and you'll come away feeling just that bit happier.

TWO CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR CHARITY

A LITHOGRAPH of their 89-year-old building appears on the Christmas card now being sold by the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.

The building is the old, original Sydney Industrial Blind Institution on the corner of William and Boomerang Streets, one of Sydney's oldest landmarks. It is expected to be demolished within the next two years when the society moves to

new, modern quarters in Burwood.

When it was first opened, the institution served as a residential building. Ultimately it became non-residential and today houses the headquarters of the society, sheltered workshops, and rehabilitation and recreation sections.

A spokeswoman for the society said the building was so old-fashioned that walking into it was like walking into the 19th century.

"We are hoping to be in

our new building in about two years. We have three acres of land at Burwood, and at the moment a world survey is being made to find the latest information on blind welfare.

"The architect has already made a model of the building, which will centre mainly on rehabilitation, recreation, and job training.

"We thought it appropriate that we commemorate the old building, which has served the blind so well for so long, on our card this year. It may not be here next year."

The lithographed cards at 10 cents each are now on sale at the society's headquarters in the old building. For personalised cards the price is \$2 for the setting plus an extra 1c per card.

THE Royal Blind Society's Christmas card.

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A MEETING with Helen Keller inspired the 1968 Christmas card designed by Lady Casey for the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

"Since I met Helen Keller I always saw the hands of the blind as antennae which they use 'see' and 'feel' the world round them," said Lady Casey.

"I remember so vividly Helen Keller's hands lightly going over my face when we first met, discovering for herself what I was like. It was a most curious sensation and very, very affecting.

"One of my grandchildren, Anna, sat for the child in the drawing. I told her to close her eyes and concentrate on not being



LADY CASEY'S drawing on the Christmas card of the Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

able to see. I think her expression is very good, especially the mouth half opened in deep concentration.

"I drew the woman from imagination; but I am very happy about the likeness to Anna I managed to capture. I don't think I could ever re-create the picture."

The drawing, done in pencil and wash and signed with

the initials M.C., was finished by Lady Casey late in September.

The cards on which it is reproduced are available at 15 cents each at the institution's office at 229 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Miss Valda Bagnall, the publicity officer, is in charge of their sale and her telephone number is 26-2105.

—GLORIA NEWTON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968



NEW YORK'S UNISEX BOUTIQUE

• It's great—right?

By KAY MELAUN, in New York



GIPSY LOOK: Satin elephant pants (hers) are optional. His are velvet.

NOW that dress you're wearing. You say you're wearing it back to front. Right? Right. It looks great. So it's great. I mean that's IT. You've gotta have individuality these days. "It's all to suit yourself. These kids now. They want to BE something. A gipsy or an Indian. Right? So they get a scarf or a band and tie it round their heads, and that's IT. Great."

Francine Farkas was chattering away to me at the Press opening of Experiment One, billed as New York's first "unisex" boutique for men and women. The boutique, in Greenwich Village, is the newest venture of Alexander's, a chain of five department stores, each one different in character, keyed to its milieu.

Francine's husband, Alexander Farkas, jun., named after his grandfather, is president of the stores.

The business is a multi-million-dollar family operation.

Francine's father-in-law, George Farkas, will be visiting Australia before the year's end to look over his Australian investments. Among his business links is a tie-up with the Myer chain.

Soulmate

The Greenwich Village Boutique is (hopefully) "a place where one can shop with one's soulmate."

It could develop, said the Press handout (even more hopefully), into a place where one could FIND one's soulmate. ("Boy meets girl. They exchange clothes and live happily ever after.")

Experiment One's decor is space-age, all white spin-

ning planets and satellites. The music grooves out softly, interspersed with space-program beeps.

Fitting-rooms are labelled "His try-on capsule," "Her try-on capsule."

Among the nude white plaster dummies twirling from the ceiling is a male one fully dressed, hanging by the neck, as in a hangman's noose.

It wasn't put near the Press-table a-purpose, we were assured. That was the only available space for setting up the coffee and biscuits.

But Mrs. Farkas was sparkling on, far more interesting than anything on view.

"Men are in tune with this his-and-hers thing. Right? See this shirt," darting over to finger in the rack a long-sleeved white tunic with lace-trimmed turtle collar and cuffs. "I've got one, and my husband has, too. We wore them to a party over in Westchester."

"Everyone told him how great he looked. Great. No one said anything about me." A shrug, a guffaw of real amusement.

Francine Farkas could happen only in the 1960s.

She personifies the Feminine Explosion all over the Anglo-Saxon world and, to a lesser extent, Europe: the pretty young woman who tackles the business-world Goliath like a chic and cheeky David. In between she marries once or twice, has children.

After her business day, piling up the success, the kudos, the money, she races home to organise the dinner and the social engagements, change into "something pretty," and greet her husband sweetly as though the elves have arranged everything.

How was HIS hard day at the office? "You Tarzan, me Jane," she beams up silently at him from her velvet cushion.

This phenomenon comes in many editions. Francine Farkas is the American version, Bronx-style.

She's brash, she's uninhibited, she's aggressive, she

talks non-stop. You'd expect to loathe her.

Instead, you're won by her appealing directness, her interest in you, and an awareness that this is a kind girl. She doesn't care who you are, really, or what you do. Those dark eyes are concentrated on what you're like, what you have to offer.

Australia and her informality, her give-it-a-go-ness would jive. (This basic sympathy was confirmed by the attitude of Francine's secretary, Callie Richards. "I just love Australians, they're the nicest people," she said. "If you're in the store, do come by and say hello.") Francine, frank, cheerful, vital, is a pretty brunette, about 5ft. 3in., 7st. 12lb. She is 28 and looks 22.

Only child

She was nee Moss, a Bronx kid like thousands of others, the only child of a self-made dealer, a fruit merchant.

After giving the beauty and photography business a fling (once working at Alexander's, although she didn't then know the family), Fran-

cine married into the rag trade. It was a fleeting boy-and-girl romance.

After divorce, she married Alexander Farkas, eldest of the four sons, a deal older than herself, also divorced.

As a bride, Francine took to Wall Street — and made a small pile brokering.

Now, six years, two babies (daughters aged five and three) later, she's in there pitching like a champion on Alexander's fashion field.

Her taste?

Elegance, implying reserve, discretion, aloofness, is beyond her personally. But she's picking up the Paris know-how like the pigeons gobbling the crumbs in Hyde Park. And for which of those couture designs will reproduce and SELL, back Francine.

Anyway, why look for elegance from someone who has the exuberance of a child, the business acumen of a computer, and enough go to power New York? A newly arrived "name" who's unimpressed by herself, and wouldn't know condescension if she met it on Park Avenue wearing a coronet? It's not a commodity she deals in.

How do the Farkas family feel about Francine?

Well, take her father-in-law, George Farkas.

How would you feel if you'd started with a little shop your father used to have, way down in a dim quarter of New York. Over a lifetime you built it into a chain. (Your wife, a doctor specialising in psychology, used to help serve.)

Just great

You had sons and grandsons, all with a stake in the business, but not quite the attitude you had.

Suddenly, along comes a daughter-in-law, young, pretty, lively, who has the first baby girls born in the family in 50 years, who publicises Alexander's like a Madison Avenue professional, whose voice is not only respected for its money power but liked for itself at those classy couture houses over in Paris, France.

You'd think it was a long way from that little board-floor shop down on Third Avenue, wouldn't you? Right? You'd think it was great, wouldn't you? Right? Just great.



FRANCINE FARKAS — frank, cheerful, vital, 28, but looks 22. Doing nicely.

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Forget hand washing. Slip the Mini-Basket in place and let your GE 1154HD washer do all your little loads up to 2 lbs. automatically. Dainty things, nuisance coloureds which run, forgotten sox and so on. And with savings in hot water, electricity, time and detergent. For the family wash GE gives you the biggest wash load capacity of all — a full 14 lbs. That's an extra 2 lbs every time you wash. GE, with its 14 wash programs also safely washes more fabrics than any other washer. And so simply — you select any cycle with the push of a button. Controls are neatly arranged, clearly marked — even include a progress indicator to let you know how the wash is going.

GE exclusive "filter-flo" filters out the finest lint (goodbye speckled sox) and you can actually see it at work. Your powder detergents, bleaches and softener are dispensed automatically, at the right time. For permanent press and wash and wear garments, GE has a cool-down system which helps remove creases that might form.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

From film studio to leper colony

● Padre Humberto Almazan is a priest from Mexico. But nine years ago he was a film star. He acted with Sophia Loren, Ingrid Bergman, worked at the Old Vic—then, at the peak of his career, sold home and belongings to enter a monastery. "I miss nothing—except dancing," he says. He hopes to work in a leper colony.



PADRE HUMBERTO ALMAZAN, who has been on a visit to Sydney.

NINE years away from the cameras have not eradicated the actor in Padre Humberto Almazan. The talent that carried him to the top in the film world is still very evident.

When I talked to the boyish-faced Mexican priest, at the Divine Word Missionaries' headquarters, in the Sydney suburb of Epping, each story was illustrated with a pair of expressive hands—and two large, eloquent brown eyes flashed fire, softened with emotion, and beamed with happiness.

The intriguing question I had come to ask—why, after 17 years as a film star, had he suddenly decided to become a priest?—remained unspoken during the first ten minutes of our meeting. Instead, I asked where he had been before he arrived in Sydney.

"Bali," he answered enthusiastically. "I spent my three months' summer vacation at a leper mission in the south-west. Lepers are the people I hope to devote my life to in the future."

Important event

"There are about 17 million lepers in the world, and in Mexico there are nearly 7000. I first became interested in them shortly after I was ordained, two years ago, when my sister, who does volunteer work among them, took me with her one afternoon to a leprosarium. It was an important event in my life."

"My hope now is that I can be put in charge of a leprosarium in my own country. But," he shrugged,

By
GLORIA NEWTON

"that is up to my superiors."

He was, he told me, committed to lectures at schools and the University of Sydney during his visit.

He paused to light a cigarette and the question that had hung in the air since we met was asked.

"Why, at the peak of your career, did you step out of the limelight to be a priest?"

The 45-year-old priest blew a stream of smoke from his mouth and grinned.

"Why? It is quite a story."

"I was born in Mexico City, and as a young boy I was happy, loved life, enjoyed everything it had to offer. I thought, as many people do, that happiness was being a movie star, with a couple of blondes on your arm, fast cars, expensive clothes, a big house, a swimming-pool. And I was determined to have them all."

"I had to wait until I was 21 before I could start on this great ambition. First I had to finish my degree in architecture."

"My father listened to me when I told him about becoming an actor and then said, 'First your university degree and then we will see.' The day I graduated, I enrolled at a drama school."

While still at the school the young actor got a film part which was praised by critics. This led to other offers.

"When I was offered a leading part in a stage drama I leapt at it, thinking I was a great actor," he said.

"The opening night was a fiasco. In the first act I was supposed to shoot a character called Don Luis. I had a

pistol which made no sound, but a man in the wings had to fire a blank.

"My great moment came, and there I stood, in doublet and cloak, a sword in my belt, pistol in hand."

"Don Luis," I said, "I am going to kill you!"

"Three times I said my line and fired my gun, but there was no noise."

"Don Luis still stood, arms outstretched, repeating 'I am waiting,' until finally I lost my poise, drew my sword, and pretended to stab him."

"And, right as the sword seemed to pierce him, the gun sounded and the laughter from the audience was deafening. I went back to drama school."

Filming in Rome

After his graduation, two years later, young Humberto was given the role of Puck in a Spanish version of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." His performance earned him a year's scholarship at the Conservatoire in Paris, which continued into another year, when he became the first foreign pupil to be awarded the first prize in his class.

"Paris was wonderful. I became an existentialist and my hero was Jean Paul Sartre."

"From Paris I went to Italy. It was the time of the golden years of film-making in Rome—Anna Magnani, Rossellini, Ingrid Bergman, Sophia Loren, Carlo Ponti—all the good films."

"But breaking into them was not as easy as I had imagined. After a couple of months with no work, I found I was broke, so I looked up the uncle of a friend of mine, a priest."

"He was a very nice guy, and he gave me a room at

the monastery and laughed when I told him that he was not to try to talk religion to me."

"He just said, 'Humberto, no arguments, no arguments. Would you like to meet two friends of mine? Roberto Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman?' I was ecstatic!"

Padre Almazan pushed back a lock of jet-black hair from his forehead.

"That," he said, "was really the start of my success. They gave me a role in their next film—and the next one. Then I met Anna Magnani."

"I saw her doing a samba with a man in a nightclub, and I thought, as a Mexican, I could do so much better. So I found someone to introduce us and asked her to dance. She is a magnificent woman."

"She was very good to me. She arranged an audition with Jean Renoir for the role of a bullfighter in 'The Golden Coach.' It was a magnificent part."

"But, behind my exhilaration, I was puzzled. Here I was, on top of the world—but still I was not happy."

"It was just about this time that I met a beautiful

young girl named Sophia. I played in a film with her and the director was a wonderful man who treated big stars, little ones, extras all alike."

"His name was Carlo Ponti, and Sophia, who later married him, was Sophia Loren."

"Beautiful? She is more so in real life than in her photographs. And they are really and truly a devoted couple."

From Rome the young Mexican travelled to Paris, where he co-starred in a film with Jeanne Moreau, and then on to London to the Old Vic.

But, behind the glittering life of the film world, Humberto was still searching for happiness.

"Marriage?" he echoed my question. "Yes, there were several times I thought I would get married, but each time it seemed it was not meant to be."

"I thought then," he said, "that perhaps the time had come to return to Mexico."

Academy Award

"The Mexican film industry is a large one, and I had no trouble finding roles. I bought myself a large home and a fast sports car."

"Then, in 1955, I was named winner of the Mexican Academy Award."

"When the presentation night was over, I drove home thinking, 'This was the biggest night of your life, Humberto. Everybody was there. Lights, cameras, all for you. Why are you not happy?'"

"Because," I answered myself, 'all those lights have gone out, all those people have gone home—everything is over, and what is there left for you? An award that took 17 years of your life to win—and what will it give you?'"

"Lying in bed that night, I suddenly remembered the face of Pope Pius XII. I had been taken to see him by my friend the priest in Rome. I remember I did not want to go."

"Who wants to see

another priest?" I said. But now I remembered the serenity, the happiness in his face."

Padre Almazan sat upright, eyes flashing.

"Well," he laughed, "I thought, perhaps that is it. To be happy, one must be a Pope, and to be a Pope one has to be a priest—so I might as well start straight away."

Padre Almazan was 35 when he sold his home, his car, his belongings, and entered a monastery in Washington, U.S.A., to settle down for seven long years of study.

"My mother said, 'Humberto, you won't be able to do without your house, your car, your fine clothes.'"

"I have missed nothing—except, perhaps, dancing. To a Mexican it is a way of life. I still dance in the mornings, when I am shaving."

"I can remember one morning, in my first year in the monastery, when I was still becoming accustomed to wearing a cassock and to washing floors and washing dishes. There was no music in the monastery, only a radio in the kitchen, always turned to classical music."

"One morning I was alone for a while, and I reached out and turned the radio knob to another station. It was playing the 'twist.'"

"I listened for a moment and then—I could not help it—I started to twist, at first slowly, but as the music got faster and faster so did my dancing."

"Then, to my horror, I looked at the door, and there stood my Superior, watching."

"I knew I could not be a chicken and stop dancing immediately, so I just started to slow down a little. I must have looked very funny twisting in a cassock and wiping dishes."

"But he looked at me and said, 'Humberto, are you still happy here?' I laughed, gave an extra twist, and said, 'Father, I have never been so happy in all my life!'"



LEFT: "My first year in the monastery I was washing dishes . . . I turned the radio knob. It was playing the 'twist' . . . I could not help it, I started to twist . . . CENTRE: "I looked at the door. To my horror, there stood my Superior watching me. I knew I could not be a chicken and stop dancing, so I started to slow down . . . RIGHT: "I must have looked very funny, twisting in a cassock . . . He said, 'Humberto, are you still happy here?' . . . and I said, 'Father, I have never been so happy in all my life!'"



CHORUS LINE in one of the Minstrels' shows in Britain.



ABOVE: "Mitchell Maid" Dorothy Ogden, before leaving for Australia, talks to top Australian shirt designer Vernon Lambert in his boutique in Chelsea. He makes shirts for top pop groups, including the Beatles.

RIGHT: Some of the London company make a fuss of their five-millionth customer — 89-year-old Lilian Ingrams, a dresser in the show.



The Black

● Tried-and-tested family show, in its seventh year in London, has sent a replica to Australia

SINCE its record-breaking first visit to Australia in 1962, "The Black and White Minstrel Show" has changed color. But when the show kicks off again at Her Majesty's Theatre in Melbourne on October 12, only those sitting in the front rows will notice the change.

The Minstrels are now brown and white. "The producer, George Inns, saw the show a while back and decided that black faces with white eyes didn't let enough personality show through," explained one of the touring show's three principals, 30-year-old Londoner Peter Darren.

"So he changed it to dark brown make-up with white eyes." Whatever the color, Peter Darren has become a dab hand at putting on his make-up after four years' touring with the Minstrels. It now only takes him three minutes, beginning with the white lipstick and eye-shadow.

During those four years he has worked with the company that tours Britain. There are three Minstrel companies in all: the British touring company, the company touring Australia, and the London-based company, which now holds the world record for the longest running musical stage production after a 6½-year run.

The show has provided enjoyment around the world

since 1957, both on stage and television, with its particular brand of family entertainment.

Old and young enjoy watching the glamorous Topper Dancers, the Singing Minstrels, and the variety acts, besides joining in the songs, which are pre-recorded.

This widely known taping is necessary because some theatres are badly equipped for sound; and as Peter Darren explained:

"I don't think we would get the same reproduction of sound on stage because we

By
CAMILLA BEACH,
of our London Staff

are always moving—although we do sing along with the tapes.

"Also, some theatres have awful microphones—but very occasionally we have to rely on them when the tapes break and we have to sing live.

"Fortunately, that doesn't happen very often. It has only happened to me about four or five times, and even then the audience didn't seem to notice—they just thought the sound had dropped."

Peter Darren has recorded his songs in London for the Australian tour, and his voice will be added to those of the other two principals, Don Cleaver and Howard Davies, and the chorus, which will be recorded in Australia when the locally recruited people are cast.

Peter's wife, Elizabeth, a dancer who is travelling to Melbourne with him and their four-month-old baby daughter, Jennifer, is hoping to join the cast there and tour Australia and New Zealand with him.

"Elizabeth's grandmother, who is 86, lives in Melbourne and we are hoping she will keep an eye on Jennifer for us," he said.

Only two dancers are being brought to Australia from London to join the touring company. One of these is Jill Bradburn, the wife of Melbourne-born Minstrel Garry Hayes. She and her husband have been appointed head boy and head girl.

Garry made his stage debut with the show's last

visit to Australia and met and married Jill on his return to England with the company. Now he is Head Minstrel.

Jill is the show's Head Topper and ballet mistress, and her first visit to Australia gives her the chance to meet her in-laws, who so far have seen her only on TV.

The other recruit from London is Dorothy Ogden, who is a Mitchell Maid (named after the show's musical arranger, George Mitchell) rather than a Topper, because she sings as well as dances.

The first trip to Australia for 21-year-old blonde Dorothy means a separation from her boyfriend, Minstrel Carey Wilson, who works with the London company. But it is also the partial realisation of a dream she had when she was 16.

"I was at hairdressing college," said Dorothy, "and a girlfriend and I talked about migrating to Australia."

"We thought we might start up a hairdressing business in a caravan and tour around the country — into the outback even — instead of settling in, say, Sydney or Melbourne."

"Sentimentalist"

"But we dropped the idea when I joined the show."

Since then she has toured all over Britain with the Minstrels and spent the past year with the London show. Oddly enough, for a girl who has sung throughout the Beatle era, Dorothy, whose previous singing experience was limited to school pantomimes and operas, has never yearned to be a pop singer.

"I suppose I'm a sentimentalist," she said. "I like all the old songs we sing in the show — sort of family entertainment. And besides, pop songs don't suit my voice."

The laughs and the thrills of the Australian production will be provided by Scots comedian Denny Willis (the highlight of whose career was appearing before the Queen at a Royal Command Variety Performance in 1961), top acrobats Warren, Devine, and Sparks, and comedienne Joan Lawrie.

Visiting Australia for the first time will mean a change of routine for Joan Lawrie, who has spent the past five winters touring South Africa.

But there is some compensation in the fact that

and White Minstrels



ABOVE: A number from the show to tour Australia. RIGHT: Minstrels Garry Hayes and Don Cleaver confer backstage with "Head Topper" Jill Bradburn. The three arrived two weeks ahead of the main company and held auditions in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane to find 50 local dancers for the tour. Don is the principal singer.

some of the jokes she told in South Africa that got good laughs will also be valid in Australia, like:

"I just love this country—particularly the drive-in cinemas with their wall-to-wall car petting."

Her partner in the act, Pluto, has been forced to miss the first few months of the show. He is a corgi and must remain in English quarantine kennels until January, following his recent visit to South Africa.

"Sings with me"

"He's a dear," said Joan. "He's 12 years old and he sings with me. And he is very partial to television."

Instead, she will do a routine with comedian Denny Willis, who, so far as Joan is concerned, goes a bit too far — in height.

"I'm only 4ft. 10in. tall and Denny's about 6ft. 2in. But it should be very funny. We are doing this song-and-dance routine together to warm up the show — a send-up of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald,

the famous musical-comedy film stars of the 'thirties and 'forties. Personally, I couldn't bear them."

Miss Lawrie, like all the show's artists imported from Britain, is under contract for a year.

"But they are already talking about extending the term," she said.

Like the first tour in 1962, which was expected to last six months and ran two and a half years, smashing theatre-attendance records in Australia and New Zealand, this tour is destined for success in advance.

But it will be hard to beat the record of the London company, who recently entertained their five-millionth visitor, one of the show's dressers, 89-year-old Lillian Ingrams.

Better known to the cast and company as Auntie Lill, she arrived at the theatre in a Rolls-Royce, was ushered to a box for the matinee performance, watched the show for the very first time, was presented with a cake, and went back to work for the second show.



Enjoy being a Girl!

The Pretty Girl is all girl. All frills and ruffles and softness. And she likes Lady Pelaco that way, too.



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Lady Pelaco

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

LETTER in my mailbag from Sue Du Val, written as she left Kennedy Airport in New York and posted in Germany en route to Holland, where she went for her daughter's wedding, was full of news. In New York she stayed with former Sydneyite Kerry Fitzgerald, who was looking after a friend's penthouse—six bedrooms, six bathrooms, and fully staffed. During her stay she saw film star Peter Pagan a number of times. "At one party we went to he escorted Joan Bennett," says Sue. "She looked about 19, although she has four grown-up daughters." A weekend in Connecticut and a swim in a beautiful lake near West Point were just two of the many things she did during her stay. "And I loved Mexico City — the MOST beautiful city ever," her letter concludes.

RANG Mrs. Michael Bray at St. Luke's Hospital to ask about her newest addition—a little boy who she told me is to be named Michael. The baby (who has masses of dark hair) looks like being thoroughly spoiled by his three small sisters, Caroline, Sarah, and Penelope, who, she tells me, are thrilled with the idea of a brother and are longing to get him home. He was born on September 15.

BELIEVE that guests will travel from country areas in Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales for the wedding on October 18 of Ann Hutchings and Max Holmes at St. Andrew's, Wagga. Ann, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hutchings, of "Dalrye," Yerong Creek, and Max, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Holmes, of "Kuleah," Woolsthorpe, Victoria, will honeymoon in Fiji and then return to live in the house they are building on "Kuleah."

DATE for your diary . . . September 28, when the Silver Lining Committee has arranged a Soiree d'Avant-Garde at 575 Pacific Highway, Chatswood, to raise funds for the Foundation for Research and Treatment of Alcoholism and Drug Dependence of N.S.W.

AT present honeymooning in Fiji, Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Sutton will move into a home at Beauty Point, which they have redecorated, when they return. Mrs. Sutton was Barbara McIntosh before their marriage at The Scots College Chapel on September 14.

AND just back from a honeymoon on Lord Howe Island are Mr. and Mrs. Colin Begg, who were married on September 11 at St. Andrew's, Longueville. Mrs. Begg was Sonya Mackinnon, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Mackinnon, of Northwood.

I FOUND quite a story behind the letter I received inviting me to the inaugural meeting of the Killara Auxiliary of the Royal Blind Society to be held on September 30 at the Killara home of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Rainsford. It appears that a small group of "youngies"—ten- and eleven-year-olds—worked last year and this year and raised \$1227 for blind babies and infants. Their parents decided the children needed a helping hand, so the Killara Auxiliary has been formed. Incidentally, eleven-year-old Suzanne Rainsford, president of the young group (who are called the Victor Maxwell Junior Supporters Cot Fund), started the whole thing, which her mother says has "snowballed."

OTHERS working for the Royal Blind Society who deserve a pat on the back are the members of the Bank of N.S.W. Women's Auxiliary, whose fete at "Mah-ratta" a week ago raised about \$3000. I'm told that their enthusiastic president, Mrs. R. W. Norman, does a magnificent job.

PRODUCER Bill Orr has come up with his version of Pick-a-Box for the "Spring Fever" party which members of the RPAH King George V Appeals Committee are holding at the Queen Mary Nurses' Home at Camperdown on September 29. He's called it Pick-a-Girl, and it's to be a competition in which holders of lucky tickets actually "pick a box" held by a chorus girl from the Doncaster Theatre Restaurant and win the contents, which could be a case of whisky or, I hear, even a bag of onions. The evening (described as a Night of Madness on the smart invitations) will be a dinner followed by a revue. It should make an entertaining Sunday night out.

RACE meeting with a difference to be held at Kembla Grange on October 3, when members of the Rosemary Group of Wollongong Torch Bearers will serve a champagne-and-chicken luncheon to racegoers who will sit out under gay umbrellas near the main stand. They're expecting quite a few people to drive down from Sydney for the day and there'll be a special prize for the best-dressed woman on the course.

A "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" is the theme chosen by the ex-AWAS Association for their 27th Anniversary Reunion Dinner at the Trocadero on October 25. And once again on the stage leading the orchestra as he did during wartime when many members of the forces danced at the Trocadero will be orchestra leader Frank Coughlan. Funds raised from the reunion will go to the Autistic Children's Association.

JUST WED. Lieutenant and Mrs. Malcolm Robinson leaving The King's School Chapel following their marriage. The bride was Miss Nancy Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Fraser, of "East Toorale," Bourke. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. M. Robinson, of "Talyealye," Bourke, and of the late Mr. Robinson. They will make their home on "Ellerslie," Enngonia, via Bourke.





ENGAGED. Mr. Campbell Scott and Miss Jenny Dight, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Dight is the only daughter of Mrs. C. Dight, of Hamilton, Brisbane, and of the late Mr. Dight. Her fiancé is the youngest son of Mrs. R. M. Scott, of Edgecliff, and of the late Mr. Scott.

AT RIGHT: Guests-of-honor President Park Chung Hee of South Korea and Mrs. Park (centre) with the Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey at the dinner given at "Yarralumla" in their honor during their three-day visit to Canberra.



AT LEFT: Miss Lynne Derwent and Mr. Hans Clasie, who have announced their engagement. Miss Derwent is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Derwent, of Oatley. Mr. Clasie is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clasie, of Amsterdam, Holland.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Pat Houldsworth (at left) and Mrs. Helen McEwen standing in front of Clifton Pugh's painting "The Territorial Imperative," which was one of the thirteen oils and four gouaches exhibited at the opening of his one-man show at the Rudy Komon Art Gallery. It will remain open until October 5.

DINNER DANCE. Miss Diane Entwistle, Mr. Peter Bingham, and Miss Audrey Foote (left to right) at the Spanish Fiesta dinner dance given by the Young Contingent of the Victoria League in their clubrooms in Margaret Street. Guests included personnel from visiting British ships HMS Fife and HMS Caprice.



PETER LEPINE-SMITH and passengers are farewelled by Mrs. Lepine-Smith.

Model trolley-bus in his garden

TRACEY and Jayne Lepine-Smith can catch the nearest trolley-bus without leaving their own garden — their father has built an entire system to a one-third scale on the lawn of their Great Bookham, Surrey, home.

The system and the trolley-bus, which has 800ft. of electrified track, has taken four years to build, and is still being expanded.

Peter Lepine-Smith, who owns a TV-repair business, started with the motor and steering components of a milk-float — and did all the rest himself.

A trolley-bus fanatic from as far back as he can remember, Mr. Lepine-Smith built the miniature bus to a one-third scale of one type of bus in use in England.

Adult driver

The bus can seat six children. It is driven (naturally) by an adult! The switch panel is that of a real trolley-bus. It is 10ft. long and 2ft. 8in. wide.

The bus is capable of a top speed of 10 mph.

The garden is laid out with bus stops, and has become a mecca for local enthusiasts.

To keep the track in repair, Mr. Lepine-Smith has also built a one-third scale model tower-truck with a full kit of tools.

The line is a registered company, and is, of course, kept working full-time in Mr. Lepine-Smith's spare time, with two small daughters and their friends.



TO KEEP the system in repair, Mr. Lepine-Smith has built a one-third scale tower-truck, above. Dash for the bus, below. Mr. Lepine-Smith also made the signs.



"The course made me realise I was wrong," said a mother of her clashes with a young daughter. "If anyone was to change, it had to be me."

Parents have gone back to school

"HEAVEN lies around us in our infancy," wrote William Wordsworth.

Yet parents who do not understand their offspring can turn that "heaven" into hell; worse still, they can damage a child for life.

About three years ago two Roman Catholic priests, realising the seriousness of the parent-child problem, made an important resolution:

Parents, they decided, must go back to school and learn to bring up their children.

The men of decision were the Rev. Fathers Desmond O'Donnell and John O'Regan, members of the Oblate Order. Both had degrees in psychology. More important, both knew and cared about people.

Working closely with a clinical psychologist, a pediatrician, and a psychiatrist, they devised a way to bring proper child guidance to parents based on modern psychology but expressed so simply that everyone could understand.

It was a correspondence course in child psychology.

Its aim: To give families basic knowledge about child-raising — and to help them become confident, understanding parents.

Through babyhood to adulthood

The course — 200 pages of it — consists of ten printed lessons covering such problems as stealing, lying, adolescence, even dating, and careers — everything, in fact, parents need to understand if they're to transform childhood into William Wordsworth's "heaven."

Since the course opened last year, more than 4000 parents in Australia and New Zealand have gone back to school.

They have read and studied the lessons that go through babyhood to adulthood.

They have discussed different aspects of child-raising, in families or groups — all the time wondering, Where have I gone wrong as a parent?

They have even done homework, filling in questionnaires that are marked by the fathers at the Oblate Educational Centre at Penhurst, Sydney.

Some parents have gone to the top of the class. Others have "poor, reread the lesson" marked on their work.

But only a few have confessed, at the course's end, that they haven't drawn closer to their children.

Certainly Mrs. Keith Dunsmore, of Waverley, Sydney, feels closer to her youngest daughter.

Until Mrs. Dunsmore went back to school, mother and daughter had clashed bitterly.

Now, tension in the family circle, which includes accountant husband Keith, another daughter, Anne, ten, two white mice, and a canary, is lessening. One day, Mrs. Dunsmore hopes, it will be lifted for ever.

"The course made me realise I was in the wrong," she said. "If anyone was to change, it had to be me."

She smiled with the satisfaction of a student who has learnt her lesson well. "After all, I'm the adult."

A dark, vivacious woman who, says her husband, is the most talkative woman

ticked away in the background as Mrs. Dunsmore continued, "Maree finds all the ladylike things too confining. She'd rather talk. Everyone takes to her. She's so effervescent and full of life."

Pride mingled with exasperation in her voice.

There was also touching wistfulness as she said, "She's really a lovely kid. Everyone says so, and she's never been in any trouble at school. It was all my fault. I'm sure it was."

Gulf between them widened

The Dunsmores, who had almost given up hope of having children when Anne was born, desperately wanted to succeed as parents. But as the gulf between mother and daughter widened, it looked as though they'd failed.

Tension mounted. Even gentle Anne, who is very close to her sister, began to suffer.

Then they heard about the correspondence course.

"The head nun at the children's school suggested we form a group of parents in this area and see what the course was all about. We took it in turns to hold weekly meetings in each other's houses. The host-father would be chairman."

She smiled. "We had to have a chairman to bring us back to the point or we'd have gone on and on. The Oblate Educational Centre send one lesson a week. As you post off the answers, they send you another."

"This is so you won't get too confused. What we didn't understand we'd discuss at the weekly meeting. There was always someone brainier than the rest of us!"

And so, over tea and biscuits, eight anxious parents tried to discover where they had gone wrong.

Mrs. Dunsmore learnt a lot. Most important, she realised that it was in her hands to make or mar her children's lives.

"I still get cranky with Maree," she said. "But before she goes to sleep I go to her and say, 'Even if I get angry with you, I really love you.'"

"Of course, I slip badly at times. This is a human failing, I suppose. But"—her face lit joyfully—"I'm endeavoring to be more tolerant and understanding."

Which means at least one child is drawing closer to William Wordsworth's "heaven."

By
VALERIE CARR

"this side of the black stump," Mrs. Dunsmore seemed the last person to have problems.

Yet it was her strong personality that was the root of the trouble. Her eight-year-old daughter, Maree, had inherited it.

"I think it was because I saw myself in her that I couldn't leave her alone," said Mrs. Dunsmore, who, as a child, clashed with her mother.

"I more or less used to wait for her to do something wrong so I could pick on her."

Even as a baby, Maree showed her strong will. Her wails of protest nearly drove her mother mad.

"I don't know what it was, but she was never satisfied. When she started to cry, I'd say, 'Oh, no, Maree. No!' But she pressed on regardless. It really put me on edge."

On the other hand, Mrs. Dunsmore's first-born, Anne, a quiet, shy girl "just like her father," never causes a moment's trouble.

She goes along amiably, knitting and sewing and playing the piano — in fact, says her mother, "enjoying all the ladylike things of life."

"Maree can do all these things, too, but she flits from one to the other. She's a bit of a tomboy, you see, more interested in scooters and skates."

A friendly cuckoo-clock

Shopping—the jet-set way

● An Australian couple have returned from a whirlwind world tour with many exotic souvenirs — and a store of colorful memories of people and places on the jet-set circuit.



ANDREW AND BETTINE HERZFELD, world travellers.

ANDREW and Bettine Herzfeld have only one suggestion for anyone planning to "whoop it up" in Acapulco.

"Save, beg, or borrow the money to stay at least one night at Las Brisas," said Bettine, who sighs blissfully when she recalls the four days she and her husband spent at the famous American hotel on their recent four-month trip overseas.

"We'd read all about it, and it was every bit as fabulous as it sounded."

A luxurious suite with a fully stocked bar, your own heated swimming-pool, and a pink-and-white striped mini four-wheel-drive vehicle on your doorstep are just a few of the hotel's "all-inclusive" services remembered by the Herzfelds on their return home to Sydney.

Las Brisas is a popular playground for film stars, jet-setters, and millionaires; and the Herzfelds were not surprised to find American stars Tony Curtis and Ava Gardner on the same guest-list.

"We used to see Tony ziping around in his mini-vehicle, looking very suave in all-white gear," Andrew said. "But Ava was apparently holidaying incognito and had one of the hideaway hilltop penthouses."

If guests feel like a change from their own pool, they can zip down to the hotel's own beach club with three big seawater pools overlooking Acapulco Bay.

Exotic brew

"While you sunbake there, a motorised bar travels from deckchair to deckchair serving the most fabulous drinks," said Bettine.

The Herzfelds' favorite was the hotel specialty, *Coco-Lo*, an exotic island brew based on coconut-juice and served in the shell.

"Every day at sunset, the houseboys bring one round to you — compliments of the house," Bettine said.

Another service at sunset is the spraying of the entire resort area with a tropical-perfumed repellent to ensure no guest will be disturbed by insects.

After their stay at Las Brisas, the Herzfelds made a special detour to Dallas, Texas, where they had been invited to spend a day at Neiman Marcus, often called

the world's most exclusive department store.

Escorted by the store's manager, they soon discovered why it boasts of stocking the best in everything — from a shoelace to an aeroplane.

"It was too fabulous," said Bettine. "They specialise in incredible things like 'His and Her camels,' 'His and Her helicopters' — even 'His and Her mini-submarines.' You name it — and if they haven't got it on hand you can bank on almost instant delivery."

"Oh, for having an open account there," she added dreamily. "And some nice millionaire to pay it at the end of each month."

Bettine had to settle for a few pairs of stockings. "They are the latest shimmering wet look, and so fine you can barely feel them on your legs."

By
KERRY YATES

But if Bettine didn't buy much in Texas, she certainly made up for it on their three months' trek round Europe.

"She was a real magpie — collecting things from everywhere," Andrew said.

These included a huge Danish wooden board for hanging sausages; tiny silver swizzle sticks ("It's very chic in London to have a personalised swizzle stick," said Bettine); beaded ties, very popular for evening wear in Italy; a couple of crazy alarm clocks; lots of gimmicky jewellery; and even gold and silver ringlets, which French girls love to attach to their formal hair-styles.

And, of course, sunglasses.

Bettine brought home more than two dozen pairs, ranging from giant owl-shaped goggles with mauve-tinted lenses to a square-framed tortoiseshell pair with a tiny transistor radio hidden on the carapace.

As well as the popular gold and silver steel-rimmed glasses (which Bettine found many girls were wearing for cocktails and formal occasions in Rome and Paris), she bought a striking pair from Emilio Pucci; in Rome, with outside oval lenses in vivid Pucci-patterned frames.

The owners of shoe bou-

tiques in Sydney and Melbourne, the Herzfelds were particularly interested in accessory trends in Europe.

"French and Italian designers are still the leaders, but London stocks the world in its shop windows — you can buy anything from anywhere there," said Bettine.

Color is tops

While shoes have much higher stacked heels (rather like those on Spanish dancing shoes), rounder toes, and extended edges, which can be buckled, bowed, or beaded, color is the main feature for summer.

"Red, white, and navy are big news — just as they are in Sydney," Bettine said. "But the biggest rage in Paris and Rome was wild buttercup-yellow. We even saw a lot of cars sprayed that color."

Among the shoes which Bettine chose for herself were a transparent pair of party shoes, aptly named "La Follia" (Italian for "madness"), and a pair of the latest see-through boots, with just a sole and a few thin gold straps fastened under the knee, which Italian girls are wearing to summer cocktail parties.

On the general fashion scene, Bettine found Europe "quite confused."

"There doesn't seem to be a definite fashion story anywhere, and London, especially, was a real hotchpotch."

"While the mod Camaby Street look has really had it, there's been nothing strong enough to take its place. Some have fallen for the leather kick, and are dressed in leather from head to toe; others are in a hippie-inspired revival of Victoriana; and the rest wear everything and anything — together."

Bettine and Andrew visited Paris for the winter collections in July. "But they were very dull," said Andrew. "The general comment was that the recent riots had dampened even the fashion world."

In London, ringlets were still springing everywhere (from the all-over short moppet styles to long, flowing



MOTORISED BAR, above, which serves poolside deckchairs at a luxury Acapulco hotel; and Strawberry Tropicana, one of its concoctions, which Bettine, below, is seen drinking.



tresses). But Bettine noticed that the smart girls in Paris were wearing their hair very sleek and smooth.

"While some sported real eton crops, others wore it drawn severely back in granny buns at the nape of their necks. The only hair near the face — if any — was in long, blunt sidelevers."

"The trend is toward big, sooty eyes — with loads and loads of black eyeliner and

false eyelashes. The shorter the hair the more eye make-up they use."

With their headquarters in a flat in Mayfair ("with a REAL Persian princess for a neighbor, do you mind?" joked Andrew), the Herzfelds discovered there IS a "swinging London."

"Where else can you play chemin de fer sitting next to Rod Steiger?" asked Bettine. As guests at the exclusive

Curzon Club, they played next to the star all one evening.

"He wore the wildest gear — wide black trousers and a purple satin skivvy with rows and rows of long gold chains round his neck."

In Europe, the Herzfelds toured all over Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, including the Italian Riviera, where Andrew was most impressed with Italian beachwear.

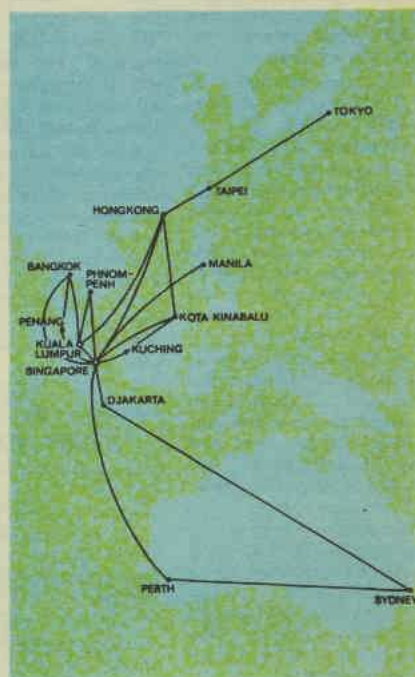
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NEXT WEEK



Tillers of the soil have come and gone
 leaving their mark in the furrowed fields.
 The planters too will do their work
 sowing the seeds in the rich brown soil.
 And they'll leave behind them a promise:
 a promise of all the good things to come
 from an Edgell country garden.

**Fresh
 from
 an Edgell
 country garden.**



And you shall have tender green
 peas and beans, full flavoured
 whole peeled tomatoes, delicately
 spiced seasoned green beans
 and delicious pie filling. All fresh,
 from an Edgell country garden.



Television

"COPPELIA"

One of the most beautiful and moving of the traditional ballets, "Coppelia" has been danced by the Australian Ballet Company for showing on the National Nine Network.



● In a spectacular performance, the "BP Super Show" presents "Coppelia," with Barbara Chambers as Swanilda, Karl Welander as Franz, and Ray Powell as Dr. Coppélius.

The ballet tells the story of dollmaker Dr. Coppélius (Ray Powell), who makes a lifelike mechanical doll, Coppelia.

Swanilda (Barbara Chambers), jealous because her sweetheart Franz (Karl Welander) flirts with Coppelia, discovers she is a doll. Swanilda dresses as Coppelia, poses as the doll.

In this picture, by staff photographer Ernie Nutt, Dr. Coppélius tries to bring her to life by stealing the spirit of Franz, whom he has drugged. Swanilda pretends to come to life, but breaks up his dolls. He discovers her pretence and denounces her and Franz. Later the lovers are forgiven and their marriage ends the ballet. — NAN MUSGROVE.

"COPPELIA" may be seen at 7.30 p.m., October 5, Sydney, TCN9, Melbourne, GTV9, Adelaide, NWS9, Canberra, CTC7, Hobart, TVT6; October 9, Brisbane, QTQ9; October 12, Perth, TVW7.



THE WHITAKERS: Rosemary, baby Lynette, son Jimmy, and George with a gay toadstool and dwarf in Fantasy Glades.



LEFT: A real fire-engine has been bought for the delight of child visitors to the Glades. Jimmy and George are seen.



SNOW WHITE'S COTTAGE, pictured at left. It is complete with miniature rotary clothes-line, as seen above, where Rosemary Whitaker and her father, Mr. Aub Gribble, are pictured. Mr. Gribble helped design and build the cottage and its tiny, lovely furniture.

FANTASY

—a world for Little People

● Fantasy Glades is an enchanted place.

IT has recently opened for the delight of children at Port Macquarie, N.S.W., in this, its sesquicentenary year. It was born of the courage and imagination of two remarkable people.

They are George and Rosemary Whitaker, who prefer to be called Little People rather than dwarfs.

George has a magic touch with children, and no wonder. Hundreds of thousands of them have seen him as the leading dwarf in many a production of "Snow White."

Now, in Fantasy Glades, George has ended a long search for a career away from public exhibition, for security for his family, for a chance to prove that Little People are exactly like big people in everything but size.

George and Rosemary have drunk deep of the cup of loneliness. Now, in their love for each other, they have come home to harbor.

Yet their backgrounds were very different.

Beloved

Rosemary is the beloved only child of a Castle Hill (N.S.W.) company director and his wife.

George came of a large, poor family in Liverpool, England. He suffered real hardship and poverty, indeed, actual physical cruelty, as a child — during the war, when he was "boarded out."

Like Rosemary, he had no hereditary background of dwarfism. His parents and brothers and sisters were all of normal size. And he, too, grew normally until the age of two . . .

"The doctors decided I had rickets, due to malnutrition," he told me in his direct, unselfpitying way. "I was five before my parents knew the truth."

"Well, I just had to grin and bear it. My parents couldn't afford to do anything about me, even if anything could have been done."

George has a form of dwarfism called spondylo-epiphyseal dysplasia, where the head has a perfectly normal shape. Little seems to be known about the causes.

He went to a normal school. He brushes off the sufferings of the early years with a cryptic, "Boys can be pretty cruel."

But he did confess that the teens were tough. Other young men had fun, falling in and out of love, but not George. His loneliness bit into him like a wound.

But he was very intelligent, full of drive, and blessed ("as most Little People are") with a sense of humor. He was determined to earn a living. But



GLADES

only one outlet seemed open. He went into circuses, and productions of "Snow White."

"Snow White" brought him to Australia in 1960. George loved the place.

"I decided to stay on," he said, "because I liked the lack of class distinction and the kindness of the people. Also, I was determined to

plasia, marked by a big-bosomed forehead and short limbs.

("About half these cases," a specialist told me, "arise out of the blue, and we can only assume a mutation has taken place. Mutations are changes in the gene pattern, the genes being the set of blueprints in each cell which controls its chemical reactions.")

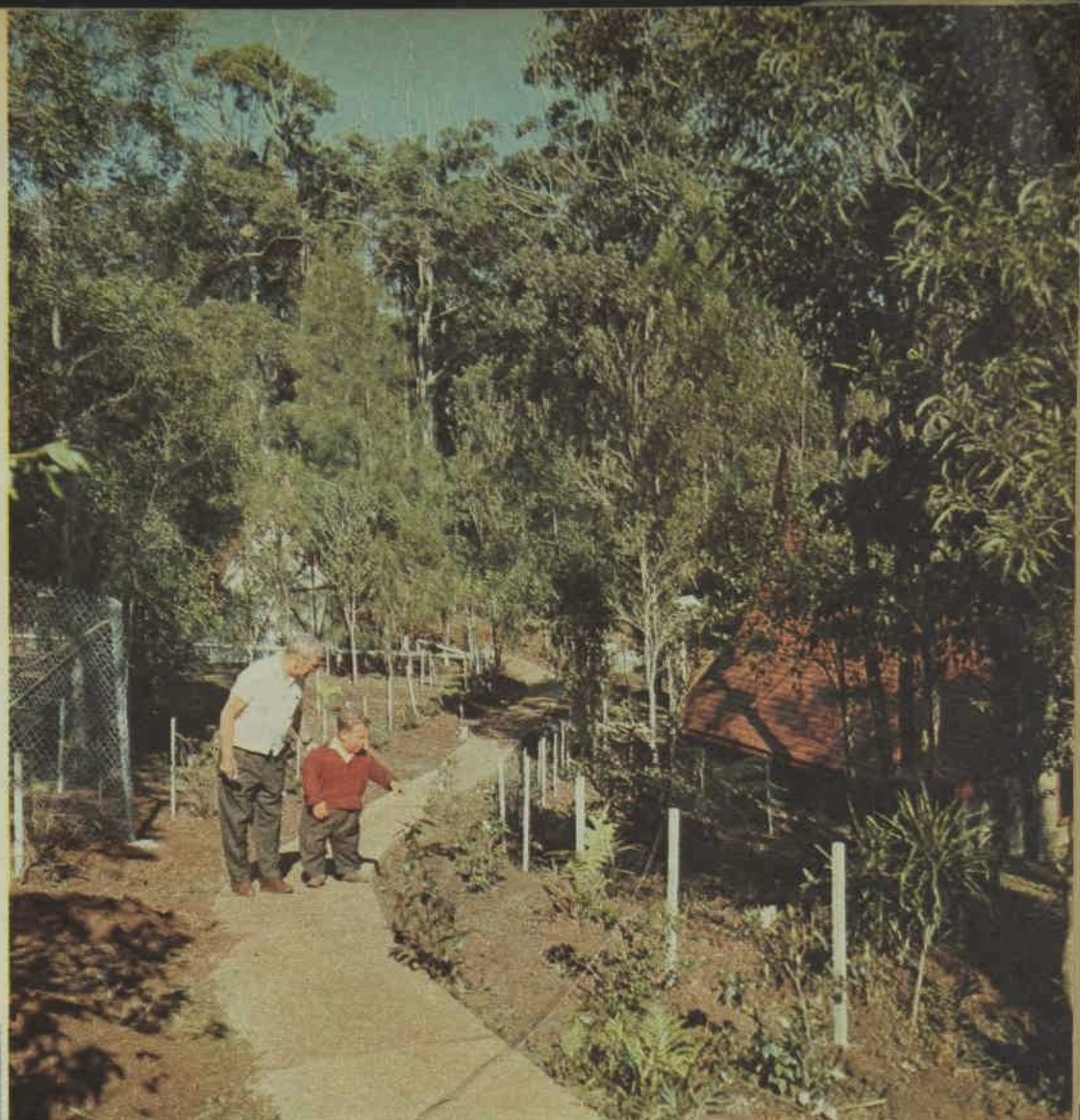
The Gribbles tried everything and went on trying. Then, gently, the great pediatrician Sir Lorimer Dods told them that there was no treatment extant to which he would submit his own children.

"We still went on trying," said Mr. Gribble, "perhaps as much for our own sake as for Rosemary's. But we made up our minds that she should live as normal a life as possible. We encouraged her to swim, ride, play tennis, dance ..."

find work outside show business, and I actually got some offers. But I was still with 'Snow White' in 1963, and that's how I met Rosemary."

Rosemary, too, had grown quite normally, up to the age of 12 months. Then her shattered parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aub Gribble, were told that she suffered from a form of dwarfism called achondro-

Continued on page 28

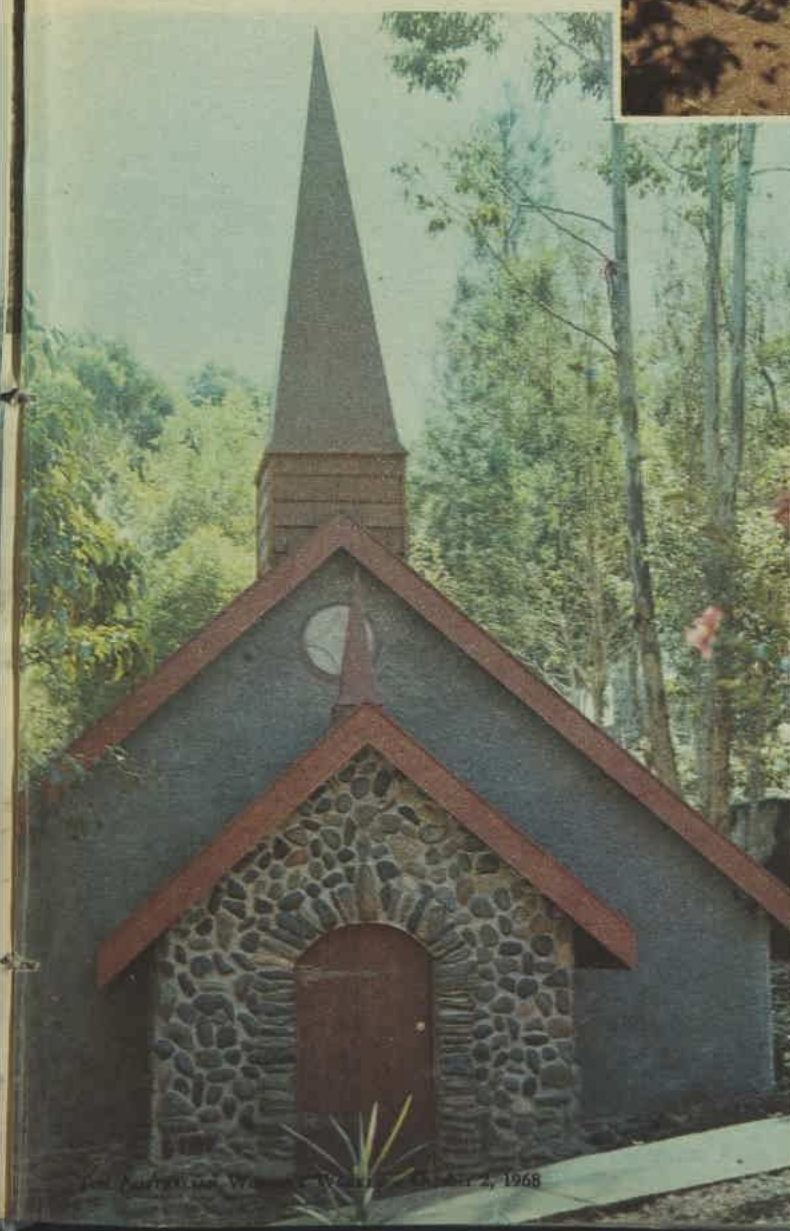


FLOWERS and shrubs are planted everywhere in Fantasy Glades. Above, George and Mr. Aub Gribble.

TINY CHURCH (left) built with loving care in the Glades. Its spire can be discerned in picture above.

"THE ENCHANTED CASTLE" is below. With George is Mr. Les Jenkins, who helped build Fantasy Glades.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow



You and your sweet ideas.

Just one can of juicy pears makes eight pretty parfait serves.

What a sweet maker you turned out to be. Taking one basic recipe and making three types of parfait delights – eight serves each time!

Gala Pear Parfaits

Ingredients:

Gelatin Cream: 1 14½ oz. can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk, 1 large can pear halves, 3 level tablespoons castor sugar, 1 level tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup halved cherries, ½ cup chopped walnuts or toasted almond slivers.

Chocolate Sauce: ¼ lb. dark cooking chocolate broken into pieces, 1 oz. shortening.

Method:

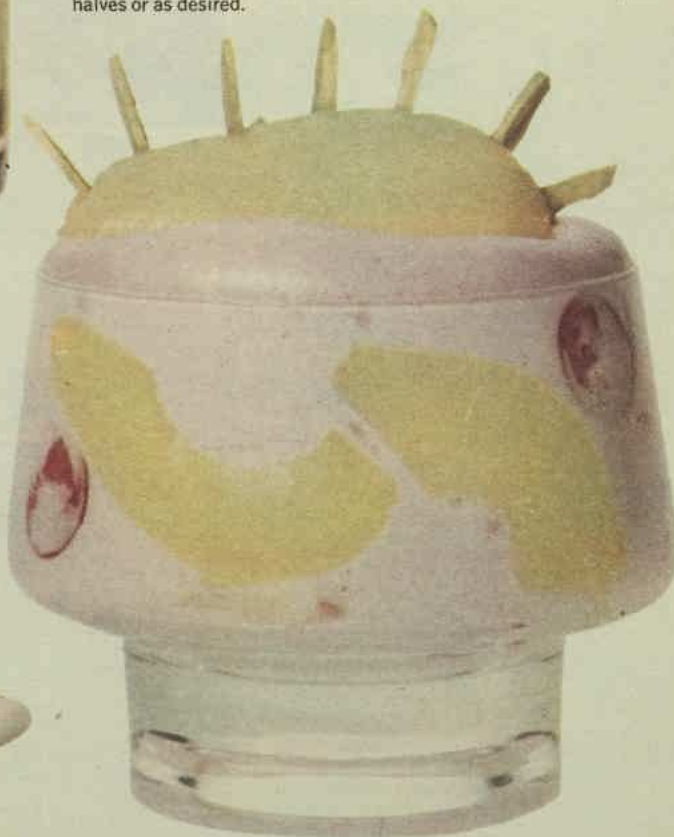
Drain pear halves well. Reserve juice. Melt chocolate in ½ cup pear juice over hot water. Stir in shortening, beat till smooth. Cool thoroughly. Soften gelatine in ¼ cup pear juice. Chill 1 cup Carnation milk till icy cold. Dilute remainder with 2/3rds cup pear juice. Add sugar and softened gelatine. Stir over gentle heat till dissolved – do not boil. Cool, but do not set. Whip Carnation milk to soft peaks, add lemon juice, whip till stiff beating in gelatine mixture. Fold in cherries and nuts.

Then:

(a) Spoon alternately with chocolate sauce into 8 tall parfait glasses. Set, decorate with sliced pear half on each, whipped cream and cherries.

(b) Stir a little yellow colouring into gelatine cream if desired. Spoon into 8 parfait glasses. Top each with chocolate sauce. Set, decorate with sliced pear half on each, whipped cream and walnuts.

(c) Omit chocolate sauce from basic recipe. Dice or slice the pears. Fold in with cherries and nuts. Stir in a little red colouring if desired. Spoon into 8 dishes. Set, decorate with extra pear halves or as desired.



Sweet partners
Carnation Milk and canned pears.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

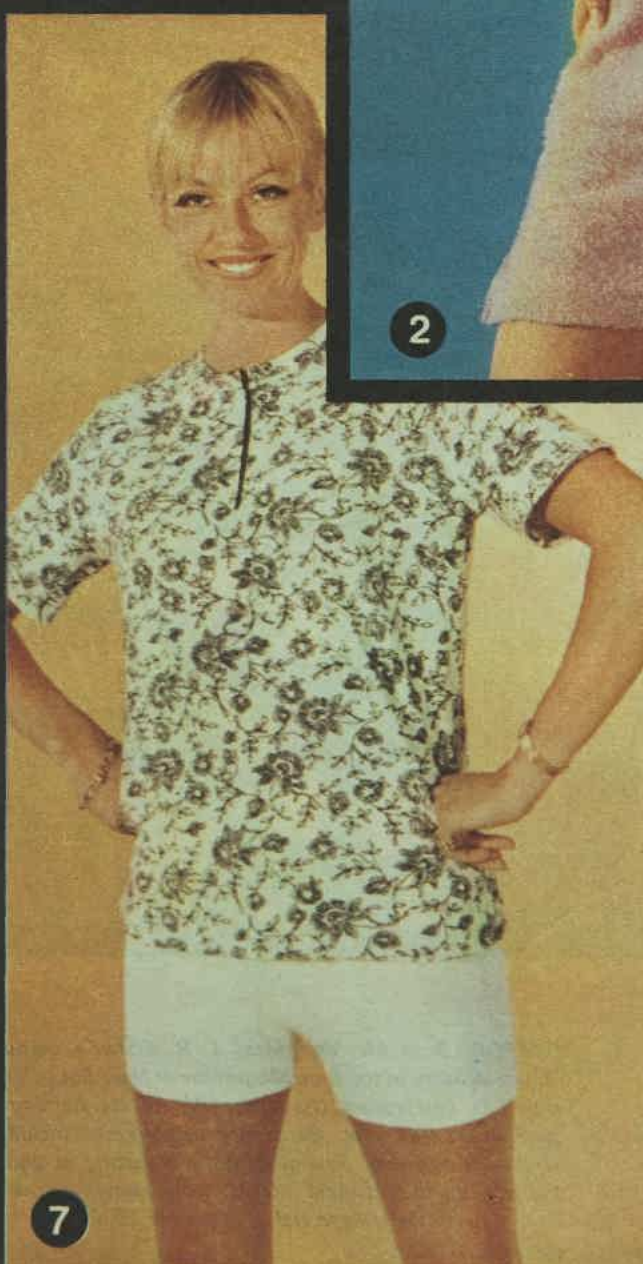
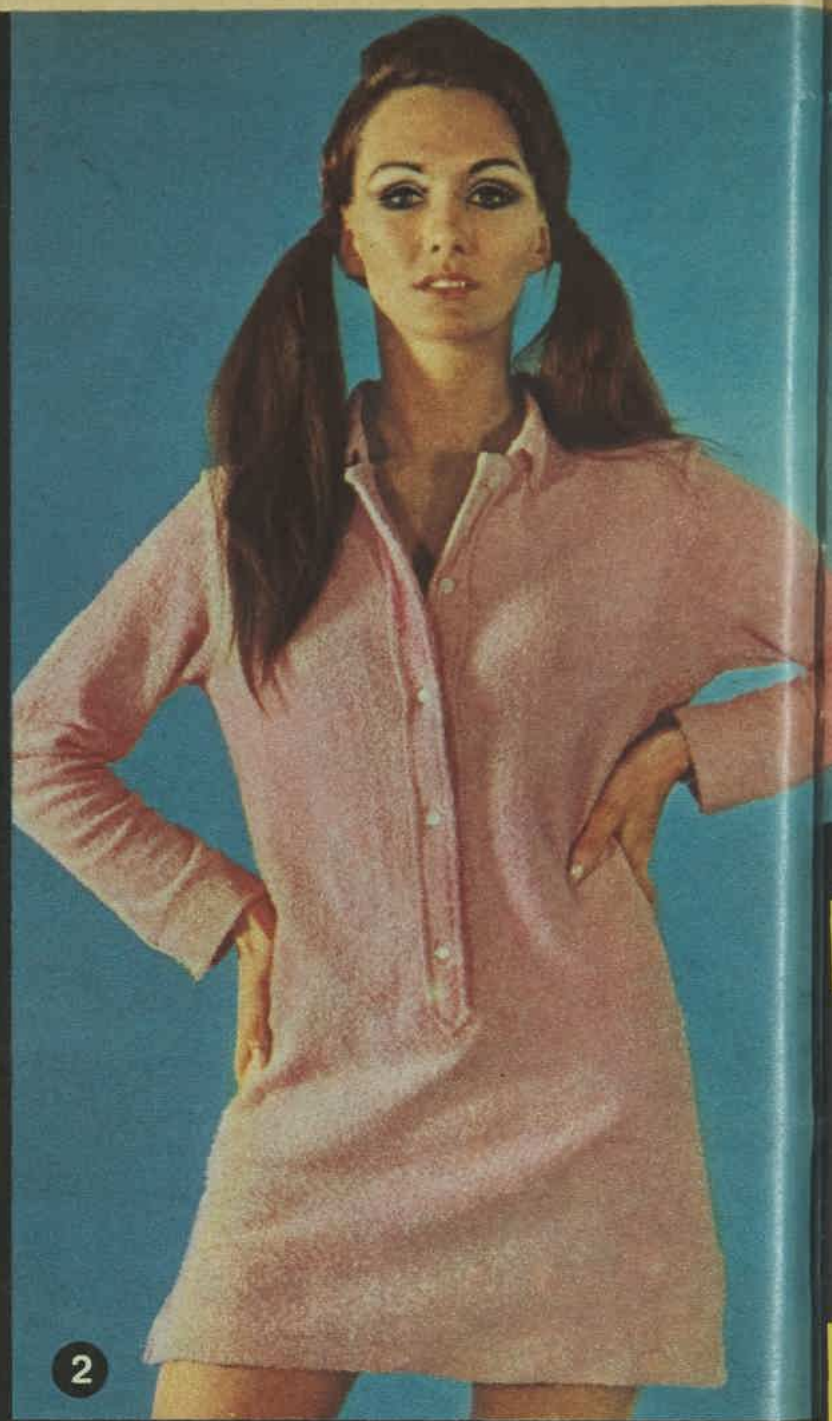


GOLD OF DAFFODILS

DAFFODILS in Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher's garden at Mount Wilson, in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, which is celebrating the centenary of its naming and subdivision this year. Centenary celebrations include an exhibition of flower arrangements in a setting of antiques and objects of historical interest from homes in the area in the Village Hall on October 19, 20.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by staff photographer
KEITH BARLOW





3



4



5

mantraps

...the gear that gets your man!

Casual tops in crazy new colours and styles that he'll really adore. Take a look at this fab. collection—pick your style—and WOW! Watch his eyes pop!



9



10

1. Top number one — Looks great in the sun.
Sleeveless hooded shift with contrast front piece, hood and binding.
Colour Range: All White Bodies with Grape, Aloha, Aqua Spark and Neon Pink contrasts, also all White.
\$4.95
2. Top number two — Now, isn't that you?
Long-sleeved terry shirt with 5-buttoned front, button-down collar and cuffs.
Colour Range: White, Blue Belle, Aloha, Candy Pink.
\$6.50
3. Top number three — Could get you a he.
Short-sleeved striped terry top with self fabric tie belt, rib on neck and sleeve edges.
\$5.50
4. Top number four — And you'll get looks galore.
Sleeveless roll neck top with plain front and striped back and collar.
Back zip opening.
Colour Range: Black and White, Palm Green and Empire Navy, London Brown and Quick Lime, Hot Orange and Gold.
\$3.95
5. Top number five — Why man, you're alive!
Stretch terry top with short sleeves, crew neck, has back zip opening.
Colour Range: White, Aqua Spark, Aloha, Empire Navy.
\$3.75
6. Top number six — Is just full of tricks.
Singlet top with anchor motif, Bound neckline and armholes.
Colour Range: White, Empire Navy, Tomato, Aloha.
\$3.50
7. Top number seven — And he'll be floating in heaven.
Short-sleeved printed terry top with black zip front opening.
Colour Range: Black Print on White, Aloha, Aqua Spark, Pink Sky.
\$4.95
8. Top number eight — You're never without a date.
Sleeveless two-piece short set. Plain coloured top with stand-up collar.
Chevron knit fabric shorts.
Colour Range: Black and White, Empire and Emerald, Hibiscus and Pink Sky, Aloha and White.
\$5.95
9. Top number nine — And you've got him in line.
Short-sleeved printed terry playsuit with zipped front, saddle stitched pockets and black cord around waist.
Colour Range: Black Print on Hot Orange, White, Aqua Spark and Pink Sky.
\$7.50
10. Top number ten — You've done it again!
Beach cover-up with slit sides. Tabbed button opening on either side.
Colour Range: Aqua Spark, Aloha, White, Grape.
\$4.50

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THE WORKING LORDS OF



THE MARQUESS and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava were married four years ago. He is a banker and owns a London art gallery. BELOW: Lord Reay and his wife. He is the chief of the Scottish Clan Mackay and she is the daughter of the chief of the Clan Fraser.

“Has aristocracy any purpose in the modern world? No! The notion that the aristocracy possesses any inherent special qualities is absolute hogwash. The idea that peers have some immutable standards that set them off from the rest of the human race is rubbish. The only thing that sets some of them apart is the fact that they're still very rich.”

—The twelfth Marquess of Queensberry

THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY is harsher on his class than the average Englishman who finds a certain entertainment value in the aristocracy. The English workingman likes to read about his lordship's divorces, his idiocies at the gaming tables.

Precisely because they resent this image of themselves as indolent, dithering young wastrels, many of England's young peers are among the most decent, intelligent, hard-working, and remarkably liberal young men in the country, scornful of pomp and humbug, impatient of past imperial glories they feel have nothing to do with them, and determined to propel England into the modern world.

The Marquess of Queensberry, one of England's 38 marquesses, and a member of one of its most renowned families, is also one of Britain's most brilliant designers of china, glassware, and pottery, and winner of the country's highest design prize, the Duke of Edinburgh Award.

At 29 he was the youngest full professor at the Royal College of Art, and today, at 38, he's still the youngest professor there.

Largely influenced by Queensberry and his colleagues at the Royal College, the English pottery industry now devotes a large share of its production to china and glassware of modern design, much of it designed by Queensberry himself, which sells very well in England and Canada. His next goal is to wrest some of the world market for modern china away from Scandinavia, Germany, and Japan.

A powerfully built man, with shoulders like a wrestler—judo is one of his hobbies—Lord Queensberry works directly with his students. Still an active designer, he sometimes rises at 5 a.m. to go to Stoke-on-Trent, headquarters of the English pottery industry, and gets home at 10 p.m.

It was his great-grandfather who devised the Marquess of Queensberry rules for boxing (the present Marquess doesn't even know what they are) and who was sued for libel by Oscar Wilde. The suit, which Wilde lost, led to the imprisonment for homosexuality and total ruin of Ireland's great wit.

On the subject of homosexuality, Queensberry has swung to the opposite extreme from his great-grandfather, and wholeheartedly supported the Bill which legalised homosexuality between consenting adults in private.

"Laws are no solution to homosexuality," he said in his maiden speech in the House of Lords. "They have, if anything, helped to produce a nasty, furtive underground that is bad for society and for the homosexual."

Queensberry has no money except what he earns himself. (The enormous Queensberry estates were sold and dissipated 60 years ago.)

He describes himself as "mildly Left Wing," and sends his daughter, Lady Emma Douglas, to a primary school in Kensington rather than the private schools most peeresses attend, because he wants her to "meet children with a wider social background than her own." And also, he says, to get a better education.

This truculent classlessness is widespread among younger peers, and probably would have appalled their fathers. What is happening among the younger peers is not much different from what is happening among young people everywhere. They are rebelling against their fathers' values—and, since class is the very keystone of their fathers' values, they will have none of it.

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

JUST one generation ago, peers, while mingling in a lordly way with the lower orders, stuck together as a class. A lord's best friend was likely to be another lord. Not any more. "You don't find young peers running in set grooves any more," says

the 29-year-old Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. "You find them doing anything at all with anyone at all."

Dufferin, an immensely wealthy marquess (he's also a viscount and twice an earl), is married to the equally wealthy Lindy Guinness, daughter of Swiss banker Loel Guinness. The Dufferins fill their huge London townhouse with young hipsters—pop sculptors, writers, designers, models, actresses, painters—and, just to be thoroughly classless, a few peers.

Dufferin owns the most avant-garde art gallery in London, the Kasmin, named after his American partner.

Text by
JOHN CROSBY

Pictures by PATRICK, EARL OF LICHFIELD, and LADY ELIZABETH RAMSAY

He's also a banker, assistant to the executive vice-president of the Deltac Banking Corporation, engaged chiefly in merchant banking in South America. Why does he work so hard? "Nowadays, if you don't do something—unless you're an extraordinarily vegetable kind of person—you become bored," he says.

"In the old days, an aristocrat would spend three days shooting and the rest of the week rather vaguely running his estate. These people are dying out rapidly."

Not too rapidly. Only one in five of England's peers holds down a job. Most are still quite rich, and there are still some indolent young wastrels among them, whose way of life is a mirror image of their fathers'.

You hear a lot in England about how death duties have decimated the great estates and the fortunes of the aristocracy, but in the main they have done nothing of the kind.

The Dukes of Westminster and Northumberland are immeasurably richer than any of their ancestors ever were, largely through the



ENGLAND

Influential young peers are not content with old traditions

appreciation of land values. Peers still have two or three homes apiece; they marry more often than most Englishmen—and the higher the rank the more often they are married.

The 26 dukes have had a total of 41 wives.

LORD REAY

FOR the young lords, this is a period of vast uncertainty, and many of them are questioning just what they should do with their lives. "Fifty years ago it was easier," says 30-year-old Lord Reay, one of the more thoughtful of the young peers. "Peers believed in the permanence of the aristocracy. Today the atmosphere of the House of Lords is dispiriting."

"It's not very confident of itself. It's unsure of its function. It makes it difficult for the young peers to decide how worth while it is."

The 14th Lord Reay—in a line that stretches back 339 years—Hugh Reay looks every inch a peer. Tall, strikingly handsome, one of England's best-dressed men (his Oxford friends used to make a tour of his wardrobe as if it were a cathedral), he has an air of languid elegance that is quite misleading.

Behind the languor is a first-rate mind, great idealism, and uncompromising liberalism. Reay, a Liberal, is one of the young Turks in the House of Lords, who helped fight through a whole series of moral reforms now being enacted in Britain—abolition of hanging, a Bill to legalise male homosexuality (female homosexuality has never been against the law in Britain), a Bill to legalise some abortions in order to substitute medically qualified operations for the widespread furtive abortions, a Bill to take some of the greyness out of the English Sunday.

All these measures were initiated in the House of Lords, not the House of Commons.

The House of Lords, once 100 years behind public opinion, is now well ahead of it on such things as homosexuality and abortion—and light years ahead, for instance, of the United States Congress, where such words are barely mentionable.

The Upper House, which many think of as a collection of doddering old earls with ear trumpets, is actually one of the world's great assemblages of experts on every conceivable subject, and it performs a very important function in England. Because he is out of reach of the voters, a lord can strike a much more liberal and controversial stance on such things as abortion than can an MP, who has the next election to think about.

On these touchy subjects, the Lords prepare and condition popular opinion; they also do most of the grinding and boring committee work needed to hammer reforms into acceptable legislation. When the Bill reaches the House of Commons, there's little left for the MPs to do except vote "yes" or "no"—and a simple "yes" vote is far less politically damaging than an active campaign on behalf of, say, abortion.

Reay's greatest political interests at the moment are the developing nations and the disparity between the rich and poor nations, which he thinks contains the seeds of World War III. Two years ago he toured Africa for Amnesty, an organisation dedicated to obtaining the release of political prisoners throughout the world, and while there he covered the overthrow of Nkrumah in Ghana for the "Observer."

Reay's close friends are neither peers nor rich. Mostly they are old Oxford chums who share his literary and political interests. Very rich, he lives in a London townhouse, a few doors from Earl Mountbatten.

He also owns a beautiful moated castle in Holland (he's a Dutch baron as well as an English one), which his family picked up 300 years ago in the Thirty Years' War. He is Chief of the Scottish Clan Mackay; his wife, Tessa Fraser, is the daughter of another Clan Chief, Lord Lovat, head of the Fraser Clan.

Both his clan chieftainship and his Dutch barony involve certain traditional and largely ceremonial duties, and

Continued overleaf



PHOTOGRAPHER-PEER Lord Reay sits cross-legged on his studio floor, framed by the long, elegant legs of a model. This picture was taken by another working member of the aristocracy, professional photographer Lady Elizabeth Ramsay.



LORD QUEENSBERRY, leading potter, works on a model, watched by students at the Royal College of Art, where—at 38—he is the youngest professor.



LORD REAY in his library. Six feet three, elegant, deceptively languid, and very wealthy, he is one of the most active younger members of the House of Lords.



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The working Lords of England

From page 25

Reay goes through the motions.

But, he says, hereditary privileges have vanished, and so has the responsibility which went with them. He works in the House of Lords because he wants to, not because he feels he ought to.

LORD GIFFORD

FAR to the Left of Liberal Reay is his Laborite friend Lord Gifford, aged 27, who, in his maiden speech in the House of Lords, advocated a sweeping reform of that body in which the hereditary peers would lose their vote and, eventually, their seats — which is to say his own.

"My father would have held totally opposite views," Gifford admits. "I don't think I ever heard him defend the aristocratic principle — though I did once hear him talk about the thoroughbred concept among people. He would more likely have defended the aristocracy on pragmatic lines — it works, let it alone. My own argument is that something else might work better."

Cheerful, democratic, gregarious, more at home in a pub than a club, Gifford likes to perch on a bar stool and argue politics with his pert, outspoken wife, Kate, who is likely to burst out laughing if you call her Lady Gifford, and who is even more Left than her husband.

If he had to do it all over again, Gifford thinks he might give up his peerage, as did Lord Stansgate (now Anthony Wedgwood Benn), the Earl of Sandwich (now Victor Montagu), and Sir Alec Douglas Home (formerly the Earl of Home), but the law permitting peers to toss away their coronets has lapsed.

"Peerage doesn't get you anything any more," he says. "You're an object of curiosity, not respect."

Passionately interested in the common man, Gifford is serving an apprenticeship in law, and he hopes to serve the man-in-the-street in small

criminal cases — shoplifting, beating up one's landlord or one's neighbor.

"I get all choked up when someone drops a corporate tax matter on my desk. I'm not interested in that dusty sort of thing. But when two people quarrel about human things it has some ideological value. You're involved in human problems."

THE EARL OF LICHFIELD

OF the five young lords in this article, the only one who has found the peerage a distinct advantage is Patrick John Anson, fifth Earl of Lichfield (who took most of the pictures). All the good fairies, it sometimes seems, crowded round Patrick's bassinet when he was born, and they endowed him with good looks, charm, intelligence, energy, great wealth, and an earldom. One bad fairy endowed him with ambition.

He's ferociously ambitious to be the best photographer anywhere, and his coronet just got in the way at first. His mother, Princess Georg of Denmark, was flatly opposed to his becoming a professional photographer. She's now reconciled to it.

"Everyone thought I was just a rich young man with a camera," he says. "No one took me seriously, and I was very unhappy about it. Now, finally, people are beginning to hire me for my pictures, not my name."

Lichfield thinks that a top photographer actually has more status in modern London than an earl. He calls himself simply Patrick Lichfield, and I knew about him for a year before I knew he was an earl.

He works tremendously hard, sometimes 18 hours a day, and skips lunch as an unnecessary interruption. Last year, his doctor ordered him to rest — so Patrick packed his cameras into a Mini-Moke and drove to Pakistan and back, following



LORD LICHFIELD squats to discuss a photographic session with model Rory Davis.

the route of Alexander the Great — his idea of a rest.

In the studio he's an explosion of energy, rolling around the floor, or darting up ladders to get better camera angles, his brown eyes radiating the pure joy of photography. I don't think I've ever met anyone who enjoyed his work so intensely.

"I've seen generation after generation throw their fortunes away, and I'm determined that it's not going to happen to me," says Patrick. "I'm the first Lichfield to work since we got rich, and I plan to leave my estate richer, not poorer."

"Tonight I'm taking a girl to dinner. This will set me back £10, and I'm proud I earned it myself."

Probably the most eligible bachelor in England (he's a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, among other things), Patrick is still playing the field among some of the prettiest girls in London. He intends to marry well, for several practical reasons. He owns a stately

home (now a national monument) set in a 10,000-acre estate near Lichfield, in Staffordshire.

The future Countess of Lichfield is going to have to cope with a stately home, 10,000 acres, hundreds of tenant farmers, to say nothing of Patrick — and only one to the manner born is likely to know how.

England's remarkable young peers are just one part of England's gifted younger generation, which has produced pop singers like the Beatles, young actors like Tom Courtney, Albert Finney, and David Warner, and young actresses like Julie Christie and Vanessa Redgrave, young movie directors like Tony Richardson, young stage directors like Peter Hall, designers like Mary Quant, who almost single-handedly remade fashions in girls' clothes, or John Stephens, who is doing the same thing for men.

The young peers are rapidly setting themselves up as the conscience of the new England.

DOUBLE LIFE



THE GIFFORDS, an ebullient couple, in Lady Gifford's London boutique, where she sells, and wears, the latest mod gear. They are both ardent Left-wingers, and Lord Gifford is serving an apprenticeship in law, which he studied at Cambridge University.



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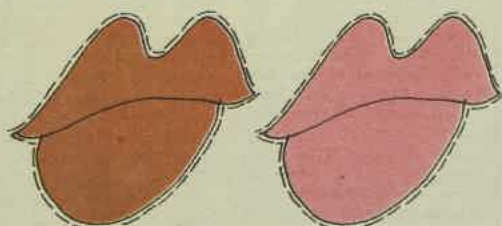
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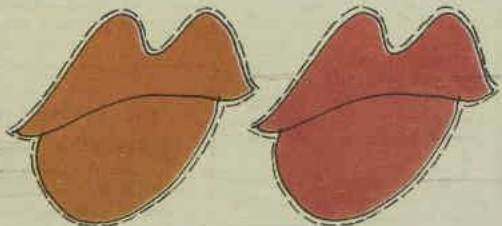
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3. Oranges and Lemons.

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Helena Rubinstein

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HP724

FANTASY GLADES

Continued from page 19

Pretty, vivacious, competent Rosemary told me that the boys were a bit cruel to her at kindergarten. "So I hit them," she said, laughing.

"My father told me, 'It's not how big you are, it's what you can do that counts.' I never forgot that. I've always tried to live by it."

Rosemary was lovable and full of personality and very popular. But again the teens were the toughest part. She loved parties. She loved to dance.

Her girlfriends had boys to pick them up and take them home and dance with them. Rosemary had only her wonderful father.

She was different. Different from everyone in the world.

Then came the wonderful night when she learned that there were others like her, that she wasn't alone.

"My parents took me to 'Snow White,'" she said, "and, afterward, backstage to meet George and the others."

"They all made a big fuss of you," George cut in teasingly. "All except me."

That night was a watershed in Rosemary's life. She would never feel really alone again. She went back to the show, and back, and back. The Little People began visiting her, including George.

George was older, experienced, a born leader. Their closeness grew. The Gribbles watched and were full of joy.

"We were older than many parents," said Mr. Gribble. "We'd always worried about what would happen to her when we had to leave her. But George is a real man, a fine man. We knew he would care for her and love her."

Married

George proposed in a car, outside Rosemary's house. To the delight of their many friends, they were married in February, 1964. George got a job as a cable-maker, and they went to live next door to the Gribbles. Now, at last, their long loneliness was at an end.

But children. They both loved and wanted children. Their heart-searchings can only be imagined by the rest of us.

They went hither and thither for medical advice, and the Gribbles went with them.

Came wonderful news. They were told that the chances of a normal child were four to one in favor. They decided to take the risk.

And to their joy, son Jimmy was perfect, a handsome, blue-eyed blond. They became (as they still are) guinea-pigs for the doctors, who sought to learn more about their disability. They and the baby underwent all sorts of tests, examinations.

Rosemary is a born mother. Her happiness was absolute. When Jimmy was 20 months, she and George decided to have another

child. Three days after Rosemary learned that she was again pregnant, they took Jimmy in for a routine examination.

The doctors told them then that Jimmy would be, after all, a Little Person.

So, they learned later, would baby Lynette.

They will be having no more children.

("The advice they were given," a specialist told me, "was optimistic, to say the least. Incidentally, there is now a Genetics Clinic being opened at Sydney's Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, to which anyone may come for that kind of advice.")

Ambition

But George and Rosemary had met their own disabilities with great courage and humor. So, too, should their children. They will be trained by their parents to live as completely normal lives as possible.

And George, the born leader, conceived an ambition to help all other Little People, and help the doctors to help them.

It really began in New Zealand last year, when, briefly, he was again touring with "Snow White." Rosemary and the children were along on the tour.

"A mother popped up," said George, "with a daughter, ten, a Little Person, who was very backward at school. We met her, and found her most frighteningly withdrawn."

"Well, we persuaded her mother to let her stay with us for a few days. The difference was amazing. She went up one complete class within two weeks. Her headmaster said, 'It's as though she'd been locked in the dark and was let out into the sunshine.'"

The Whitakers repeated the experiment wherever they could make contact with Little People in New Zealand.

"We persuaded the parents to let them out of the back rooms, out of swaddling clothes. And back in Australia, Rosemary and I talked things over by the hour, and decided to form a Little People's Association, to get all the Little People in touch with each other."

"After we went on television, in Bob Sanders' 'People,' many of them got in touch with us. We now have 58 members in Australia and New Zealand. Doctors have written to me,

too, asking me for information.

"But there are many, many more Little People, and we want to hear from them. Tell them to write to us, care of Fantasy Glades, Port Macquarie, N.S.W."

"Many parents, of course, hide them away. They seem to feel it's all a reflection on themselves. Others molly-coddle them, and that's almost as bad. Little People are people. The great aim is for their lives to be as normal as possible."

"For myself, I'll send my own son out into the world just as soon as he's old enough. Life must be a challenge and I want to teach him he can meet it."

Meanwhile, for George, the search went on for a way of life that was settled, away from show business. Once again, the magnificent Gribbles were solidly behind him. Aub Gribble, now retired, took fire at once at the whole concept of Fantasy Glades.

He financed them in the purchase of a huge, sylvan block of land at beautiful Port Macquarie. For more than a year, the work of clearing and planting and building the unique playground went on.

Now, children are roaming, wide-eyed with delight, through Fantasy Glades.

They are peering into Snow White's Cottage, at the quaint little beds and the tables and chairs of the Seven Dwarfs.

"A paradise"

They are marvelling at the tiny church and the moated, enchanted castle; riding in a real, bonfire-red fire-engine; driving miniature cars round miniature roads—and learning road safety in the process.

And these are early days. In time, when the shrubs and flowers have grown, and the ponds are stocked with fish and the grounds with native Australian animals, Fantasy Glades will be even more a paradise for children.

George and Rosemary live in a charming house in the grounds, where Little People often come to stay. The Gribbles live just across the road, and a happier and closer family group you couldn't find.

In time, as the Glades expand, there will be work for other Little People, in the grounds, perhaps, or in the tearooms.

There will always be love for them and understanding and inspiration in the hearts of two remarkable people.

• SESQUICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

EXPLORER John Oxley reached Port Macquarie (which he named after the Governor) on October 8, 1818, and this year the town and district celebrate its sesquicentenary.

Main celebrations will be held from October 5 to October 13. On Tuesday, October 8, a historic pageant marks the 150th anniversary of Oxley's arrival.

Other planned events include an aquatic carnival, back-to-school celebrations, an air pageant, and the opening of the new Port Macquarie racecourse.

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—and whatever the cause (your daily work, illness, aging, or even a sudden shock) the effects can be unexpectedly far-reaching.

By **ARTHUR WINTER, M.D.,**
and **RUTH WINTER**

A 42-YEAR-OLD newspaper editor raced against time to check proofs of a series of articles exposing a political pay-off situation in his city.

He had been sitting at his desk without a break for five hours, his head bent over his work.

A pencil slipped to the floor and he bent to pick it up. Suddenly the room began to spin. He felt sick, and a pain shot from his shoulder down to his left wrist.

"It must be a heart attack or a stroke," he thought. But it wasn't.

The editor was suffering from a common occupational hazard—neck strain. Typists, bookkeepers, dentists, surgeons, cooks, and, in fact, all people who must keep their heads in one position for long periods are particularly prone to this malady.

Tension may trigger it. But few in this world escape having a pain in the neck at some time in their lives.

Delicate and weighty balance

Remember the man with a stick on his forehead in the circus who balanced a goldfish bowl on the other end of the stick? Well, his job is not much different from that of the neck. The neck balances the weight of the head—which averages 6lb. to 8lb.—on seven triangular bones called vertebrae.

The first vertebra, the one at the top, is called the "atlas," after the Greek god in mythology who supported the world. The second vertebra is called the "axis," because it has a tooth-like projection on which the atlas and the head rotate.

Vertebrae are vulnerable

Unlike the atlas and the axis, which are somewhat protected by their position, nestled under the skull, the remaining five vertebrae of the neck are more vulnerable to stress. They lie in the centre of the neck, which must, like the circus juggler, balance the heavy head on

the 12 chest vertebrae, which are relatively immobile because they are attached to the ribs.

Through the narrow, vulnerable tunnel formed by the arches of the seven neck vertebrae runs the spinal cord, the vital communication line between the brain above and the rest of the body below. To the right and left of the main tunnel are two smaller tunnels in which the big vertebral arteries carry blood up from the heart to nourish parts of the spinal cord and brain.

The jugular vein is also located in the neck and so are the carotid arteries which feed the brain, face, and eyes. Injuries to any of these vital blood-carriers may cause a myriad of symptoms ranging from dizziness, palpitation, and ringing in the ears to fainting, mental difficulties, blindness, paralysis, and even death. The clogging of an artery to the brain by fat deposits is a common cause of stroke.

Neck holds many vital organs

As if all these vital structures weren't enough of a responsibility for the neck, it also contains the pharynx (throat), larynx (voice box), thyroid gland (regulator of body chemistry), trachea (windpipe), epiglottis (windpipe safety valve), oesophagus (foodpipe), tonsils (and other lymph nodes which swell when fighting infection), and the base of the tongue. Disease or malfunctioning of any of these structures may cause a pain in the neck.

Thirty-two highly complex muscles and numerous elastic ligaments help the neck to rotate the head. The neck must have a wide range of motion in all directions because of the head's special sense organs of sight and hearing. In addition to rotating the head, neck muscles also control chewing, swallowing, and facial expression.

Neck nerves affect whole body

Controlling all these muscles and many other vital functions in the body

are the nerves in the neck, some of which are attached directly to the cranial nerves and others to the spinal cord.

The vagus nerve in the neck has fibres which reach and affect the heart, lungs, larynx, stomach, intestines, liver, pancreas, spleen, and kidneys. The phrenic nerve in the neck controls the diaphragm, the main muscle of breathing which separates the chest cavity from the abdominal cavity.

Ironically, most of the time when something is wrong within the neck, the pain is felt in another part of the body. Headache and shoulder pain and dizziness are probably the most common symptoms, but any mechanical ailment or pain may lead back to the neck.

Broken neck now not always fatal

A break in the neck is, of course, life-threatening. But it need not always be fatal. Take the case of Paul Savidge, former captain of the Princeton (U.S.) University football team.

During a game in Palmer Stadium, against Dartmouth, Paul made a head-on tackle at a half-back.

Although Savidge didn't know it at the time, he had received an "explosive fracture" of the atlas. In other words, he had shattered the first vertebra on which the head rests. He stayed for two more plays and then took himself out of the game.

The full extent of his injury became known the next day when X-rays showed the break. Metal pinners were placed in his skull above the ears like ice tongs holding a piece of ice.

Weights were attached to the tongs to keep his head straight and his neck had a chance to mend. Before the tong technique, people with broken necks usually died.

Savidge stayed in the hospital for nearly a year before he was released with a body cast. This was later replaced by a neck brace to support his head.

Today, almost three years after his accident, he has little after-effect.

Paul Savidge was very

lucky. The normal procedure recommended when a fracture of the neck is suspected is not to move the patient—even to change the head to a more comfortable position—unless it is absolutely necessary.

If the victim must be moved before a doctor arrives, he should be carried on a firm, flat support (such as a door) for the whole body.

Ruptured disc is serious, too

A ruptured disc is not as sudden as a broken neck, but it can be incapacitating. The bones in the neck are separated by flattened sacs; the sac walls are fibrous, cartilaginous connective tissue, and the contents are a soft, partly liquid material called the nucleus pulposus. When the contents of the sac escape, one speaks of a ruptured disc.

Aging and repeated mechanical injury in the form of constant motion and weight-bearing cause degeneration of the discs in the neck. They lose their normal firm elasticity.

The patient with a cervical disc disease usually complains of a "stiff neck" for some years. At first, these symptoms are slight and are often dismissed as related to a cool draught of air or some strenuous activity. As time goes on, the pain may increase.

Sneezing, changing positions, or coughing may cause intense discomfort. The pain often radiates from the shoulder down to the fingers in the direction of the nerves.

About 80 percent of all patients with cervical disc disease can be managed adequately by conservative therapy—bed rest, aspirin, and muscle relaxants. If this fails, traction to the neck may be applied. If this still does not help, surgery may be necessary to relieve the pressure on the nerve.

Just as the discs in the neck are affected by aging, so are the bones. Most people over 60 years have some osteoarthritic changes in the neck.

Osteoarthritis is a degenerative condition caused by repeated injury to the joints. The mechanical stress of normal and abnormal

that PAIN IN THE NECK

motion and weight-bearing over the course of many years results in areas of wear or roughening upon the surface of the cartilage in the neck.

Rough spurs develop in the neck vertebrae and may compress the nerves. Usually gradual in onset and slowly progressive with time, this condition leads to less flexibility in the neck. It becomes difficult to rotate the head. Sometimes the muscles are tender.

Patients with moderate arthritis of the neck are usually treated by a physician in his office or clinic. Muscle relaxants, heat, gentle massage, and injections of anaesthetic are used. If the pain is severe, patients may have to go into hospital for traction or surgery.

Draught gets blame for virus pain

The "stiff neck" of osteoarthritis, however, is different from the "stiff neck" believed to be due to a virus. Almost everyone has said at one time or another, "I have a stiff neck," and attributed it to sitting in a draught.

Little is actually known about the phenomenon, but it frequently occurs in epidemics, and doctors believe it is caused by a virus. Apart from local pain, there are few other symptoms. The malady usually persists for one to three days.

"Wry neck" often emotional in origin

"Wry neck," or torticollis, has a cause which is also somewhat a mystery. Except for children who are born with the head bent toward the shoulder, or for victims of a disease such as encephalitis, it is believed to be due to emotional problems.

Take the case of a 65-year-old woman who developed torticollis. When doctors traced the cause they found it wasn't organic. Her 96-year-old mother had caught her in an affair with a man and slapped her on that shoulder.

When torticollis does occur in middle life, it may suddenly cure itself. But usually the condition persists. Treatments may consist of muscle relaxants, psychotherapy, or, as a last resort, surgery to destroy the nerves which turn the head.

Neck pain due to raised arms

A common neck problem which often is thought to be

psychological but actually is organic is called the scalenus anticus syndrome. The scalenus anticus muscle is stretched between the third and sixth neck bones and the first rib. The subclavian artery in the shoulder and the nerves of the brachial plexus run down the arm and are immediate neighbors of the scalenus anticus muscle.

A truck driver was considered neurotic because he said he had pain in both arms only when driving his truck, not when driving his own car.

A housewife never experienced pain in her arm despite a strenuous round of daily activities until she tried to paint the walls of a small room.

Both suffered from a scalenus anticus syndrome.

The housewife developed the symptoms because she had to elevate her upper right arm for prolonged periods while painting.

The truck driver had the symptoms because the truck he drove had an unusually high, flat steering wheel. This kept his arms raised for prolonged periods.

Teachers are sufferers

Schoolteachers who write on blackboards, car mechanics, food servers in cafeterias, traffic policemen, and many others suffer the syndrome because of prolonged elevation of the arms during their work.

Almost all victims of scalenus anticus syndrome complain of persistent pain extending from the neck up into the fingers. The pain is often dull and aching, but may also be sharp and burning.

Frequently, routine household duties such as sweeping, dusting, and mowing the lawn may set off the pain. The suffering is made worse by turning the head.

If the problem is not treated, the arms may become weak or numb. Doctors usually recommend the correction of poor posture, weight reduction in obese patients, and a proper support for pendulous breasts.

Patients sometimes benefit by sleeping on two or three pillows, and occasionally by sleeping with a pillow beneath the shoulder.

Severe pain may make it necessary for a physician to inject an anaesthetic into the scalenus anticus muscle in the neck. If this fails, surgery may be necessary to cut the muscle and release the pressure.

Driving: seat belts don't protect necks

An increasing neck problem is the "whiplash." According to a report by Dr. Jacob Kulowski in "Clinical Orthopedics," car drivers experience the greatest number of whiplash injuries. They are followed by passengers who sit beside them.

Actually, any accident which produces an overextension or a deep recoil of the neck may cause a whiplash injury. Even a minor fall on outstretched hands may create sufficient force to the cervical spine to injure the neck.

Furthermore, the head does not have to be snapped forward or back; a "whip" to the side can create a similar misfortune.

The initial effect is the overstretching of the supporting ligaments of the neck. If injury is severe, discs between the neck vertebrae may be torn or ruptured.

The muscles of the neck, the nerves, or the vertebral artery also may be injured. In many cases, the brain and the spinal cord may be involved, and the damage is similar to a brain concussion.

If the force directed to the neck is extreme, the neck bones may be broken or dislocated.

The neck symptoms are usually immediate and marked, but may be so mild they are overlooked by the patient.

Usually there is a slight ache in the back of the neck, which may gradually develop into severe pain with alarming symptoms in 24 hours.

Older persons, arthritics, and others with previous injuries or problems with their necks are more susceptible to injury from whiplash.

Many whiplash injuries are due to the effects of being hit from behind while seated in a stopped car.

A significant number are due to power brakes, which avoid collisions but can be hazardous for unprepared passengers in a car which is suddenly stopped. The same goes for high-powered engines, which enable cars to start so rapidly an unsuspecting passenger may have his neck lashed.

Unfortunately, none of the safety devices now in cars prevent whiplash injuries. The seat belt and the newer chest belts do not protect the neck from recoil.

Headrests may be of some value in preventing the hyperextension phase of the whiplash, but they have no protective value against the

forward flexion and lateral phases.

As Dr. Ruth Jackson, author of the book "The Cervical Syndrome," points out, such devices give false security to the vertebrae of the neck.

Two evils: posture and occupation

Just as people must protect their necks while riding in a car, they must also save their necks during other aspects of daily living. Even during sleep.

The two most common causes of neck strain are posture and occupation.

"Keep your chin up!" is really bad advice. Many short people lift their chins to give them a feeling of height. Reaching upward overextends the neck.

Drooping of the shoulders also results in overextension of the neck. Frequently, tall people slump to lessen their height. This is just as bad. Round shoulders lead to compensatory increase in the forward curve of the neck.

Stooping makes the head go backward unless you consciously try to hold the neck in a straight position.

Daily hazards to avoid . . .

Among the daily activities and occupations which may give you a pain in the neck are:

- Sitting with the elbows resting on the table and the chin resting on your hands.
- Lying down backward from a sitting position or sitting up suddenly from a supine position.
- Shaving; driving; making beds.
- Working under cars or machinery.
- Painting or paperhanging.
- Occupations such as typing, cooking, bookkeeping, writing, sewing, ironing, and washing dishes.
- Watching sports, a film, or television.
- Reading in bed or on a low lounge chair.
- Sleeping on thick, hard pillows.

If your neck has been injured or strained, try to avoid as many of these activities and positions as possible.

. . . and ways to save your neck

To protect your neck, try to correct your posture if it is faulty. Neck braces and body corsets are only temporary aides. The habit of

good posture must be developed through a conscious effort.

Among other suggestions to keep your neck in good condition:

- Squat, don't stoop.
- Use a step-ladder for doing work above eye level.
- Put a cushion in the car or raise your car seat if necessary for direct vision above the level of the steering wheel.
- Use reading glasses, not bifocals.
- Sit straight and hold the neck straight.
- Lie down and get up sideways.
- Don't read in bed.
- Avoid sleeping with your arm under your face or over your head. This may cause numbness, tingling, burning, and swelling.
- Sit in a straight-back chair with armrests.
- Lower desk chairs or raise desks to keep all work at or near eye level.

Sleeping with too many pillows or without any pillows may aggravate or cause neck strain. Never lie on your abdomen with your head propped forward on high pillows.

The proper pillow varies according to the situation. If on your side, adjust your pillow to maintain a neutral position of your head and neck and keep your arms down.

Many physicians dealing with neck problems recommend a contour pillow, about 18 inches long and eight inches in diameter, stuffed so that it will curve in the middle. Women adept at sewing could make their own.

Tension: one of biggest factors

Tension, of course, is one of the biggest factors in neck pain.

The crooked politicians literally gave the newspaper editor a pain in the neck. Problems in your daily life may make the muscles in your neck tighten just as fright makes the fur on a cat's back stand up.

If you do have a simple neck strain without too much discomfort, the best thing you can do for it is to rest, take aspirin, and soak your neck at least twice a day in a warm tub or with hot, wet towels.

If the pain persists, becomes more severe, or recurs, see your family physician.

[From "Today's Health," published by the American Medical Association.]

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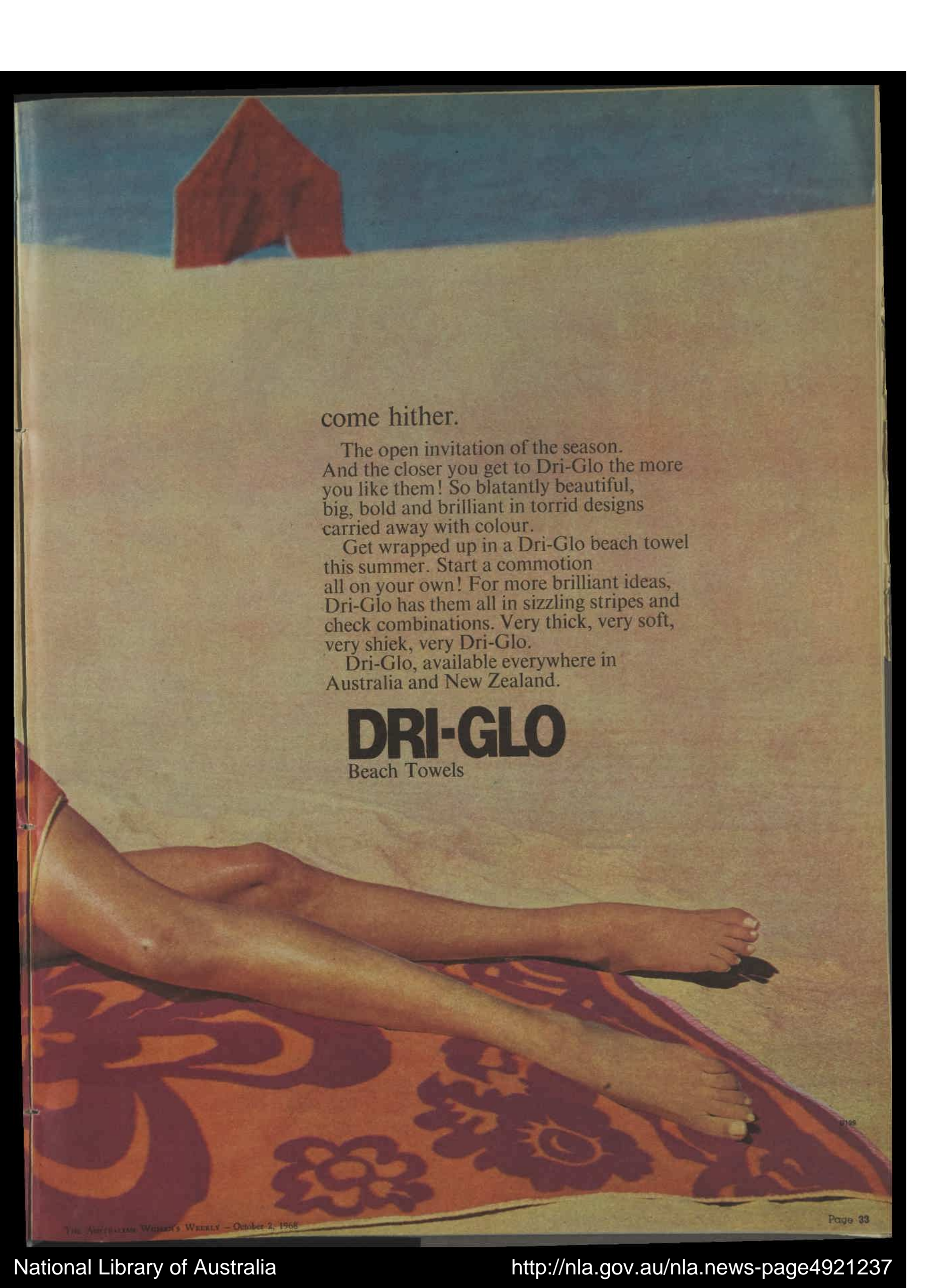
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check combinations. Very thick, very soft,
very shiek, very Dri-Glo.

Dri-Glo, available everywhere in
Australia and New Zealand.

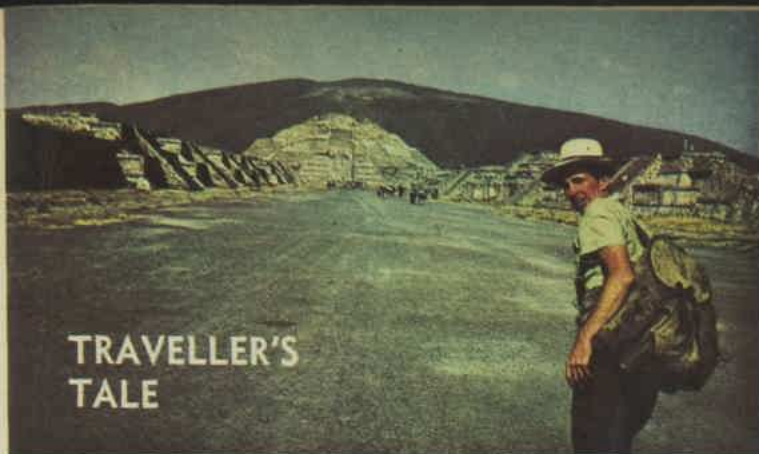
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Is Elizabeth Arden's
"Blue Grass"
all sweetness
and light
or does it have
a little
devil-may-care in it?
Try it and do let us know.

Elizabeth Arden

SYDNEY LONDON NEW YORK PARIS



TRAVELLER'S TALE

ALLAN BAILLIE on the road—here, outside Mexico City, with an outsized hat on his head and an outsized knapsack on his back. In the background can be seen an Aztec relic, the Pyramid of the Sun.

In the footsteps of the conquistadors

● ALLAN BAILLIE, who wrote this story, did not intend visiting Central America. But unexpected events led him into the legendary lands of the Aztecs and Mayas.

I AM a little nervous telling you about Central America. It sounds like an invention of a man by a roaring fire dreaming of fantastic mythical places.

I visited Central America early this year by accident.

I had originally intended to tour South America, but had later changed my mind. My letter advising the shipping company had gone astray, so the ship carried me from Marseilles to Panama and not to Sydney.

I moved into a cheap hotel in Panama to wait for my bank to send me money. I had two months to wait for the company's next ship, and was thinking about touring South America after all.

But I was kept in Panama for two weeks, and at the end of them I was curious enough about Central America to change my mind.

Things began happening in my hotel.

First, a very poor street pedlar, who worked occasionally at the front step, was arrested and charged with being the Nazi war criminal Heinrich Mueller.

The people in the hotel told me they weren't surprised. He never smiled, they said, he always looked nervous, he lived in a house of fibre and tin, and he sold poison.

Two false alarms

Later the street pedlar turned out to be just a street pedlar, but it is a very interesting introduction to any country.

A few days later I was joined in the hotel by a teenage boy from America, who got into the habit of walking round Panama in bare feet. He told me he was arrested in Guatemala because he walked out of the jungle wearing army boots and jungle-green shirt and trousers and carrying a machete.

He said he was questioned for about six days about "your friend Fidel," and later told, "We may have to shoot you. It is sad, of course, but it is all up to my superior." He said he was finally released by an American Central Intelligence Agency man.

This was all a little hard to believe. Then . . .

Shortly before I left Panama I met a girl from Tasmania who was going into South America to, among other things, travel down the Amazon River from the Andes to the Atlantic. She had travelled across Africa, Europe, and North America.

She said Central America was the most beautiful and exciting place she had ever seen.

Continued overleaf

SLEEPY WATERS of Stann's Creek, British Honduras, a popular swimming place which Allan Baillie visited.

Make it in
TOOTAL
CARIBBEAN
and come out on top!



Cardin cooked up this stunning little number for you. And Tootal Caribbean's just the kind of fabric Cardin loves to make it in. It's so good-looking (it's a blend of Irish Linen and Terylene). Slubby. With built-in crease resistance. There are lots of exciting colours like this delicious strawberry pink. You'll find them at the place where you find this pattern. Vogue Paris Original, 1788.


TOOTAL
girls always come out on top!





In the footsteps of the

That was better than a thousand tourist brochures; I set out to see for myself.

Central America consists of the seven countries that separate Mexico from South America — Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua,

INDIANS in their colorful costumes trudge across a gold-brown landscape in the Guatemalan mountains. The author found Guatemala had much to offer the tourist.

From page 35

Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, British Honduras. I was to go through them all to Mexico City.

I left Panama and climbed into Costa Rica, which boasts that it has more schools than soldiers. This is odd anywhere in the world; but in Central America, which has more generals than the United States, it is mildly incredible. It makes for a very relaxed and pleasant country.

After a day bouncing along a dirt road in a local bus I was up high enough to wear a sweater and to shiver. At one point I could see the Atlantic to my right and the Pacific to my left.

I dropped down to San Jose, the capital, which huddles beneath an extinct volcano; I walked about and compared the old Spanish streets with the new concrete buildings, which managed to look Spanish despite the 20th century.

I hitchhiked on across rolling green hills of tobacco, cotton, and pineapples. Then the hills flattened and big Indian cattle moved slowly in huge paddocks.

About that time I saw my first active volcano, sitting alone in low hills, steaming quietly like a resting locomotive.

I saw two others and was beginning to get over the mild feeling of amazement when I crossed over into Nicaragua, but I had to stop for half a day just over the border.

From the road I could see a lake big enough to make me fear I was looking at the Atlantic. In this lake was a small island, and on the island was a big volcano making its own clouds.

I was about to go for a swim in the lake when a man stopped me. "Don't," he said. "Shark." Freshwater sharks exist almost nowhere but in Lake Nicaragua.

Trickery in maps

The next day I was in Honduras, and later that day I was in Salvador. Honduras only stuck out its toe to register on the highway.

Then the maps began to play tricks on me. I noticed that there was no border marked between Honduras and Salvador.

I passed slowly through Salvador, admiring the Spanish churches and white beaches, then entered Guatemala on my way to British Honduras, which lies between Guatemala and Mexico on the Caribbean coast. Then I looked at a map.

In Panama, British Honduras is called British Honduras. In Guatemala there's no such place. Where it should be there is "Belice — illegally held by the British." I became worried.

For two days I wandered about Guatemala City, the largest city in Central America, looking in parts like Madrid, then I left for British Honduras-Belice on a truck.

Belice is right off the tourist track, and immediately I felt the difference. The truck was stopped, my passport and my bag were examined, and I was frisked. I remembered then the barefoot boy in Panama.

The truck crossed Guatemala through some of the most

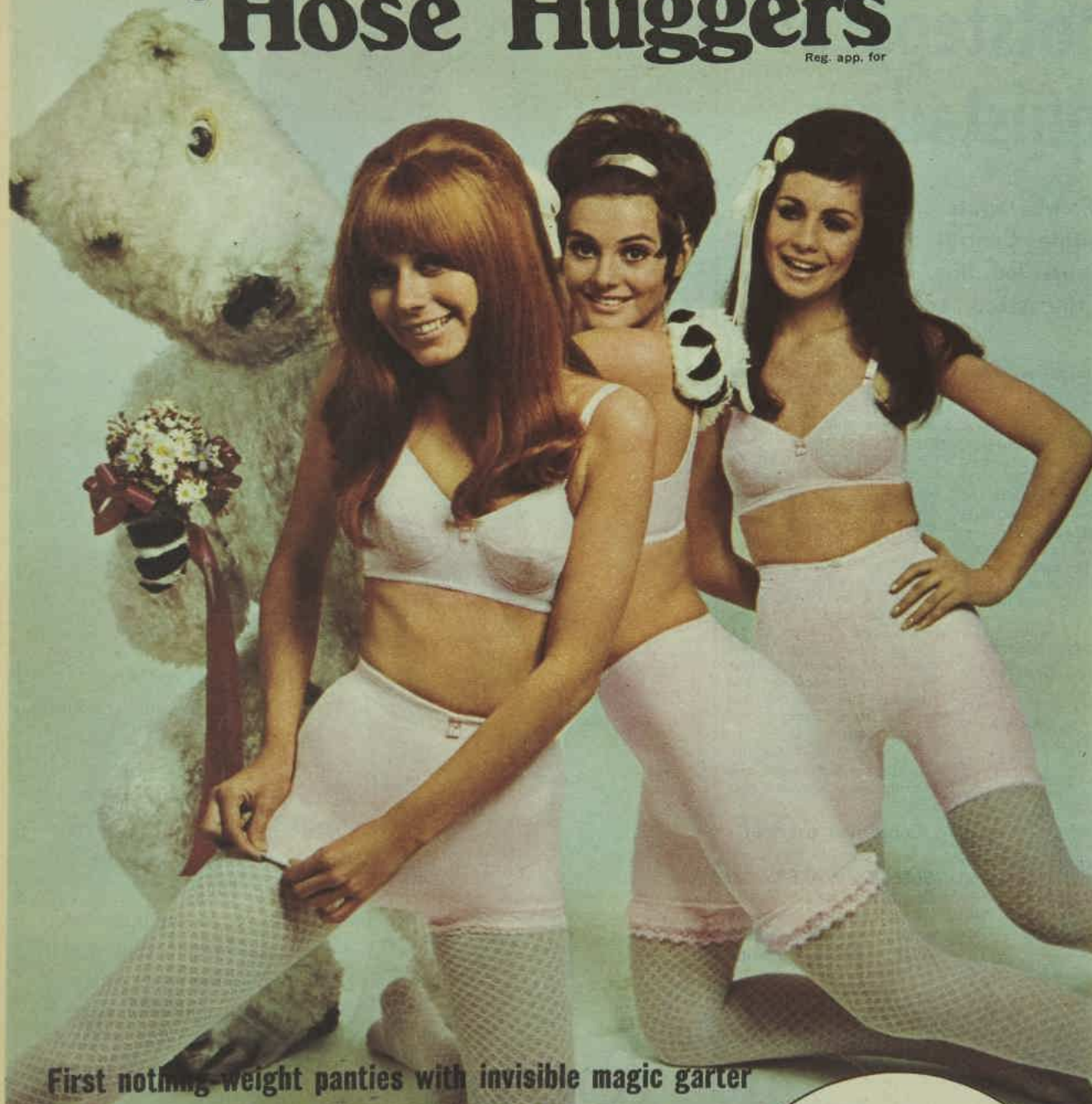
LAKE ATLÁN, "tourist paradise" in Nicaragua, a sunlit scene of blue sky and dazzling water overshadowed by a cloud-shrouded volcano behind.



YOU'LL LOVE HICKORY SCAMP'S NEW MAGIC GARTER-PANTS!

'Hose Huggers'

Reg. app. for



First nothing-weight panties with invisible magic garter

1. keeps stretch stockings up without suspenders
2. keeps your panty hose wrinkle free
3. keeps panty legs down when you're not wearing stockings.

7101 'Lycra' tricot brief, white, black, pink, blue \$4.95
7506 'Lycra' tricot lace-trimmed panty, white, black, pink, blue, yellow \$6.25
7330 Medium leg panty, in light Lycra Luranet, white, black, pink, blue \$4.95

Scamp
Hickory
exciting underfashions
for casual control

conquistadors

incredible scenery I had ever seen, and stopped at Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean.

I had to wait for a weekly boat to take me to Belice, so I looked for a cheap hotel. I saw two police on the road with their backs to me, so I called out to them, "Pensione?"

They'd been seeing too many Westerns. They turned quickly and both of them went for their guns. The man with the automatic rifle pointed it at my belt buckle. The man with the pistol held it half-drawn.

"Pensione?" I said again, with the hunted smile of a caught shoplifter.

They held me like that for half a minute, then showed me the nearest hotel. Next day I left Guatemala.

The boat I left on was the mail boat, called Heron II, run by people in British Honduras. Its size lies somewhere between a tug and a rowboat, and it is the only contact with civilisation for most of the places on its route.

We left with 50 drums of fuel oil, a deckful of cabbages, panatellas, tomatoes, a hand-carved boat, a dozen passengers, and a turtle.

During the day the boat pushed through an endless string of cays that line the coast of British Honduras. It stopped at very small piers of very small villages flying the Union Jack.

I got off at a place called Stann's Creek, which has a modern bank, town hall, and department store. It also has a chain of bars, where people drink rum as we drink beer, and a spit of sand which allows a swimmer to swim in the Caribbean, cross six feet of sand, and wash off the salt in Stann's Creek.

No color problem

I left by bus-cum-truck for Belize, which is the capital of British Honduras, although they are building another town, to be called Maya, as capital.

I learnt that 95 percent of the population of British Honduras is black or mulatto. They have no color problem.

British Honduras is very poor, but there are few people out of work and no beggars. It has been called one of the four corners of the earth, and the people are proud of this. It is the only English-speaking country south of the Rio Grande.

I stayed in Belize for about a week. It looks like one of those old ports you see in old Tarzan films.

Like the country, it was relaxed, happy, and friendly. I left it by bus for Mexico City, and was a little sad to leave.

After I'd spent the best part of a month in Mexico, seeing most of the things good tourists see, I came back to Central America from the north of Guatemala.

This Guatemala was almost a different country from the one whose backyard I'd seen on my way to British Honduras. After two days in the mountains which made it a conscious effort to realise I was in the tropics, I spent two days living from a hammock slung overlooking Lake Aitlan.

Lake Aitlan is the bottom of a very deep and steep valley capped by a volcano. It is one of the most beautiful lakes in the Americas.

Round it the Indians, who were here long before the Span-

ish, still wear brilliantly patterned clothes and dance at the slightest excuse. It is a tourist's paradise.

Moving from Lake Aitlan again, I saw the second of Guatemala's three capitals — Antigua. It was built by the early Spanish colonists to be the capital of Guatemala. But in the eighteenth century an earthquake destroyed a great deal of the town, so the capital was moved to Guatemala City.

The people of Antigua will

not allow any new-style building, and much of the wreckage of the earthquake is preserved, like the Colosseum in Rome.

Antigua is an untouched 18th-century Spanish town, complete with yellow-walled streets, the smell of Spanish cooking, and the toppled grey pillars left by the earthquake.

I was sorry to leave Antigua. But then I was sorry to leave all of Central America, a week later.

SUBURBAN SECTION of Belize, capital of British Honduras—a huddle of iron-roofed shacks punctuated by the occasional palm tree.



8 out of 10 cats prefer Whiskas

because good, rich Jellymeat Whiskas means 10 lives for every Cat . . . Whiskas adds the extra one !



Watch your Cat and you'll see Puss knows that Whiskas is very good food indeed—satisfying, solid and so nourishing. All that lean chunky meat and liver. All that rich jellymeat fortified with Thiamin, the essential vitamin to keep a cat in tip-top form. Give your cat a Whiskas meal every day. Know what's in that Whiskas tin? Vital growth, sturdy bones, bright eyes and a gleaming fur-coat.

8 out of 10 cats purr like little dynamos the moment they sniff life-nourishing Whiskas



Mothers, there is an Insecticide 'Safe' to spray near your children and food

THERE seems to be a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding about insecticides these days. Fortunately, there is now available an insecticide, safe to spray near children, pets and food, that contains no poisonous active substances, yet it is extremely powerful and kills all insect pests with amazing speed.

This safe insecticide now means you can control all annoying insect pests anywhere in the home without any dangers of deleterious spray residue, as Pea-Beu contains none of the poisonous chlorinated hydrocarbons, such as D.D.T., B.H.C., Chlordane or Lindane. In fact, the active ingredient of Pea-Beu is the only insecticide registered by the United States Department of Agriculture as "non-toxic to humans and pets." Although Pea-Beu is harmless to warm-blooded animals, it is lethal to insects.



The Dangers of Flies in the home

Housewives are inclined to overlook the fact that flies are the deadly carriers of over 3,000,000 germs, and are considered so dangerous that health departments warn you should kill every fly you see! In summer especially, when flies are prevalent, diseases can be spread at an alarming rate by flies, from con-

tact or by food contamination—one fly alone can easily spread disease to an entire family. Illnesses such as hepatitis, gastro-enteritis, polio and a host of other enterovirus diseases are all transmitted by flies.



The easiest and quickest method of killing flies in your home is to regularly spray the powerful, safe Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide. Short bursts only in a room ensure your home is free of all insect pests. Pea-Beu is the most powerful insecticide available today, yet, because it does not contain any of the poisonous chlorinated hydrocarbons, it is guaranteed safe to spray anywhere throughout the home. You can spray Pea-Beu near foodstuffs, as Pea-Beu will not leave any deleterious spray residue. This "safety factor" is a major consideration when you purchase an insecticide.

Remember, the health of your family may depend on the insecticide you choose!

Safe Pea-Beu is the most powerful insecticide available today: Pea-Beu is slightly more expensive, but because of the strong concentration it is most economical in use. Pleasantly perfumed so that it never offends, Pea-Beu freshens the home.

Ask your chemist or any leading grocery store for Pea-Beu, the "Safe" insecticide.



Inserted in the interests of Public Health by A.N.I. Chemical Research, manufacturers of the "Safe" Pea-Beu insecticides.

PAX LINDSAY *

One of Australia's best gardeners—see his lazy gardeners' guide each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

SCIENCE HELPS WOMEN SLIM

Pharmaceutical scientists, here and overseas, are now helping women to lose as much as 10 lbs. weight in 17 days with a new substance called StataVar. It acts by controlling the appetite and makes dieting easy. There is no need to miss meals or go hungry. It also acts as an energiser. StataVar tablets are sold by chemists and take pounds off the figure in a matter of days.

1969 WORLD DISCOVERY TOUR

SUPPLEMENT YOUR TOUR

- Make the most of your free time on our 1969 World Discovery Tour. See extra places in Europe, Ireland, and England on supplementary tours.

THE basic tour takes you to 20 countries. You can increase this number and see other places of interest.

It's no trouble; just book on one of the eight supplementary tours we offer in conjunction with our World Discovery Tour. These are all tailored to fit into free time programmed into the basic tour.

If a place you would like to visit isn't included in a supplementary tour, separate travel arrangements can be made for you. World Travel Headquarters, who are making all tour arrangements for us, will be pleased to make any additional travel reservations you may require.

Cost of the basic tour is \$A1835 (N.Z. \$1900). (One-class shipboard accommodation both ways.) The supplementary tours will, of course, cost extra.

On February 9 the P & O liner Orsova leaves Sydney on the start of our fourth World Discovery Tour. When it reaches Tilbury, on March 27, after many fascinating ports of call, tour members will be met and transported to their London hotels. After a few days exploring London, they will leave for 30 days' travel in Europe and Britain.

This part of our 1969 World Discovery Tour finishes when members return to London from Edinburgh. Fifteen days' free time then follows before everyone assembles to board P & O's Himalaya for the homeward journey via South Africa.

Many people are interested in booking extra tours for their free time, so we have arranged eight low-priced supplementary tours to fit these requirements—three in Europe, three in Ireland, and two in south-west England.

The Low Countries

Shortest of these tours is five days in Holland and Belgium.

Holland is an artistic gem. Its towns, cities, and people have been immortalised in oil paintings by the old Flemish and Dutch masters. And our supplementary tour



- Peaceful Killarney, in Ireland, can be visited on a supplementary tour.

takes you to many of the places they lived in and painted.

Amsterdam is on this itinerary. This city of waterways evokes memories of the merchant traders of the Dutch East India Company who lived in the fine old houses lining the central canal.

If you go to Holland in the springtime, you must not miss the bulb fields—and our five-day tour includes a visit to them.

The longest supplementary tour is 14 days in France and Spain, and includes a visit to Rheims, centre of the champagne-growing area.

Moorish Toledo is also visited on this tour. One of the oldest cities in Spain, it is famed for its metalwork.

On the Spanish Mediterranean coast you visit Barcelona, from whose harbor Christopher Columbus left on his voyage of discovery to the "New World."

Our third European supplementary tour lasts ten days and takes you through parts of Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Germany. Highlights include Odense in Denmark, birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen. This tour also includes sightseeing time in Copenhagen and

Amsterdam and an overnight stop in Hamburg, Germany's largest seaport.

As it will be late spring when these supplementary tours leave London, it is an ideal time for visiting Ireland. One of our supplementary tours here is for ten days, the other two for seven days each.

The Blarney Stone

The Irish are a warm-hearted people well known for telling tall stories, but their tales of the beauty of Galway and Killarney are truthful. These two areas and Tralee and Cork are included in our different Irish tours.

Near Cork you'll have a chance to kiss the Blarney Stone on top of the 100ft.-high keep of Blarney Castle. You must indeed be determined to have "the gift of the gab" to reach it.

The other two tours (six and seven days) cover the Cotswolds and Devon and Cornwall. On these tours you can see some of the finest of England's Gothic churches—Exeter, Salisbury, and Wells Cathedrals, and Bath Abbey. The Romans, when they occupied the area, built elaborate baths on the natural hot springs at Bath, thus explaining the name. The baths are still in fairly good condition and are well worth visiting.

BASIC TOUR PRICE COVERS

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins (two-berth cabins available, cost a little extra) in the Orsova and the Himalaya.
- Full-board accommodation for 23-day tour of eight European countries.
- Escorted full-board accommodation for seven-day tour of the U.K.

- Sightseeing tours in London, as specified in itinerary.
- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.
- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one

average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.

Tour director and his staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and return in the Himalaya to ensure an efficient tour operation throughout.

WHERE TO BOOK

COLLECT your fully descriptive tour brochures by calling in or writing to any of the General Sales Agents listed below:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria - Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland - Northern Territory - New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-7555.

Western Australia: Wesfarmer's Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Tele. 21-0191.

(All above are members of A.F.T.A.)

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland C1. Tele. 361-660.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1. Tele. 493-8494, 499-7221.

... OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.



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Because Innox's fabulous new 41 range helps clean up the causes of troubled skin . . . excess oil, all kinds of grime, acne germs . . . even dandruff. So blemishes just don't have a thing to go on.

So go on. Get it. The Big Clean-up . . . that starts with Innox's fabulous 41.

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INNOXA 170 New Bond St., London,



The unique World Atlas of The London Times

This is a detailed historical map of Northern Italy, specifically focusing on the regions of Liguria, Emilia-Romagna, and Veneto. The map shows a dense network of roads and railways connecting major cities. Key locations labeled include Genoa (Genova), Milan (Milano), Bologna, Parma, Piacenza, Mantua, Verona, and Venice (Venezia). The Ligurian Sea (LIGURIAN SEA) is visible at the bottom left, and the Gulf of Genoa (Golfo di Genova) is labeled near the coast. The map also shows various smaller towns and administrative boundaries. The overall style is that of a vintage cartographic print.

A black and white photograph of the Moon, showing its heavily cratered surface. The image is a full disk of the Moon, with numerous craters of various sizes visible across its surface. The lighting creates strong shadows, emphasizing the rugged terrain. The background is a solid black, making the Moon stand out.

● When it comes to world news, you've got to be sure of your facts. And your reference must be the most complete and authoritative available. That's why we use the *London Times Atlas*. ●

For your convenience, copies of the Atlas are available for inspection and sale at the Telegraph Homes Centre, Park Street, Sydney; and at the Herald-Sun Privilege Book Department, Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Postcode _____ WE

● OH, THE FUN— WHEN A WOMBAT TURNS ONE...

"His coloring is brownish-grey fur."



Red-faced over a blue tongue

A quick test of memory proved the jelly-bean expert correct.

□□□□□□□□□□

2 THE

"Urn starts to whistle.

(Like so many good stories, it stops at the climax. We'd dearly like to know exactly what the Fire Brigade said.)

Page 41

Top: JUNO Bottom: FRESCON

COBBIES
AREN'T ITALIAN.
THAT'S
YOUR SECRET



Cobbies shoes.
Made Australian, To look Italian.
When you wear them, no-one knows
they're not imported. No-one but
you. Cobbies are styles like
that. Very Roman. The only
difference is the price. Very
un-Roman. Cobbies - a super secret
that's all yours.

THE ITALIAN LOOK
COBBIES
by Clarks

FROM \$12.95



Why worry about Monday?

MANY besides J.M. hate Monday, because it means back to work. The young seem to feel it the least romantic day of the week. Few make dates for that night, and the entertainment business considers it the poorest for attendance. But Monday to me means satisfaction when I see my washing flapping in the wind, relief that I've no social obligations, and knowledge that there are more hours in this day to spend as I please.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Stanley, Somers, Vic.

A WOMAN at the weekend

Becomes a food machine. She cooks and washes dishes until she wants to scream. Comes the marvellous peace of Monday—No radio or TV, From the raucous noise of football And race results she's free.

The noise, the mess, the children, All these she can bear. Because the next day's Monday, When Mum comes up for air!

\$2 to "Breathing-space" (name supplied), Leopold, Vic.

TO me Monday is just a day like any other. Because the family use so many clothes over the weekend, I usually make it washday. But should I have some function to go to I wash next day. I used to wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, vacuum on Wednesday, shop on Friday. But since I changed this routine to fit into my social activities each day can be interesting and there are no "Mondays."

\$2 to Mrs. N. F. Madden, East Ipswich, Qld.

YOU will be looking forward to Monday if you do as follows: Rise extra early on Sunday morning. Work briskly. Do the family wash, hang it out. Clean laundry and kitchen. Have a cuppa. The family is now awake and hungry. Serve breakfast. By this time you will be glowing with a sense of achievement and be looking forward to Monday with pleasure.

\$2 to Mrs. Wyllie, Windsor Gardens, S.A.

WHO, in this day and age, suffers from Monday-itis? At least half a dozen Mondays in the year are public holidays, when people are enjoying their preferred form of entertainment.

\$2 to "Another Day" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

MONDAY, it was claimed, "is only an institution of Western civilisation." Hinduism, many thousands of years older than Christianity or Western civilisation, instituted a seven-day week. Soma (Hindi for the equivalent of Monday) means "the moon." So you see Monday was old when Western civilisation was young.

\$2 to Mr. G. L. Preece, Penguin, Tas.



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

That's initiative!

WE live at Flynn's Beach. Recently a little boy walked out from the town and discovered it was hot enough for a swim. He saw my wife working in the garden and asked her if she could lend him a pair of trunks or shorts. "Yes," she said, "and you can keep them." He took the shorts, noticed a couple of lemonade bottles, and asked, "Do you want these?" He thanked her, walked over to the store, traded in the bottles, and, licking an ice-cream, strolled across to the beach for a swim. That's what I call initiative.

\$2 to Mr. N. J. Myers, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

In a good cause

JUST before I went under the dryer, the hairdresser asked me if I could knit. Told I could, she handed me needles and wool and asked would I knit a square. They ask all customers to do this, then each year join the squares and send the completed covers to aged people's homes. Perhaps other hairdressers could adopt this excellent idea.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Pryor, Greenslopes, Qld.

On growing older

A SENSIBLE woman all my life, I bought sensible clothes at a sensible price. But now that I am getting older, With wits much slower, but ideas bolder, I buy colored shoes, psychedelic-print dress, Much to my square young daughter's distress.

\$2 to "Oh, Mum!" (name supplied), Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

More proverbs

IS it not time we had a few more proverbs from readers? These are some from my collection: "Where there's heart-room there's house-room" (Gaelic). "Bread is short before the harvest" (Russian). "Don't kill the ox trying to straighten his horns" (Japanese). "The hungry bear will not dance" (Turkish).

\$2 to Mrs. A. Baxendale, Southport, Qld.

Different approach

"WHY are you knitting so slowly?" my friend asked. "Because I'm nearly at the end of this ball of wool and I'm trying to make it stretch to the end of the row," I replied somewhat sheepishly. "Don't you ever do that?" "Goodness, no. I knit as fast as I can in an effort to reach the end of the row BEFORE the wool runs out." Silly, isn't it?

\$2 to Mrs. J. Y. Roberts, Lightning Ridge, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

NAVAL REVIEW

A PHOTOGRAPH of me, taken many years ago, shows me wearing a sailor suit and a cap marked "H.M.A.S. Australia."

I do not mention this in the hope that collectors will want to buy the portrait. I only wish to stress the enduring popularity of sailor suits for juvenile wear.

Army uniforms have never caught on in this way. Nor do you see boys and girls got up in Air Force apparel.

But the Jack Tar's costume is still around.

The secret of its appeal is the splendid collar. As well as being

comfortable, it looks dashing and cheerful. No doubt this is due to the reputation of Jack Tars for being jolly.

Mrs. Hopkins, of our district, decided lately to make a sailor outfit for her daughter, Wendy, 8.

They chose the material together. Wendy favored a red check, but her mother pointed out that the traditional color for sailors was blue. So blue it was.

Mrs. Hopkins cut the dress out from a pattern and began sewing.



But when she came to the collar she lost confidence.

How wide should the white braid be? Was one row of stitching needed or two? She was anxious to follow the correct naval style, but had no experience.

She was thinking about this problem while standing on a railway

platform in the city, on her way home from some shopping. At that moment a handsome young sailor walked up and stood waiting for a train.

A bright idea struck Mrs. Hopkins: Why not have a look at his collar?

In a casual way she moved up beside him and slightly to the rear. She was peering intently at his collar when he noticed her.

Mrs. Hopkins is about 40, and is not accustomed to making casual acquaintances with members of the armed forces. She was embarrassed.

As the sailor looked at her in surprise, she turned away.

But she still had not been able to study his collar properly. To see the stitching she had to get closer.

While she was creeping up to him, he caught her at it again. This time he looked very uneasy.

A train was pulling in, and he hastily stepped on board. Mrs. Hopkins stayed behind; it wasn't her train.

She is making Wendy's sailor collar as best she can. It may not conform to the RAN pattern, but she hasn't the nerve to do any more research among the boys in blue.

Today he'd be a quiz whiz

• Radio advertisement for an informative book exhorts listeners to "Be the know-all of your group."

I knew a boy (oh, long ago), Whose conversation at a dance Maintained an easy, steady flow Quite unconnected with romance.

He loved statistics and would glow With pleasure in a happy trance, Imparting facts fortissimo, Regardless of irrelevance.

He'd quote you records apropos Of crops and rainfalls; and advance New theories on the Eskimo, Ignoring your distracted glance.

He married, I suppose, did Joe, And when his child was born, perchance He asked its mother did she know The birthrate as compared with France.

— Dorothy Drain

A child's version

HER mother heard my little granddaughter (aged 2½) singing "God bless our grocery queen." She knew nothing about the word gracious, but does know that they get the groceries when they go to town.

\$2 to "Proud Nanna" (name supplied), Mount Colah, N.S.W.

Spoilt effect

THE charming young man was very pleasant, chattering away as we travelled between Perth and Geraldton. As we left the train, he shook hands and remarked, "It was very nice travelling with you. You are the image of my great-aunt. She died last year!"

\$2 to "Still Alive" (name supplied), Floreat Park, W.A.



Feel free. Feel alive. Feel cool, clean, fresh.



With Tampax tampons, there's no other way to feel.



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN
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If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

(Advertisement)

Lemons For Beauty

To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



The girl with the **pHisoHex** skin... blemish free!

This girl loves to show her face. She's a typical out-of-doors sportsgirl. And when she meets people, she faces them confidently... with a clear, fresh complexion. She's the girl with the pHisoHex skin.

Attack on skin germs. If pimples and blackheads embarrass you—you can change everything by using pHisoHex.

pHisoHex is a liquid, germ-fighting skin cleanser which removes dirt, make-up and pore-clogging oils that often cause pimples, whiteheads and blackheads. And vitally important: pHisoHex contains hexachlorophene which removes germs, then deposits its invisible germ-fighting protection on your skin between washings.

That's why we suggest that you don't use soap or other cleaners when you're using pHisoHex; they might remove this lasting protection.

Washing with pHisoHex—ideally three or four times every day—will help clear troubled skin and will help keep it clear.

And do use pHorac* cream also to help dry out the pimples. Skin-coloured pHorac cream conceals whilst it heals! Applied morning and at bedtime, it provides added treatment between pHisoHex washes.

Not sure how to pronounce pHisoHex? It's Fy-so-hex. The best way to remember it is to try it. It's available at your pharmacy in 6 fl oz and 16 fl oz squeeze bottles. Save money by buying the big size.

Yours free: For girls, "Teen-aged? Have acne? Skin care and personality pointers"; and for boys, "Good grooming guide for busy guys." Send for them today.

WINTHROP LABORATORIES, ERMINGTON, N.S.W. 2115



TRADE MARK

WOLFE

OUR TRANSFER



Garden fruit and vegetable motifs to brighten kitchen linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 211. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price of this transfer: 15c plus 5c postage.

PRIZE RECIPES

● A lovely gingerbread with old-fashioned flavor wins our \$10 prize.

SOFT GINGERBREAD

- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 8oz. butter or substitute
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk
- ½ cup treacle
- 1 tablespoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1 tablespoon ground ginger
- 2 teaspoons bicarb. soda
- 1 dessertspoon warm water
- 3 cups plain flour

Cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in softened treacle. Sift together flour and spices, add alternately to mixture with sour milk. Lastly fold in bicarb. soda, which has been dissolved in the warm water. Mix carefully until smooth. Pour into greased 9in. square cake tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Ice with lemon icing.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. R. Sargeant, 280 Orange Grove Rd., Salisbury, Qld. 4107.

TUNA AND CASHEW CASSEROLE

- 16oz. can tuna
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons plain flour
- ½ pint milk
- salt, pepper
- 1 dessertspoon butter, extra
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 1 small onion
- ½ cup cashew nuts
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 tomato

Drain tuna, remove bones, break up with fork. Make white sauce; melt butter over low heat, add flour and cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add milk, off heat, then continue cooking until sauce boils and thickens; stir in tuna, season. Melt extra butter, saute celery, chopped onion, and cashews 3 minutes. Place layer of cheese in base of greased casserole, then layer of cooked rice, tuna sauce, and, lastly, vegetable mixture. Repeat layers, leaving sufficient cheese to sprinkle on top. Garnish with tomato slices, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until thoroughly heated and cheese browned. Serves 4.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. H. Bissett, 17/9 The Avenue, Randwick, N.S.W. 2031.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

BEAT one tablespoon of salad oil with each egg when preparing egg and breadcrumbs for fish, cutlets, etc. It holds crumbs well, has no perceptible flavor, and is economical. — Mrs. L. Tanner, 34 Alphington St., Alphington, Vic. 3078.

Remember, when freezing sandwiches, to butter the bread right to the edges of the slices so there can be no problem later of softened fillings soaking into the bread while the sandwiches

are thawing. — Mrs. R. Trees, West St., Commandant Hill, South Kempsey, N.S.W. 2440.

Instead of serving lemon wedges next time you have fish, put two tablespoons finely chopped parsley in a small cream jug, add one teaspoon sugar and the juice of one or two lemons (depending on their size); pour this mixture over the hot fish. — Mrs. C. Fairweather, 9 Fraser Rd., Cowan, N.S.W. 2252.

● Save time and money in the kitchen! These useful hints from home cooks among our readers will show you how it can be done. Each hint wins a \$2 prize.

Covering Jam: Moisten cellulose paper covers with vinegar before putting them on the filled jars, and the jam will not go mouldy. — Mrs. Grove, 41 Bellevue Pde., Nth. Curl Curl, N.S.W. 2099.

The lids of discarded ice-cream tins, covered with foil, make firm, attractive dishes on which to bake pies and tarts for fetes. — Miss L. Dibden, 8

Moore St., Toorak Gardens, S.A. 5065.

When making pikelets, if mixture is poured into pan from tip of spoon, the pikelet will be a round shape (for women's tea parties); if poured from side of spoon, the shape will be oval (for boys' lunches, etc.). — Mrs. R. Rigby, 17 Bay St., Parklands, Burnie, Tas. 7320.

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

NATIVE ORCHIDS

● Few Australian orchids are flamboyant, but most are exquisitely formed — and all have their special fascination.

By ALLAN SEALE

AUSTRALIAN orchids are mainly TERRESTRIALS, which grow in the ground, and EPIPHYTES, which in nature grow on trees, not as parasites but taking food from rotted wood or leaves and from the air. Rock orchids also are epiphytes.

Many epiphytes will grow on a piece of porous wood, on an old stump, or on the bark of a tree. They need a fairly moist atmosphere for the summer growth, but most will grow under similar conditions to cymbidiums, preferring lightly broken sunlight.

Some flower in almost full shade (the same environment as ferns) — the beech orchid, pink rocklily, pencil and spider orchids among them.

Growing on wood. A piece of branch 1 or 2 ft. long, 4 to 6 in. in diameter, will house one or two epiphyte orchids. Suspend it by wire in a fernery on a tree branch; move indoors for brief periods when flowering.

Use wood with long-lasting but spongy bark. Nail sleeve of bark to wood so it doesn't fall off later, and then bind with thin copper wire so it won't split.

Secure the plant firmly with nylon fishing line or thin copper wire. Or rest the plant on two thin nails projecting from the bark, then bind short pieces of bark or tree fern fibre over the roots on either side of the crown.

Let loose roots spread in natural

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DENDROBIUM falcorostrum; at "Floralands," Gosford, N.S.W.

growth, but bring them into close contact with the bark by covering with a soft pad of sphagnum moss or teased-out tree fern fibre, binding firmly but carefully so the binding doesn't cut.

Once roots find their way into the bark, the plant becomes self-supporting. Plants already growing on small pieces of wood are merely fixed to a post.

If establishing plants on growing trees, choose ones that don't shed bark — such as "old-man" banksia (*B. serrulata*), whose corky bark is ideal; casuarina (or she-oak), ironbark, jacaranda, podocarpus; or smooth-barked trees such as coachwood, Christmas bush, Illawarra flame, coral tree, ash, or even peach, apricot, or plum.

Most epiphyte orchids also do well in pots of spongy but not too soft decomposed wood, with marble-sized pieces of charcoal, sandstone, or similar material to provide a permanent grip for roots.

Choose from these epiphyte orchids:

CYMBIDIUM suave. Dark green foliage 9 to 15 in. long, flower spikes to 1 ft. clustered with small green/golden-buff blooms about 2 in. across; soft fragrance. Do best in pots or hollow logs filled with composts of about 75 percent brown rotted wood from the centre of old logs. Need constant moisture until established; don't over-water in winter.

C. albuciflorum. Similar to *C. suave*, with foliage up to 3 ft. long; mainly from coastal area of Queensland, northern N.S.W. *C. canaliculatum*, from same area, is similar, but more rigid growth, and open flowers have white rather than greenish-brown labellum.

DENDROBIUMS. Rocklily. Best known is *D. speciosum*, the king orchid or rocklily, with feathery sprays of creamy flowers 1 to 2 in. across, in spring. Established clumps may have 20 or more spikes. Best when roots are wedged between rocks or loose rubble, with a little leafmould over the rocks, but not touching the roots. Failure often results from using too much soil.

Lack of flowers usually means too much shade, especially with varieties other than hillii (from N.S.W. rain forests). They need at least half sunlight, and enjoy a dry winter.

D. kingianum. Pink rocklily. Found on rocks and rotted tree stumps, with small, oval, glossy foliage, and usually pinkish spikes of four to eight small, rose-pink flowers. These flower in fairly shaded places, but are best in broken sunlight. Establish on rocks as for rocklily, on moist tree stumps, or pots of the wood-and-stone mixture; in standard cymbidium compost.

D. falcorostrum. Beech orchid. Like small rocklily, with 6 in. spikes of white, slightly fragrant. Grows in rain forests, N.S.W. to southern Queensland, chiefly

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on Australian beech; hence its name. Also known as Dorrigo orchid, because of prevalence in that district. It will grow in the wood/stone compost, but is best on tree fern fibre, teatree, or live banksias, with a covering of sphagnum moss until new roots establish. Flowers in full shade, best in broken sunlight.

D. gracilicaule. Similar to beech orchid, with smaller, creamy flowers with metallic sheen, usually spotted on outside.

D. aemulum. Ironbark orchid. Again similar to beech orchid, but with long, thin white petals.

D. linguiforme. Rock-dweller from eastern Australia with woody leaves like green almond kernels pressed close against the rock, and feathery white spikes of spidery flowers; spring. Can be bound to teatree or established on semi-shaded rocks with small pieces of stone over roots to anchor. Dislikes soil.

D. tetragonum. Spider orchid. Usually found on teatrees of east coast, with pendulous, four-sided stems 1 in. long, small foliage at tips. Spidery, buff, fragrant flowers hang from the fleshy stems. Establish as beech orchid.

D. teretifolium. Pencil orchid or bridal veil. Slender, pendulous leaves to 1 ft. long, cascade of feathery white flowers in spring. Best bound to teatree or tree fern fibre, without soil; part shade.

D. bigibbum. Cooktown orchid. Long, spectacular sprays of broad-petalled, rosy-pink flowers, 2 in. across; in autumn. In coastal tropical areas will grow on trees, bound with tree fern fibre; or in woody compost. Hard to establish and flower in temperate areas without heat.

SARCOCHILUS. Includes some beautiful species. Usually on spongy-barked timber such as banksia, teatree, or tree fern fibre; also grows in woody compost or coarse cymbidium compost.

S. falcatus. Orange-blossom orchid. Waxy, strap-like fans of 4 in. leaves, pendulous sprays of dainty white flowers.

S. hartmannii has more-upright sprays, yellow-centred, creamy white flowers.

S. fitzgeraldii has dainty, open flowers, mauve-pink at base of petals.

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Now. Unsheathe one of the 12 new Charade colours from its elegant new case—and gently play up your lovely lips.

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for that
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by *Clarks*

AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

- Some of the side-effects of television viewing are becoming major problems in Australian households. Take my patchwork rug, for instance. You're welcome!

THIS monumental rug is a direct result of the impact of television on a conscience that, while being by no means robust, still has a kick or two and a glimmer of life left in it.

Strong characters watch only those programs they feel are well worth their time. They watch them with concentration and dedication, and when they're over they resolutely turn off the set and go and do something more useful, more uplifting, or more entertaining.

Weak characters — those in whom conscience and purpose are tottering along on their last shrivelled legs — watch endless programs they don't really want to see while waiting for something they do.

To make this seem all right, the females among them indulge in handicrafts, on the absurd assumption that one is not really wasting time if one has half an eye on the wicker whatnot or the barbed-wire wastepaper basket one is making.

For years I've been knitting at our set, to keep it in its proper place. The number of TV sweaters knitted in this house is truly alarming.

No longer are my offers to knit someone a new sweater greeted with cries of gratitude. On the contrary, they are greeted by loud cries of "Do you have to?" and "I don't need it."

For a long time I ignored these cries of distress. Why should I worry about their puny complaints when I was the chief sufferer? After all, I had to wash the sweaters, and to my mind this is a far worse task than knitting them and making them up.

A matter of faith that handknits are best

THE truth is that, in spite of my orgiastic bouts of knitting, I am a sweater-heathen. Everyone knows that hand-knitted sweaters are better, warmer, softer, smarter than machine-knitted ones.

This is a basic matter of faith, learnt in childhood at one's mother's knee, and unquestionably adhered to throughout life; but somewhere along the road I lost my faith. I became first an agnostic, then an outright unbeliever.

I do not like hand-knitted sweaters. I do not believe they are better, warmer, softer, smarter. I think on wash days they are an unendurable extra burden. I much prefer the machine-made variety.

This public confession must surely make clear to you just what a menace TV is to the weak-willed. Here I've been, a paid-up member in good standing of the anti-hand-knit-sweater brigade, treacherously and remorselessly working against my own beliefs and conscience.

All this knitting, itself a side-effect of TV, has produced its own side-effects. Over the years I have collected, in a couple of retired pillowcases, an enormous quantity of odd balls and half balls of wool in every twist and ply and color under the sun.

I decided that before I gave up knitting I would purge what's left of my conscience

(and a whole shelf of the linen press) by knitting this accumulation up into a patchwork rug.

This rug has caused more argument, debate, and ribald laughter in the family than any of my other knitting activities. I started by knitting up the sports wools first.

Then, realising that I had about 75,000ft. of assorted colors in lesser plies, I started mixing the colors two and three plies at a time, making what I considered to be enchanting heather-mixtures, which drew cries of "Erk, dog's breakfast" from Mike.

The rug is finished— but who'd want it?

HUGH was the only one who saw any merit in my rug. Breadwinners always like to see something being made from nothing, I suppose.

The girls jeered every step of the way, pointing out that I was wasting valuable time that could well have been spent replacing zips or taking up hems for them. When I said defensively that I could always give it to the poor when it was done, Di thought that "nobody, absolutely nobody is as poor as that."

The whole family ganged up and declared that I was cheating when I surreptitiously bought a few balls of wool at the winter sales, which only proved them philistines with so little color sense they couldn't see that misty green was entirely essential to complement the gold-flecked murky brown begged from a neighbor.

At intervals I'd spread the whole thing out on the sitting-room floor and amuse myself arranging and rearranging the colors in different orders. The animals, particularly, enjoyed that.

The dog would immediately camp on it, and the cats, entranced by trailing ends of wool, would hoick single patches out and scruff them into balls and kill them dramatically in distant corners.

The moment of truth came last weekend. I spent an entire dreadful day putting this patchwork quilt or blanket or rug together.

"There's only one more thing I need," I said to Hugh when it was done.

"What?" he said.

"A weekend cottage to put it in."

Now that the thing is done and my creative frenzy has subsided a little, I feel I can make an honest assessment of my work. It is monumentally hideous. It has served no useful purpose, not even that of clearing a shelf of the linen press, because it has gone back there in a plastic bag.

In time I may gather the courage to get rid of it, but now it would seem like throwing away the family album. This rug is family history, even down to the red square left over from the sweater Kay was wearing when she received her first proposal.

She was eight at the time, and the seven-year-old next door suggested a marriage based on the commercial possibilities of combining her trike and his go-cart in a delivery business.

In the meantime, I think I'll have some anti-tetanus shots and start making useful and durable things out of barbed-wire. Or perhaps I'll just give up watching TV.



here come the lightest summer Hush Puppies yet...



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by *Clarks*



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

Comfort's blossomed out pert and pretty with the most appealing Hush Puppies you've ever seen. Cooled-off with intricate interlacing — breezily punched and cut-out. Coloured in the softest of new pastels and bright dashing shades. Soft crushed kid... smooth glove leather... breathin' brushed pigskin from \$7.99.

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No. 800.—CUSHION COVER

Cushion cover with Sydney Harbor Bridge and wildflower design is available traced ready to sew and embroider on white or cream pure Irish linen. Price is \$1.76, plus 35 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 801.—TISSUE-BOX, TOILET-ROLL COVERS

Pretty set is available cut out to make in aqua/white, pink/white, gold/white, or green/white check cotton. Toilet-roll cover is 66 cents, plus 5 cents postage and dispatch. Tissue-box cover is 66 cents, plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 802.—LAUNDRY BAG

Laundry bag is available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, lemon, blue, green, or lilac celine. Price is \$1.35, plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 803.—SHIFT

Shift is available cut out to make in pink/turquoise/yellow, green/violet/yellow, or pink/burgundy/gold printed pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.65; 40 and 42in. bust, \$4.85. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting September 25



ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ The week—better than last—is ushered in by a nice influence between Venus and Mercury. These two stars could help you in your career and public relations. There's still a lot of change about. October 1 could slow down personal life a little.



TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

★ The 25th could be a more than usually lucky day in all departments of life, especially the give-it-a-go section. It's also good for legal eagles, travel, and happy thoughts. Big changes in point of view are in the air, which could affect romance.



GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Romance blossoms like a spring magnolia, 25th, and there could be a change of suitors. The 27th is edgy in the afternoon, and you could encounter mini-hindrances in family and married life, October 1.



CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ Are you getting married today? Well, if so, you've picked a time of good omen. It's ideal for a union based on co-operation and mental harmony. Romance, too, has an aura of genuine glamor. October 1 adverse—routine.



LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.

★ Finances should continue to flourish—or at least not deteriorate—a lucky stroke refills the purse. It's also fine for the bright hurdy-gurdy of the social round, especially 25th. Avoid extravagance.



VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ For many, tension eases and life gets a little less rugged. It's a good week, with big changes for some—a removal, perhaps, taking up a new job, etc., and it's all done under smiling stars. A windfall for some, 25th.



LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Scope galore offers, especially 25th, to expand your personal life, particularly since you embark upon your get-up-and-go cycle. Time, too, to discard outworn notions. Make the most of the next two weeks.



SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ There's a hangover of change and shake-up from last week, but 25th is a good day, fine for solving problems and writing important letters. There could be a happy surprise in the letterbox. Romance improves.



SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Nice things happen at home—there could be happy news of loved ones, perhaps a lucky removal or a successful realty deal. Change still lingers and helps projects. Romance wilts October 1.



CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ The zodiac still grooves with you. The 25th could be a happy birthday for a successful venture or a move to distant horizons. You could find 27th a little nervy and October 1 has leaden feet.



AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.

★ Aquarians are great exponents of the virtues of friendship and interdependence—great club people, movement experts, etc. Friends and associates still loom large and the 25th is a lucky day of change—perhaps a friend helps to realise a wish or aspiration.



PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ There could be a little financial loss or setback October 1, or a brouhaha with a friend, 27th. Otherwise a favoring breeze guides your ship of destiny. A big change in status and a happy escalation in career is shown, 25th. Friends help.



BOAC will take you across to the Place Opposite

It's a swinging London Restaurant. Nick owns it.

In fact Nick owns the place across the road too, which is what makes the Place Opposite the place opposite the opposite place... (yes, the people who eat there are kinky too)... and his food is great!

So why not drop in? All it takes is the British Airline, the Mini Fare, and the BOAC Go-Chart.

If you're an Australian under 26, the BOAC Mini Fare to London can save you \$230! The fare to London is just \$390.10 (\$360.10 from Perth or Darwin) and in-

cludes the BOAC Armchair and two stopovers, one in Asia, and the other in the Middle East or Europe.

The BOAC Go-Chart is a guide to everywhere that's "now" in switched-on London! Your copy is waiting at your BOAC Travel Agent, BOAC, or Qantas who are General Sales Agents for BOAC. So grab it soon.

It will take you for a fabulous night-out at the Place Opposite.

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BAKE-OFF WEEK PROGRAM

● We extend an invitation to all readers to attend our Bake-Off finals in Melbourne from Tuesday, October 1, to Friday, October 4. The daily program offers something of interest to everyone—watch home economists and chefs cooking the Bake-Off dishes, see the judging panels at work, take part in the numerous competitions arranged in conjunction with the finals, see parades of Princess contestants.

OUR 1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off Week in Melbourne will be a gala occasion, a fun time for everyone. Myer's store will be the centre of activities for four days. Entertainment will be the order of the week, and you're invited to come along and join in the festivities.

There will be a multitude of events to interest the thousands of housewives attending the Bake-Off. Festivities are being held in the Homewares Department on the second floor of Myer's store, Lonsdale Street entrance, beginning each day at 10 a.m. and concluding at 4 p.m.

You could be one of five housewives who will get a new Metters range to try out the winning Bake-Off recipes for your family. The ranges are five of those specially selected for use in the Bake-Off finals, and each day one will be offered to a member of the public who correctly completes a simple quiz. Entry forms for the quiz will be available on the Metters stand.

One section of the Bake-Off will be judged each day, with our local judging panel selecting the winners. Each category winner wins an award of \$750 in cash and a Metters range.

The Main Course dishes will also be judged daily by our internationally famous judges, Monica Sheridan, of Ireland, and Edoardo Moglia, of Italy, under the direction of Bake-Off chairman Graham Kerr. The final decision, though, will not be made and announced until the Friday afternoon.

Graham will be on stage frequently throughout each day of the finals, and will also mingle among those attending.

The local judging panel will announce winners in sections one, two, three, and

five at 4 p.m. daily after the particular section has been "Baked-Off." There are six local judges on this panel—Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, Food Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly; Miss Joan Winfield, Chief Home Economist at White Wings Ltd. (co-sponsors of our Bake-Off together with the Australian Dairy Produce Board); Mrs. Elizabeth Timms, Director of Dairy Food Services of the Australian Dairy Produce Board; Miss Mary Dunne, Home Service Supervisor of the Victorian State Electricity Commission; Mrs. Jean Forward, head of the Victorian Gas and Fuel Corporation's Home Service Department; Miss Norma Findley, principal of the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Science in Melbourne.

The Program

Categories to be judged daily are:

- Cakes—
Tuesday, October 1.
- Desserts—
Wednesday, October 2.
- Biscuits and Pies—
Thursday, October 3.
- Busy Lady—
Friday, October 4.

You will be able to see both the local and international judging panels tasting, testing, and making their decisions from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day.

In the Best Junior section, a winner could come from any of the five categories with each entry competing openly with everyone else. When the judges have made their selection the Best Junior winner will be announced on Friday, the last day of the finals, at 4 p.m.

Channel 9's vivacious cookery personality Geraldine Dillon will be our Bake-Off compere on each day of the finals. And one of the highlights she will be announcing will be the finalists in our Princess contest, who will parade daily at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

A feature of this contest will be a "Name the Princess" competition for the

public attending the Bake-Off to participate in.

You will be invited to watch the parades and use your skill as judges of appearance, dress sense, and deportment, and try to match the judges' decision by picking the first- and second- and third-place winners in their correct order.

Entry forms for this competition will be available at the Women's Weekly stand in Myer's.

A cash prize of \$50 and two tickets to the Grand Champion Bake-Off awards dinner, at the Southern Cross Hotel, on Monday, October 7, will be given to the person who displays the most skill in naming the Princesses.

The winner of the Bake-Off Princess title, Australia's prettiest home hostess, will be announced on the Friday afternoon.

Her prize: A two-week holiday on Hayman Island, flown there and back by Ansett-ANA, \$100 spending money, a Metters range valued at \$350, and a wardrobe of Bradmill clothes.

Runner-up in the contest will receive a consolation prize of \$100 in cash.

Audience prizes

In addition to watching the Bake-Off testing and judging, and naming the Princess, you will also be invited to participate in a series of mini-quizzes with prizes parcels of White Wings and dairy products. These quizzes will be held regularly throughout each day of the Bake-Off, and will be on topics allied to the festivities.

The grand finale to our 1968 Bake-Off will be the Grand Champion awards dinner on Monday night, October 7.

The dinner is being organised as a benefit for the charity "Carry On," and if you hurry you can still obtain tickets to attend it, at \$10 each, from "Carry On" Welfare Centre, 44 King Street, Melbourne. Phone 62-2648.

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But do go now summer is coming. Feet just **can't** be beautiful with blemishes.

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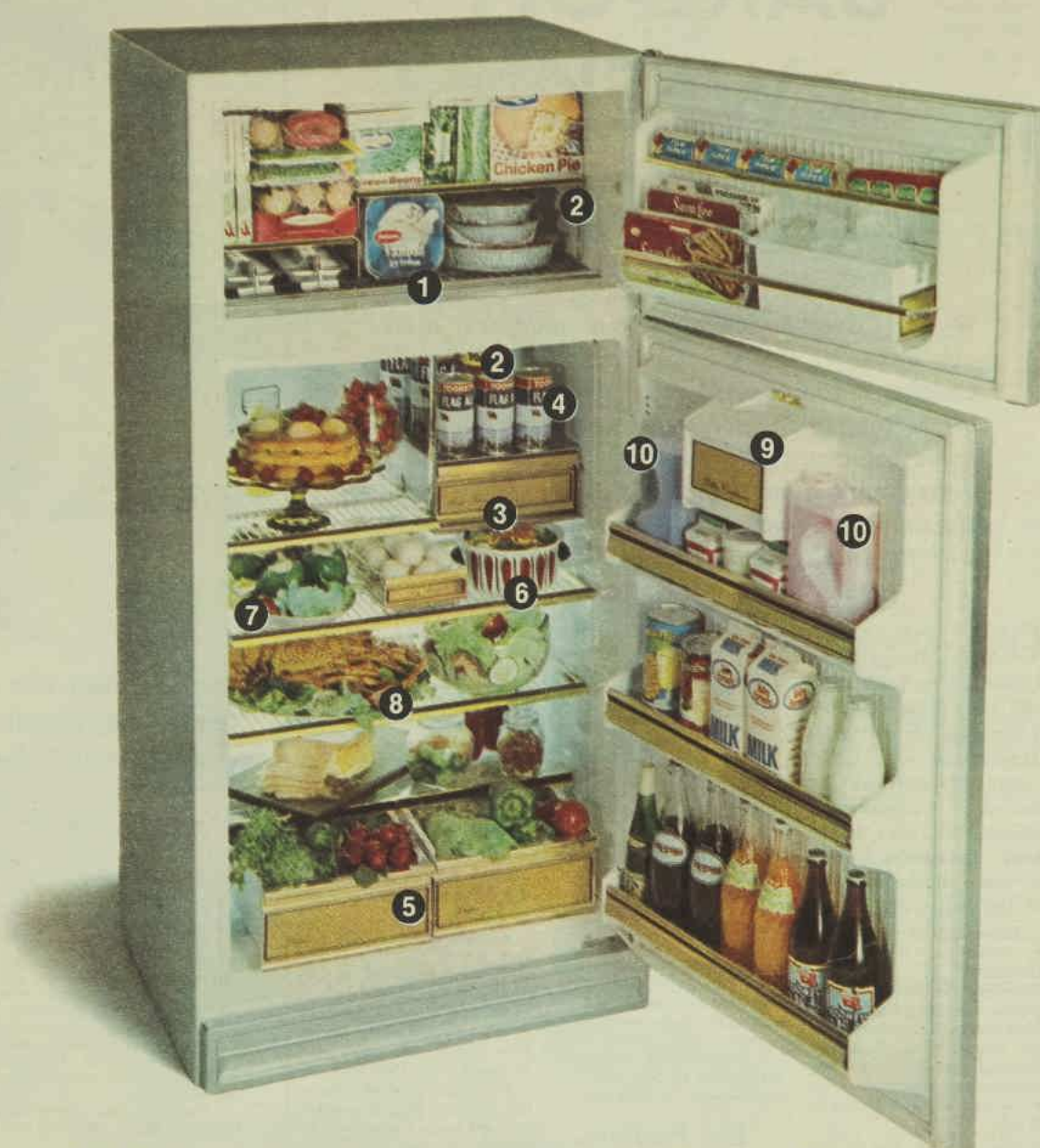


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2. And each compartment has its own door and individual temperature control. So when you want something out of one section, you don't lose the cold air out of the other.

3. We designed the meat keeper to sit in a draft of cold air. It would not keep *us* surviving very long, but it keeps fresh meat *really* fresh for a week.

4. There's a fast-chill shelf for cold beer—to keep Dad surviving.

5. Vegetables sit comfortably in two big crispers that seal tight to keep everything inside, inside.

6. You can put all your eggs in one convenient lift-out basket.

7, 8. There's plenty of survival space for food on strong, slideout shelves—more in the doors.

9. Plus a 3-position heated butter conditioner.

10. Two large liquid dispensers for cold water, cordials or fresh fruit juice—to keep the kids surviving through summer. While we were being thoughtful about your food, we thought about your pocket. So we didn't fool around with a lot of expensive electric heating elements like other manufacturers. Instead, we use the hot gas which is already part of our “No Frost” system. It makes more sense. It costs less money. We figure that, by keeping your food surviving longer and more efficiently and more economically, we're actually doing the same for you.

You also get: Plenty of lift-out ice cube storage, quick release ice-cube trays, freezer shelves, door shelves, tall bottle storage, the famous Kelvinator ‘Polarsphere’ sealed unit backed by a full 5-year warranty . . . and two special doors you can convert to over 60 different colours and designs—simply by inserting a pair of ‘Fashion Plates’. Ask your retailer to show them to you.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

Suddenly, the peace and quiet was terrible!

It's great to have the children back

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS were drawing near, and for the first time all of our three children were old enough to plan and look forward to the happy days ahead.

Our elder son was busily preparing for a holiday camp with some boys his own age. They were planning to explore some remote limestone caves, in company with our local minister.

Our daughter, six, was going to visit her grandma in Sydney, and even the youngest, a solemn four-year-old, was treasuring the thought of spending a few days with a favorite cousin.

Gradually it emerged, as all the dates and times fell into place, that I was to have three whole days on my own. THREE WHOLE DAYS! I could hardly believe it. It must be years since I had spent even a day without at least one of the children. As the days passed I kept mentally taking out these three "jewels" of leisure and gloating over them. How wonderful it would be. Three days to use as I pleased, with so many things I could do... unless something unforeseen cropped up.

But the great day dawned unevenly, and it seemed I was, in fact, to have my precious time. The whole house bustled with excitement as each child made his or her departure.

I waved the last one off and a feeling of lighthearted pleasure came over me as I turned back into the now empty house. I washed up the breakfast dishes and, as it was still quite early, decided to spend another hour or two in bed with a book.

When I awoke it was lunchtime. I dressed and had lunch in front of the TV, watching a program I'd never had time for before.

Then I looked around, and with a slight twinge of guilt began on the unmade beds and untidy rooms. Somehow I seemed to fly through the housework, my new sense of freedom giving my feet wings.

Tasks usually so dull now seemed more worth while. How nice to pick up toys and know they would not be strewn about again five minutes later! How lovely to wash a floor and not have to guard it against muddy footprints till it dried!

In two hours I had finished. The house looked spick and span, as if I'd spent all day on it. I picked up some sewing and settled in a sunny corner.

Voices floated in the window from children playing in the street. Occasionally there'd be a burst of tears, and I treasured a sense of peace that there was no need to run and comfort, to adjudicate in these little crises.

Strangely, this day was also our wedding anniversary, and as the afternoon wore on my mind was busy on

Three days all to herself sounded a marvellous prospect, and so it was, says mother-of-three MARGARET CHINNERY... but she wasn't sorry when it was over.

—A READER'S STORY

plans for making this a very special evening. We had decided not to go out but to enjoy a rare evening alone. How nice to have time to cook favorite dishes and to bathe and dress in a leisurely way!

Next morning I slept later than usual. I woke with a start, and then relaxed and let the wonderful feeling of freedom wash over me. With only one man to get off to work, breakfast was a peaceful meal. So nice to linger over a second cup of tea, to plan one's day.

I washed up the breakfast dishes and turned to the housework. The unaccustomed orderliness that met me in every room seemed to give the house a strange, empty feeling. Impatiently, I brushed this aside and decided to have a day in town, perhaps lunching with a friend.

It was a lovely day. The sky seemed bluer, the flowers sweeter. As I walked with light steps down to the bus stop a cheeky sparrow chirped at me from a nearby fence. How lucky I was to have this day all to myself!

There were several things I'd been wanting to look at quietly, and I wandered round the shops.

Several times I unthinkingly looked round for my four-year-old. It seemed so strange not having to keep an eye on him as I shopped.

Later, I lunched with an old schoolfriend, and we spent a happy hour reminiscing, able to sit quietly over a meal and not having to urge anyone to eat this or hurry over that.

"Emptiness engulfed me"

It was mid-afternoon when I reached home. Along the street several children were playing, and as I passed them I once more savored my joyous freedom.

But as I turned the key and went into the house an awful emptiness seemed to engulf me. The same strange feeling that I had brushed aside that morning now seemed to be everywhere. I switched on the kettle and made a cup of tea, but my usual enjoyment in it had gone.

Suddenly, I knew that the "jewels" of freedom I had treasured so carefully were fake! I looked round at the orderly house and realised that it was just a house where, normally, with all its untidiness, it was home. From then on I couldn't wait for my real "jewels" to come back.

Next morning I was up early with a joyful sense of anticipation. I baked all the recipes I knew were favorites. I placed a small vase of flowers in each bedroom. My welcome was ready.

Even so, the morning seemed endless. How could I ever have thought I wouldn't miss them! Tea that night was a noisy affair as each child bubbled over with news of the holiday. Over their heads, I caught my husband's eye, and we smiled with deep contentment.

Ours is an adopted family, gathered over the years. Any day now the telephone will ring and another precious gem will be added to our lovely string of jewels.

An easy way to complexion beauty

The true natural beauty of your skin is one of your greatest beauty features and should be constantly protected against the ravages of time and weather. Correct cleansing is essential in the care of your skin tissues, and when carried out properly using Delph cleansing milk, it will soften the complexion and a new aura of loveliness will be created.



Cleansing the eye area: Because of the modern practice of using a heavier type of eye make-up, the areas around the eyes can easily be starved of natural moisture, causing lines, or "crow's-feet" to appear. The eye make-up should be gently smoothed off with Delph cleansing milk, using a cottonwool pad. The mild action of this cleansing milk will dissolve the make-up and grime, leaving the skin clear, unblemished, effectively eliminating any "crow's-feet" areas. Delph cleansing milk is obtainable from all chemists and leading cosmetic stores.

SPECIAL CONTEST

What gift has given you most pleasure?

LOOKING for presents for people for Christmas, birthdays, or any other occasion can be a headache, aggravated by tantalising indecision: "Will he or she like it? Is it suitable? Is my taste any good?"

Writing about how hard she finds buying suitable gifts, Victorian reader Mrs. Elva Howson adds: "It is a strange thing, but I have found often that the most appreciated present is the one that seemed rather a crazy thing to buy at the time I was buying it."

"I would love to hear from readers what their most useful or treasured gifts have been — and it wouldn't surprise me if these were some of the most unusual or least thought-of articles."

Well, what gifts have pleased you most? Write and tell us, in not more than 100 words, about the one you remember with the greatest pleasure, and why. We will pay \$10 for the best five letters and \$2 for any others used.

Address entries, marked "Gift Story," to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4083WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Entries close on October 11, 1968.

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W.W. Oct., '68



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Water-Lily
SWIMSUITS



GIVE A TAHITIAN PARTY

By OUR
FOOD EDITOR

A PAREU can be worn in several ways. Left, it is folded in half lengthwise, tied at the side; left below, ends are crossed in front, tied at back of neck; below, the full length is tied round waist, tucked in. This is the style also worn by men.



● Everybody dreams of visiting the South Seas — turquoise waters, swaying palms, red hibiscus climbing over white, grey-thatched bungalows, the lazy, lovely life — and when I flew to Tahiti by UTA's DC8 jet I found it even more beautiful than I had dreamed.

A TAHITIAN feast, called a Tamaaraa, was one of the highlights on the trip. It's an idea which could be copied in Australia for a wonderful summer party.

From Tahiti—with its gay nightlife, sparkling waterfalls, beautiful Gauguin museum, its sprawling waterfront where ships from the world's far-away places tie up right in front of the famous Quinn's bar — I went to Club Mediterranée at Moorea, another of the islands in the Polynesian group, and said to be the most beautiful island in the Pacific.

And in this four-page feature we give the recipe for the Club Mediterranée's famous Rum Punch.

Basically, a Tahitian feast consists of three main dishes—raw fish, earth-baked pork with yams and breadfruit, and poe—a sweet dish made of papaw or pineapple and banana. However, the French influence on food is dominant, and many classic French dishes are added.

Preparation for a Tamaaraa starts early in the day. A large hole is dug in the ground, filled with logs and branches, then the fire is lit. Over this go stones and, when the stones are hot, banana leaves are placed on top, then the pig. Then more banana leaves or damp sacks, then earth or sheets of iron. The fire is then left for hours to cook the pig to delicious tenderness.

An earth oven is difficult to copy in a home garden, but the simplified recipes for pork given in this feature capture all the flavor of Tahitian food. In addition, there's the traditional Poisson Cru—raw fish—which is cooked by the action of the lemon juice.

Choose from the selection of wonderful party foods in this feature—all with true Polynesian flavor.

Table decorations: Pareu cloths (see pictures at left) can be used as tablecloth; or cover the table with large leaves or ferns. Dinner napkins can also be made from gay-colored pareu cloth; the material is quite inexpensive and can be bought from most large department stores or dress-material shops.

Have bowls of tropical fruit—pineapples, mangoes, papaws, bananas, coconuts—and lots of bright-colored flowers. Shells can be used as flower-holders. Fish nets—which can be bought from sports stores — also make effective and inexpensive decorations.

The music: Recordings of traditional Tahitian music are readily available; the music has an infectious rhythm and gaiety, wonderful to dance to.

— Ellen Sinclair

A pareu as party dress

A PAREU (pronounced par-A-oo) is the traditional form of Tahitian dress, and is wonderful for party wear. It is simply a straight piece of material, two metres in length (a little over two yards) of colored cotton, printed in one color with a design in white. In this, they differ from Hawaiian prints, which may have as many as six colors.

The pareu can be worn in many different ways; here we show three versions. A bikini swimsuit can be worn underneath.

Couronnes (pronounced cor-O-nas) can also be worn. These are garlands of leaves or fern, sewn together to form a ring to fit the head; they can then be decorated with flowers.

And have flowers for the guests to tuck behind their ears. The flowers have a meaning—worn behind the left ear, the flower means you're happy, you have a partner; worn behind the right ear, it means you're free and unattached.



...and the food

WITH the exception of the Baked Honeyed Pork recipe on this page (which will give 10 to 12 servings), all dishes in this feature will serve 6 to 8. But quantities can easily be doubled or even trebled.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

POISSON CRU

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 4lb. fish fillets | 1 cup fresh or desiccated coconut |
| 4 teaspoons salt | 2 cups boiling water |
| 1 cup lemon juice | 2 large tomatoes |
| 6 small onions | |

Remove skin from fillets and as many bones as possible. Cut fish into bite-size pieces, sprinkle with salt, cover with lemon juice. Cover, and refrigerate at least 4 hours. Drain, add finely chopped onion; mix well. Mix coconut with boiling water, allow to cool, then drain, pressing as much liquid from coconut as possible. Pour coconut milk over fish; chill. Skin and seed tomatoes, chop flesh into cubes and fold into fish mixture.

Note: This is the authentic Tahitian Poisson Cru. However, for extra flavor, you might like to add a little crushed garlic and some finely chopped cucumber.

BAKED HONEYED PORK

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 leg pork, 6-8lb. | 1 cup honey |
| 2 tablespoons oil | 2 tablespoons grated green ginger |
| 2 teaspoons ground ginger | |
| 2 teaspoons salt | |

Get the butcher to score the pork thoroughly. Run knife between the skin and meat to form a pocket. Using long-bladed knife, spread grated green ginger into pocket. In basin mix oil, ground ginger, and salt. Place pork in baking dish, brush leg with oil and ginger mixture. Bake in moderate oven, allowing 30 minutes per lb.; brush occasionally with remaining oil and ginger mixture. Fifteen minutes before the end of cooking time, brush leg completely with honey. Serve hot or cold.

BAKED FISH WITH LEMON AND GINGER

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 2lb. snapper or flathead | 1-3rd cup lemon juice |
| oil | 1 tablespoon finely |
| salt, pepper | chopped green ginger |
| grated rind 1 lemon | 4 small onions |

Rub inside of fish with salt, leave head on. Oil large sheet of aluminium foil, place fish in centre, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Slice onions, place half inside fish, arrange remainder on top. Mix together lemon rind and green ginger, sprinkle over fish, pour over lemon juice. Wrap fish securely in foil, place in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes or until cooked when tested. Remove fish from foil, arrange on serving plate; pour over pan drippings.

PORK AND PINEAPPLE WITH RICE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 2lb. pork leg chops | 1 large onion |
| 15oz. can pineapple pieces | 8 shallots |
| 1 large green pepper | 1/2 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 large red pepper | 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 3 tablespoons grated green ginger | 3 teaspoons salt |
| | 1 teaspoon paprika |

Drain pineapple, reserve juice. Remove bones from chops and slice meat into thin strips. (Keep the pork rind and use for frying.) Marinate pork with ginger and pineapple juice 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Simmer 3 to 5 minutes, drain thoroughly; discard marinade.

Cut peppers into 1in. cubes, chop onion and shallots. Fry pork rind until pan is greased, remove rind from pan. Add drained pork, fry until golden-brown. Add peppers, pineapple, and half the shallots. Fry until light brown and vegetables have softened. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and paprika; sprinkle with remaining chopped shallots.

RICE

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1lb. rice | 2 tablespoons oil |
| 1 green pepper | 1 teaspoon paprika |
| 1 red pepper | salt, pepper |

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Cut green and red peppers into 1in. cubes. Heat oil in frying pan, add peppers, and fry until softened. Add rice and continue cooking until rice is heated but not brown. Add seasoning.

WONDERFUL FOOD for a Tahitian party!

From left, Pork and Pineapple with Rice, Curried Prawn Fritters, Curried Chicken Salad, Avocado Chicken Salad, Baked Fish, Poisson Cru, Baked Honeyed Pork.

CURRIED PRAWN FRITTERS

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 3 doz. king prawns | 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder |
| 2 cups plain flour | 1 tablespoon oil |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1-1/2 cups hot water |
| 1 egg | oil for frying |

Sift flour, salt, and curry powder into basin. Make well in centre, add beaten egg and oil. Add enough hot water to make a coating batter; beat until smooth.

Shell prawns, leaving tail intact. Dip into the batter and fry, a few at a time, in deep, hot oil until golden brown. Drain; serve with Tropical Tartare Sauce.

TROPICAL TARTARE SAUCE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups mayonnaise | 1 hard-boiled egg |
| 1/2 cup oil | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 1 dessertspoon sherry | 1 tablespoon capers |
| 1 tablespoon pineapple juice | 1 tablespoon stuffed olives |
| 2 tablespoons chopped gherkins | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley |
| | 1 small onion |

Mix together mayonnaise, oil, sherry, and pineapple juice. Peel and chop egg and onion, chop remaining ingredients, and add to mayonnaise mixture with lemon juice.

HARICOT BEAN SALAD

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 12oz. white haricot beans | 4 tablespoons oil |
| 15oz. can tomato puree | 4 teaspoons vinegar |
| 1oz. black olives | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 3 hard-boiled eggs | ground black pepper to taste |
| 1 clove garlic | |

Soak beans overnight in cold water; drain. Cook beans in boiling salted water for 1 hour. Drain, add tomato puree, and cook gently until tender (approximately 1 hour); cool. Add one chopped hard-boiled egg and sliced olives. Blend crushed garlic with vinegar and oil, add to beans. Adjust seasonings, serve chilled. Decorate with remaining sliced hard-boiled eggs.

Continued overleaf



GIVE A TAHITIAN PARTY . . . continued

AVOCADO CHICKEN SALAD

- 3 avocados
- juice of 1 lemon
- 1 steamed chicken (3-4lb.)
- 4 sticks celery
- 1 cucumber
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup slivered almonds
- $\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

Peel and slice avocados. Remove chicken meat from bones. Cut meat into 1in. cubes. Slice cucumber, celery, and green pepper and layer in dish or bowl with toasted almonds, chicken, and half the avocados. Blend paprika, nutmeg, salt and pepper with cream, mayonnaise, and lemon juice, pour over chicken and vegetables. Decorate with remaining avocado slices, sprinkle with extra paprika.

Note: If preparing this dish in advance, dip avocado slices in

lemon juice so they will keep their fresh color.

CURRIED CHICKEN SALAD

- 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ -4lb. chicken
- 1 onion
- 3oz. butter
- 1-2 dessertspoons curry powder
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 3 tablespoons plain flour
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints chicken stock
- juice 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons red currant jelly
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream
- salt, pepper

Steam chicken in usual way until tender, cool.

Carve chicken, place in shallow serving dish. Melt butter, add onion, and cook gently until soft. Stir in curry powder and turmeric, cook 5 minutes. Then add flour, cook further 2 or 3 minutes, and pour on chicken stock. Bring to the boil, stirring; reduce heat, simmer 30 minutes. Add lemon juice and jelly. Mix well and strain; cool. Stir in cream, season to taste; pour over chicken, chill before serving.

Serve with cold cooked rice which has been tossed in a little french dressing; fork in some finely chopped parsley.

CHILLED AVOCADO CONSOMME

- 2 cans consomme
- 2 ripe avocados
- lemon juice
- salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream

Chill cans of consomme in refrigerator for several hours. Just before serving, peel avocados, mash well. Combine with the chilled consomme. Add salt and lemon juice to taste.

Top each serving with a spoonful of sour cream.

AVOCADO DIP

- 1 large ripe avocado
- 4oz. packet cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
- salt, pepper
- 1 teaspoon grated onion

Cut avocado in half, remove stone, scoop all the flesh into a bowl, add the softened cheese and mayonnaise; blend well together. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper, grated onion; mix well. Use as a dip or a savory spread.

Makes approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups.

BANANA-COCONUT PIE

- 1oz. butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
- 1 dessertspoon gelatine
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
- 3 or 4 bananas
- lemon or pineapple juice
- 9in. baked pie shell
- toasted coconut
- extra whipped cream

Combine in saucepan the butter, brown sugar, and half the water. Cook, stirring, until sugar is dissolved (about 2 minutes); cool slightly, stir in milk. Soften gelatine in remaining water, dissolve over hot water, cool. Blend in to milk mixture.

Separate eggs; add slightly beaten yolks to milk mixture. When beginning to stiffen slightly, fold in lightly whipped cream and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Slice bananas, dip into lemon

add a little sunshine...

ice-cold Golden Circle,
tropical sunshine in a can



PINEAPPLE PINEAPPLE & ORANGE PINEAPPLE & GRAPEFRUIT

juice or canned pineapple juice so they keep their fresh color; reserve some slices for decoration. Arrange remainder on base of cooked pie shell. Pour cream mixture over carefully, refrigerate until set. Just before serving, decorate with whipped cream and reserved banana slices. Sprinkle generously with toasted desiccated coconut.

PAPAW ICE-CREAM

- 1 small ripe papaw
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Peel and coarsely chop papaw, place in blender or push through sieve until a fine pulp. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cups and mix in the fruit juices. Dissolve sugar in cream, by allowing to stand in refrigerator 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Gradually stir in fruit mixture; pour into two freezer trays, freeze until firm.

POE

Tahitian Poe, made with pureed fruit, is thickened with cornflour; because Tahitians eat with the fingers, this thickening is essential, to make the food easier to handle, but it does dull the fresh-fruit flavor.

The version given here, unthickened, is eaten with a spoon — it makes a superb dessert.

- 1 large very ripe papaw
- 4 slices canned or fresh pineapple
- whipped cream

Peel papaw, remove seeds, cut into pieces. Put into blender with chopped pineapple. Blend a few seconds until fruit is pureed. If using fresh pineapple, it may be necessary to add a little sugar to sweeten. Top each serving with whipped cream or, just before serving, swirl whipped cream through the mixture lightly.

For best flavor, make sure papaw is beautifully ripe.

TROPICAL FRUIT SALAD

- 1 ripe papaw
- 1 ripe mango
- 2 bananas
- 1 small can pineapple pieces
- 2 to 4 tablespoons rum
- whipped cream
- brown sugar

Peel papaw, remove seeds, cut into dice. Put into bowl with the peeled, sliced mango, sliced bananas, drained pineapple pieces. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup from can, add rum, pour over fruit. Cover, let stand 1 to 2 hours. Taste, and add a little sugar, if necessary, to sweeten. Spoon into serving dishes, top with whipped cream which has been sweetened with a little brown sugar.

TROPICAL FRUIT PUNCH

- 15oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 chopped banana
- juice 1 orange
- juice 2 lemons
- 1 tablespoon castor sugar
- 1 pint water
- crushed ice

Combine all ingredients except crushed ice; chill. Just before serving, add crushed ice or ice blocks.

PINEAPPLE WATER ICE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 large can crushed pineapple
- extra juice 1 lemon

20 cu. ft. duplex refrigerator freezer

(the 33 inch miracle)

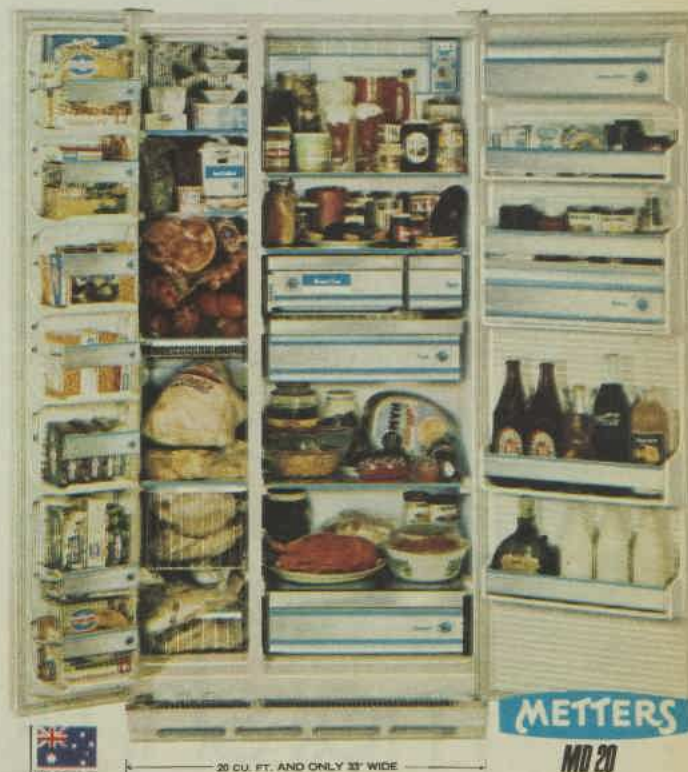
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6-5 cu. ft. freezer one side
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CLUB MEDITERRANEE'S MOOREA RUM PUNCH

CLUB MEDITERRANEE is situated on a bay on the beautiful island of Moorea, which is reputed to be the island about which the song "Bali H'ai" was written.

There's swimming in the crystal-clear water, water-skiing, skindiving, or sailing in an outrigger or glass-bottomed boat.

On arrival at the club, guests are greeted with tall, brimming glasses of this chilled Rum Punch.

- 1 bottle white rum
- 2 cups white wine
- juice 4 lemons
- juice 4 oranges
- 1lb. 13oz. can crushed pineapple

sugar to taste
30oz. can pineapple juice

Combine all ingredients, chill 2 to 3 hours, then taste (you may like to add a little sugar to sweeten).

For a fruit punch, add any fruit in season — 2 chopped apples, 2 bananas, some small clusters of grapes, etc.

make them in minutes...
no cooking at all!



NEW marshmallow bubbles

Crunch . . . munch . . . melting mallow. Ever known such an exciting new taste sensation? Marshmallow Bubbles combine smooth, creamy Pascall Marshmallows in a tasty chocolate treat that keeps fresh for days. So simple, a child can make them. So delicious you'll never keep them! Make some for your family today.

Pascall Marshmallows
add magic to your cooking



Ingredients: 4 cups Kellogg's* Rice Bubbles**, 8 ozs icing sugar, 3 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 packet white or pink Pascall Marshmallows, 8 ozs Copha***

Method: Sift the cocoa and icing sugar together. Place in basin with Rice Bubbles. Melt Copha over gentle heat, it should be warm not hot. Add to dry ingredients then add Marshmallows and mix thoroughly. Press into square tin. Place in refrigerator to set. Cut into squares or finger lengths to serve. If desired, MARSHMALLOW TOPPING may be placed on the Marshmallow Bubbles before cutting.

Marshmallow Topping.

Place 1 packet of Pascall Marshmallows in a basin and melt over gently boiling water. Spread quickly over the set Marshmallow Bubbles. Sprinkle with coconut. Allow to set and cut into shape.

Try delicious Marshmallow Topping on any of your favourite recipes.

Look for recipe leaflets in your store.


*Registered Trade Mark

**"Rice Bubbles" is a Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice

***World Brands Pty. Ltd., Registered User of Trade Mark

P1/EPC/8

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968



Opening instalment of a
romantic two-part serial
By HONORIA TIRBUTT

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

She was not even sure of
her own identity and yet
when Simon insisted on
a walk along the cliffs
she was terrorised by a
vague but dreadful memory

THE wind whipped along the beach promenade, blowing scraps of paper into the gutters, bringing with it the first breath of autumn. The streets were quieter now. Seacombe was beginning to assume the desolate air it wore in winter.

A girl walked along the breezy esplanade, her arms full of parcels; in one hand she carried a folded newspaper. A slim, pretty girl with a quiet face, bright blond hair cut in short, casual curls. She halted opposite a large cafe and stood waiting for a gap in the traffic.

She glanced idly at the scaffolding criss-crossed above the cafe doorway, a workman balanced on a narrow platform with a hammer in his hand. The Miramar was beginning its annual attempt to repair the ravages of the summer season.

The traffic thinned and she ran across the road. As she stepped on to the pavement a sharp cry rang out from above: "Look out!"

Something flashed down from the scaffolding and caught her a glancing blow. She fell forward into the doorway; her parcels scattered in front of her, her head struck sharply against the wooden frame of the window.

Women cried out, passersby ran forward to pick her up. Hands gathered the scattered parcels, the handbag, the newspaper. Two men carried the girl inside the cafe and set her down on a red plush bench. A waitress came running forward with an anxious face.

The girl opened her eyes. She sat up and put a hand to her head where a lump was already beginning to form on the temple.

A man glanced at the waitress. "You'd better phone for a doctor."

But the girl shook her head. "I'll be all right in a moment." She looked round in bewilderment, at

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the customers eyeing her with curiosity, the waitress standing in front of her.

"Where am I?"

"In the Miramar Cafe, of course."

"But what town am I in?"

The waitress gave a quick look at the others. "She must have had a really bad knock. Someone had better tell the manageress." To the girl she said, "You're in Seacombe."

"But that's miles away from where I live!" She looked down with a puzzled air at the parcels laid beside her on the bench, at her dress, a gaily-striped cotton, her sandals, high-heeled and white. "These clothes — they're not mine—"

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Someone brought her a cup of strong sweet tea.

"Drink this and try not to fret. It'll all come back in a moment."

A tall, middle-aged woman came through a door at the far end of the cafe. "What's all this, Millie?"

"I'm afraid there's been an accident, Miss Williams." The waitress explained in a low voice, then the other woman made a brisk movement of her hand.

"Take her to her room — she'd better lie down for a while. She won't be fit to go on duty again

today. I'll get one of the other girls to take over."

Her manner, controlled, authoritative, dissolved the little bunch of sightseers and sent the rest of the staff scurrying back to their posts.

Millie led the girl, still half-protesting, through the cafe and into private quarters at the back. She opened the door of a small room, went over to the french windows that stood wide open to the garden, and lowered the venetian blinds.

"There now, Angela, you'll feel

better in a little while. Try to get some sleep."

The girl lay down on the bed, still shaken and unsteady. She was aware of a feeling of danger, an urge to run out of the cafe and escape — from what? She had no idea.

She lay staring round the room, a small, austere furnished room with someone's personal belongings arranged neatly on the dressing-table, a mirror, hairbrushes, creams, and powders — whose?

Panic began to mount inside her. She didn't live here in a sea-front cafe, she lived in Fairfield House, miles away. She was — who was she?

For a long, terrible moment she

had no idea. But the waitress had called her by some name. Angela — sure it was Angela? The name meant nothing to her, it quite definitely wasn't her name. Who am I? she thought in a wide-eyed panic.

Then, blessedly, her mind threw back an answer. She sighed with relief. She was Lynne Ryder, of course, she lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Seldon, at Fairfield House.

She began to feel drowsy. Behind her closed eyelids she could see Fairfield House, a gracious building in mellowed stone, remembering the first time she'd seen it, when she came from Switzerland.

She floated into a half-dream. She was back again in the little Swiss village, a shy, fair-haired girl of seventeen, coming into the room where her mother lay pale and tired on the couch by the window, seeing again that other figure, upright and imposing, sitting beside the couch.

Her mother had glanced up at her. "Lynne, this is my mother, your grandmother, Mrs. Seldon."

Mrs. Seldon allowed Lynne to kiss her cheek. She ran her eye over her granddaughter and looked pleased with what she saw.

"We should have met before, child, if I hadn't been a stupid old woman."

"Don't!" From the couch Lynne's mother spoke in distress. "It's all such a long time ago."

Lynne had gone out of the room to make coffee in the tiny kitchen. She knew her mother's story, of course.

WHEN she was a young girl, Margaret Seldon had fallen in love with a penniless artist, Hugo Ryder. Her parents, wealthy and old-fashioned, had refused consent to such a match for their only child. When Margaret ran away with Hugo Ryder they closed their doors to her; in eighteen years there had been no communication between them.

But now that she was dying Margaret Ryder had written to her mother, asking her to take care of Lynne. Hugo Ryder had been dead for three years. Success had always eluded him, he'd remained a struggling artist to the end.

They'd been happy though, Lynne remembered with a sigh, setting out cups and saucers for the coffee. There was never any money, but there was always next year, always tomorrow . . .

So here was old Mrs. Seldon at last, having journeyed halfway across Europe to find her daughter and granddaughter. Lynne carried the tray into the sitting-room. Her grandmother sat holding the sick woman's hand. There were tears in her eyes.

"Of course I'll look after Lynne, I promise."

She'd kept her promise. After the funeral she put her arm around Lynne in the bleak churchyard. "You're coming home with me to Fairfield House, we'll comfort each other."

Mrs. Seldon had been a widow herself for many years. She lived in Fairfield House with a staff of servants and one young relative, the son of Mr. Seldon's younger brother, who'd emigrated to Australia after World War I. Craig Seldon's parents had wanted him to go back to the old country to finish his education. He was studying medicine and made his home at Fairfield during vacation.

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Meltonian; the great Co-Ordinator

Meltonian Colour Change

The Colour Change that matches up shoes to mix with any of your clothes. Easily! Choose from 34 exciting fashion shades. Colour Change goes over any shade of shoe; light, dark or bright. Perfect for fabric, mesh and tanned

leather. And you can Colour Change one pair of shoes as often as you like, at only 75c. a time.

And to keep all shoes shiny and scuff-free, use Meltonian Renovating Polish. Its deeper colour pigment restores smoothness, lustre and good-as-new looks. At all shoe shops and shoe repairers. Ask for our 'Shoe Care and Colour' leaflet.



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Cherish your precious complexion beauty every day by smoothing a film of moist tropical oil over your face and neck. This moist oil of Ulan will preserve the soft, flower-like bloom of your skin against the drying effect of summer weather and provide the ideal nourishment needed to smooth away wrinkle-dryness and aging lines. Used as a beautifying powder-base, it will ensure that make-up stays perfectly matt all day long and that your complexion remains permanently young and lovely.

... Margaret Merril

HAIR LIKE STRAW

recaptures its old, natural, shining-soft beauty. Do as your hairdresser says, simply brush with Vitapointe. (Used properly, one tube will give up to six months' supply.)

Only 95c from your chemist or hairdresser.

Vitapointe
HAIR CONDITIONER

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Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on superficial relief — invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

★ Simple and dignified treatment.

★ Two tablets with meals.

Varemoid tablets
The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

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CLEARBAD SKIN

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIKODERM. Get NIKODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

Lynne could remember stepping out of the car in front of the great doorway of Fairfield House. Craig Seldon came running out, a dark young man, good-looking in an easy, charming way.

"Hello — did you have a good journey?" He smiled at Lynne as Mrs. Seldon introduced them.

They went into the house, tired after the journey. Craig brought forward chairs and rang for tea. He was courteous and attentive, and Lynne, fresh from the cloistered life of a girls' school in the Swiss mountains, unused to young men, had fallen a little in love with him there and then.

Now, lying here, incongruously, in a cafe in Seacombe, why did the thought of Craig Seldon accentuate the feeling of fear, why did she half sit up in sudden terror, thinking again, I must run away, he mustn't find me? But her mind grew cloudy once more, and she drifted into a restless sleep.

THERE was a rattle at the door. She sat up in sharp panic, but it was only Millie, the waitress, with a tray.

"Feeling better? That's right. I've brought you something to eat." She drew up a little table, setting down the tray, pouring a cup of tea.

"Your young man's here. I told him what had happened. He wants to see you — if you're feeling up to visitors, that is."

Craig? How did he know she was here? What was she doing here anyway?

"Thank you, I'll come out as soon as I've finished."

When she had drunk the tea and eaten a sandwich she tidied herself in front of the mirror.

She was surprised to find that her hands knew their way round the dressing-table. And the make-up suited her complexion — almost as if she'd chosen it herself.

"But it isn't mine!" she said aloud protestingly, as if she were warding something off. "I don't live in this little room, I live in Fairfield House."

She could see her own high-ceilinged bedroom on the first floor, the comfortable armchair, the inlaid

writing-table. Well, Craig was in the cafe, he would know what she was doing here—but at the thought of him fear struck her again. She had to get away from Craig—

Then she clutched hard at commonsense. The accident had affected her nerves, she was simply in a mild state of shock. She had no reason to be afraid of Craig—the idea was ludicrous. He loved her and she'd loved him since that very first day. Suddenly with a faint flush she remembered they were going to be married.

She opened the bedroom door and went out along the narrow corridor and through the curtained doorway into the cafe to meet him.

But he wasn't there.

For a moment she thought she saw him sitting at a table by the window, but it wasn't Craig, just someone who looked rather like him. She stood hesitating, wondering if she should go back to the bedroom. Then the young man stood up from the table by the window, a dark young man with a pleasant, open face. He came over and stood smiling down at her.

"Millie told me what happened. Are you all right now? Shouldn't you see a doctor?"

She glanced up at him with a little frown. He looked back at her, his own smile fading. "What's the matter? Are you feeling shaky?"

"No, I'm all right, it's only — I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are. I was expecting Craig, the waitress said he was here."

His eyes were puzzled. "Craig? Who's Craig? It was I who spoke to the waitress. But surely" — his smile came again — "surely you remember me? You're teasing, aren't you?"

She shook her head. "I've never seen you in my life before." She was on the verge of tears. He took her hand and pulled her down to a seat.

"Don't worry, Angela, it's only the accident, it will pass."

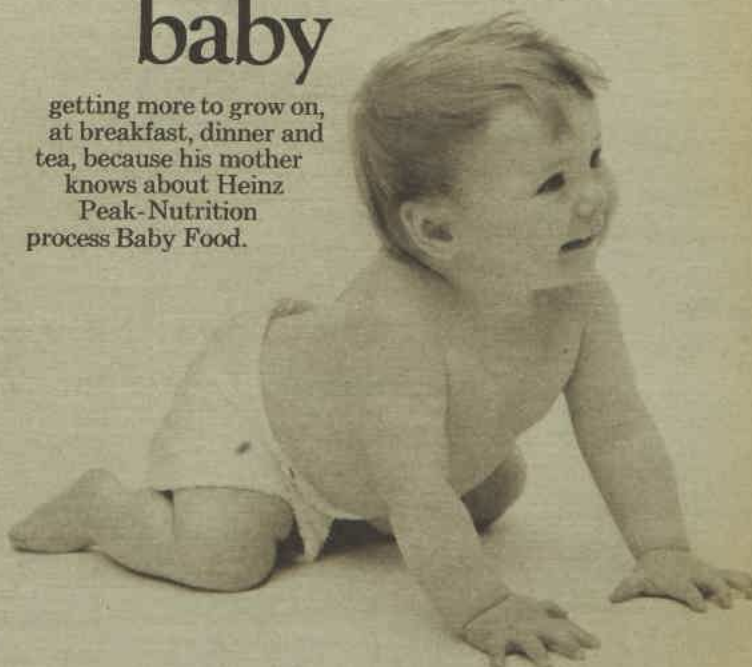
"I'm not Angela — " Of course! For some absurd reason they were all mistaking her for someone else. She smiled in relief, her voice was light and steady.

"My name's Lynne Ryder."

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A day in the life of a happy baby

getting more to grow on, at breakfast, dinner and tea, because his mother knows about Heinz Peak-Nutrition process Baby Food.



"The stars say something wonderful is going to happen to me today ... and I think it has!"

I don't know how I got here, but I expect I'll remember soon."

Millie paused by the table. "Lynne Ryder?" She was suddenly full of interest.

"Yes, I live at Fairfield House with my grandmother. I suppose I came over to Seacombe for the day, though I can't think why. I ought to be getting back, they'll be wondering where I am."

The waitress looked down at the young man with a half-smile.

"I don't really think she's lost her memory, Mr. Dexter. I think she's having you on. Fairfield House has been closed ever since old Mrs. Seldon died."

Lynne said sharply, "She's not dead —"

BUT then a horrible thought rose in her mind. Mrs. Seldon was dead. All at once she could remember her lying cold and motionless on the bed in her great room, with Lynne, herself, frantically ringing the bell, summoning help, crying, glancing with horror at the bottle of sleeping pills on the walnut table — the empty bottle —

"She is dead — and I'd forgotten all about it! I should be with her — I must get back —"

"Mrs. Seldon has been dead well over a year," the waitress said.

Lynne dropped her head on to her hands. She began to cry, silently, terribly. The young man leaned over and touched her hair.

"Don't cry, Angela —"

She looked up sharply. "Don't call me Angela. I'm Lynne Ryder — I must go home."

His voice was endlessly patient. "You're Angela Curtis, you live here, you're the cashier here in the Miramar. You've been here — he glanced at Millie, "how long? A year?"

"Oh, more than that. She came here last year just at the beginning of the season, that would be in April. She was sitting over there —" she nodded at a table by the wall. "She asked me if we were taking on extra girls. I spoke to the manageress and she started work right away. She worked as a waitress for a month or two, and then when the cashier left to get married Miss Williams asked her if she'd like to try the job. She's been doing it ever since."

"It isn't true, Mr. Dexter. I'm not a cashier —"

And yet she knew without turning her head just what the cashier's little office looked like. There was a large open ledger on the desk, a till at one side, cigarettes stacked along a shelf

"Why Mr. Dexter? You've called me Simon long enough. You must remember, Angela. I came in here for lunch one day. I started talking to you when I paid the check. I've been coming in here ever since. We've been going out together for months. Surely you can't have forgotten?"

At the back of her mind she knew that he had a small car, green with fawn upholstery — she must have gone out with him. But her head began to spin again.

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

If she were really Angela Curtis, how did she know the inside of Fairfield House? How did she know she was going to marry Craig?

Of course — she must get in touch with Craig, he would sort it all out. But the thread of panic began to spin again, there was some reason, some terrible reason she couldn't recall, why she should keep away from him.

A thought struck her blindingly. If Mrs. Seldon was dead, then she herself was the owner of Fairfield House. Her grandmother had left the whole estate to her, she'd told her so months ago. Hadn't there been some trouble about Craig? Some reason why Mrs. Seldon no longer wanted to make him her heir?

"There's no injustice in changing my will," her grandmother had said. "The place belongs to me, it was never my husband's. And you're my only surviving flesh and blood. You may marry Craig one of these days, but I'm making no conditions about that. I've had enough of trying to run other people's lives." Her lip trembled, remembering her daughter all those years ago.

"It's yours whether you marry Craig or not. You haven't met many young men, you may change your mind about him when you're older. I shall leave him a good sum of money of course, but a large fortune isn't always the best thing

that can happen to a young man. You're sensible, Lynne, you wouldn't let money spoil you."

Now, Lynne thought suddenly, how could I have forgotten? Craig isn't a medical student any more. There was some trouble about money, gambling debts, some kind of fraud. It had all been hushed up, but he'd been asked to leave college.

She looked at Simon Dexter. He seemed a pleasant young man, open and sincere. It was a pity they couldn't get to know one another properly.

"It's beginning to come back to me. I own Fairfield House myself. I can't possibly be your girlfriend. I'm going to marry a cousin of mine soon, Craig Seldon." And yet his name made a little shiver run along her spine.

"Craig Seldon — doesn't he own that motor-sales firm in Melchester?"

"Yes, he does." Millie was beginning to lose patience. "I think you've had your fun, Angela. I should drop the joke now. The manageress isn't going to be too pleased if you keep up this nonsense."

She moved away toward the street door, and came back with her arms full of gaily wrapped parcels.

"These belong to you. You'd been out shopping when all this happened." She smiled, friendly again. "And this newspaper — you bought that, too." She glanced

down at it. "It's the local rag. There you are, read that, it'll take your mind off this nonsense."

She bustled away, her voice came briskly back to them from another table, taking a customer's order.

EVERYTHING was so confused. Could she really be Angela Curtis, a waitress-turned-cashier in the Miramar Cafe? But, if she was Lynne Ryder, how did she know so much about the cafe? How did she know that behind her bedroom was the room where the manageress slept? Tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, Simon —" how naturally now the name came to her lips — "I don't know who I am or where I belong. Help me, please —"

"Of course I will, Angela, I'll look after you," he said with affection.

She smiled suddenly. "I suppose I really am Angela Curtis?"

"Yes, my dear, you're a hard-working cashier and a very pretty one, too." He smiled at her. "And in case you really have forgotten, I'm Simon Dexter, a junior partner in a firm of accountants. I love you, Angela, and I mean to marry you some day — I never meant to say it like this in the middle of the cafe, but now seems as good a time as any."

But she was no longer listening. She looked down at the third finger of her left hand, expecting to see a sapphire-and-diamond ring, the ring Craig had given her one day as they walked

along the headland. He'd taken the little box from his pocket and lifted out the sparkling ring.

"Do you like it Lynne? It matches your eyes."

"It's lovely, Craig, it fits perfectly — but we can't get married yet, you haven't got a job —"

"Don't worry," he smiled. "I'll set up in business on my own if Gran will let me have the money."

But her ring finger was bare.

She put a hand up to her head, she was beginning to feel confused again. What was it Simon had said? "Craig Seldon runs that motor-sales business in Melchester . . ." So he had started up on his own. Of course! Mrs. Seldon was dead and she'd left him some money. He'd always been mad about cars; there wasn't much he didn't know about them. He had a fast little runabout he'd persuaded Granny to buy him for his twenty-first birthday.

She looked at Simon in bewilderment. "If I'm Angela Curtis, then who are my parents? Where are my family?"

He looked gravely back at her. "I don't know. You've never talked about the past. I asked you questions once or twice when I first met you, but you seemed upset, so I gave up asking. I thought you'd tell me in your own good time."

Millie was passing the table again. He put out a hand, detaining her.

"Angela can't remember

To page 61

'I must say, I find your breakfast menu most impressive'

'As my mother explained, every Baby Food on the Heinz menu is cooked by their exclusive Peak-Nutrition process, which means, whatever the menu, I get more essential nourishment, more vitamins B1-B2, more of the flavour I like, too.'

What this growing baby had for breakfast:
Heinz High Protein Cereal
Heinz Orange Juice
Milk
1 slice brown bread and butter
Heinz Eggs and Bacon



57 At every meal, Heinz gives your baby more to grow on . . . more than other baby foods.

'For dinner? I'll have the Spring Lamb with potatoes, carrots, a little cream, some liver, milk, corn, semolina, a pinch of salt and, of course, yeast.'



'And to follow, sir?'

'More Heinz, thanks mum. One of those fourteen tasty and nourishing desserts I enjoy so much.'

What this growing baby had for dinner:
 Heinz Beef Broth
 Heinz Lamb and Liver with Vegetables
 Milk
 1 slice brown bread and butter
 Heinz Fruit Salad



57 At every meal, Heinz gives your baby more to grow on... more than other baby foods.

where her parents live. Do you know, Millie?"

The waitress frowned. "I don't think she ever told me. I remember the day she came. I said to her, 'What's a girl like you doing looking for work as a waitress? Have you run away from home?' and she just looked upset, as if she didn't want any questions asked. The manageress asked her where she was staying and she said she didn't have any place fixed up. That's how she came to sleep in the little room back there." She was really interested now.

"I said to you, 'What's your name, dear?' And you looked straight ahead, so serious and solemn. You said, 'Angela — Angela Curtis.' You told me so yourself, sitting at the very table over there, so it must be right, mustn't it?"

MILLIE'S eyes suddenly became fixed, looking down at the newspaper.

"Oh, I see — that's what put the idea of Fairfield House into your head. There's a piece about it here. You must have been reading it while you were out, and when you struck your head you thought the story was about you."

A headline proclaimed: Fairfield House to be opened again. The story followed:

Fairfield House belonged to Craig Seldon now. Readers would know his motor-sales business in Melchester. Mrs. Seldon had died about eighteen months ago. There had been an inquest, the

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

paper recalled, a verdict of accidental death — an overdose of sleeping tablets.

She'd been found by her granddaughter, Lynne Ryder. Lynne turned the page and drew a sudden breath as a group of photographs looked out at her. There was Lynne Ryder — the picture was blurred, it showed a girl with long hair, smiling. Beside her stood a dog, a terrier with sharply cocked ears.

Lynne's hand went to her own hair, cut in short curls. Oh, I remember, she thought, Craig took the snap not long after I came from Switzerland, I still wore my hair long. And the dog — that's Mrs. Seldon's dog, Captain.

She looked up at Simon. "This picture, it could be me."

"Ye-es, it could be you." His voice was doubtful.

"It could just as well be any one of a dozen girls," Millie declared.

At the foot of the column was a picture of Fairfield House and, beside it, a photograph of Craig Seldon. On the death of Mrs. Seldon, the report went on, Fairfield House had been left to her granddaughter, but it had passed to Craig Seldon — Lynne's eyes opened wide with shock as she read the printed words — on the death of Miss Ryder.

Millie nodded with satisfaction. "There! I knew it couldn't be you. I remember now reading about it at the time. She was drowned."

Lynne went on reading,

her head a mass of conflicting thoughts.

"Readers will recall that Miss Ryder was drowned shortly after inheriting the estate. Her body was washed up several weeks later, many miles down the coast. At the time of her death Miss Ryder was engaged to Mr. Seldon. Under the terms of the will, the estate passed to Mr. Seldon, but he was not

of? she wondered confusedly. How could I remember that? I'm not Lynne Ryder, Lynne Ryder is dead.

"So that's solved our little mystery," Millie said cheerfully. "You see what happened. You read the paper, you were walking along thinking about this poor dead girl, and, I suppose," she grinned at Lynne "thinking how nice it would be to be married to Craig Seldon and become the mistress of a big house. Then when you woke up after your bang on

advertising some show long since forgotten. The words looked back at her in heavy type... "Summer Magic," starring Angela Matthews and William Curtis..."

Her eyes opened wide. "Oh, Simon—"

"I see," he said slowly. "You took the two names and turned them into one. There isn't any such person as Angela Curtis."

She looked at him in bewilderment.

"Then who am I? Why do I have this feeling that I'm in terrible danger. And why,

someone who knew her. Probably you were a school-friend and stayed at the house."

She drew back. "I don't want to go. I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. What could possibly happen?"

She was almost in tears. "It's Craig. I don't know why, but now that we're going to see him I feel absolutely terrified."

"Don't worry, I'll look after you. Run along now. I'll wait for you here."

Pale sunshine still glittered along the promenade as they crossed the road to where his car was parked. It was a small green saloon with fawn upholstery, just as she'd known it would be. He unlocked the door.

"It'll take us about twenty minutes. He lives in one of those luxury flats in Melchester." He climbed into the driver's seat. "But whether he knows you or not, whoever you are and wherever you've come from, I want you to know before we start that it doesn't make any difference to me. I love you and I want to marry you, in spite of anything we find out."

"It makes no difference to you? Even if it turns out—?" she almost choked on the words—"that I had something to do with Mrs. Seldon's death? There's something horrible I can't remember, I suppose because I don't want to remember. Oh, Simon, suppose it wasn't an accident? Suppose I murdered her?"

He pulled her round to

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

allowed control of it until his twenty-fifth birthday, which takes place in a month's time."

Suddenly, she saw her grandmother in the library. "If anything should happen to you, my dear — which, of course, it won't — I'm leaving the place to Craig, but I wouldn't think it wise to let him have control of the estate before he's twenty-five. I'm hoping he'll settle down by then."

But what am I thinking

the head you made it all seem true to yourself."

A customer beckoned Millie and she walked away.

"I suppose that is it," Lynne said uncertainly. "But if I am Angela Curtis, where did I come from? I walked in through the door and sat down over there. I must have come from somewhere." The walls of the cafe were decorated with old framed playbills. Directly opposite the table hung a large poster in a black frame

in spite of everything, do I still think of myself as Lynne Ryder?"

He gathered up her parcels.

"I'll tell you what we're going to do. Take these things along to your room, and get your coat. I'll keep the paper myself, I want to read the story again later. We're going to see Craig Seldon. We'll ask him if he knows anything about you. You can't be Lynne Ryder, but you may very well be

face him. His voice was almost angry. "You've got to stop this nonsense now. You're no murderess."

"How do you know?" "I know you, Angela, you couldn't murder a fly."

She smiled uncertainly. "I suppose you're right."

"Of course I am." He switched on the ignition.

They were soon running along the quiet road between Seacombe and Melchester. But as Melchester was drawing nearer and nearer she cast desperately about for some way to avoid meeting Craig. She tried to speak lightly.

"Here we are, going to call on Craig Seldon and we don't even know if he's at home. Hadn't we better ring up and find out?"

He rang from the next phone box.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Seldon's not in," a voice answered. "He went out about half an hour ago. This is the porter speaking. Mr. Seldon said he'd be back about ten-thirty."

Simon put down the phone and glanced at his watch.

"We've more than three hours to kill." He spoke with sudden decision. "We'll go over to Fairfield House. We're sure to find a servant there, someone who knew you."

Fear leapt out at her again — but she tried to be sensible.

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson will know who I am. She's the housekeeper."

Fairfield House lay in a sheltered hollow, a long,

well-proportioned house, serene and mellow in the setting sun. A curl of smoke rose from a chimney. Light showed from an open window at the end of the house.

"That's Mrs. Jackson's window."

He turned the car down the road and stopped at a pair of massive iron gates. She shook her head.

"You won't be able to get in this way. Granny kept the gates locked."

She bit her lip. She was talking again as if she were Lynne Ryder. He stepped out of the car and went up to the great black gates. They remained obstinately closed under his hand, and he came back.

"You're right. They don't seem to want visitors round here."

"The road goes round to a courtyard at the back. Those gates are always open. I can't ever remember Mrs. Seldon using the front gates. She had hardly any visitors and those who did come, the solicitor or the Vicar or tradesmen, went round to the back."

The road curved round. The second pair of gates stood wide open, but the courtyard beyond was completely silent.

They walked toward a door near the lighted end of the house. An old-fashioned bell-pull jutted out from the wall. He gave it a tug and they heard the bell jangling inside.

Someone came along an echoing corridor, switching on other lights. Bolts were drawn back; the door opened a little way, still secured by a chain.

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Mrs. Jackson?" Simon asked.

Half a face appeared in the aperture, a suspicious middle-aged eye looked out at him. A woman's voice spoke, a hard, unfriendly voice. "There's no Mrs. Jackson here."

"Then may I have a word with you instead?" Simon asked.

"If it's reporters I've nothing to say. I've got enough to do —"

"I'm not a reporter."

"Then what do you want? Mr. Seldon's not here. He won't be moving in for another month."

"I'd like to ask you a few questions. This young lady's in trouble and I think you can help."

The door moved back slightly. "What young lady?"

Lynne took a sideways step so that she was visible to the eye in the doorway. She gave a tentative smile; the eye stared coldly back at her.

Simon tried a coaxing tone. "This young lady's had an accident and lost her memory. She thinks she was a friend of the late Mrs. Seldon. She wondered if you could recognise her."

"No. I couldn't recognise her. I've only been here a week or two. Mr. Seldon hired me through an agency. I've never been in this part of the country before."

"One of the other servants perhaps —"

"There's no one here but me. He hired some other servants from the agency, but they're not due to arrive for a week or two, and they're none of them local people."

"Do you know where we could find any of the old servants, the ones who were here in Mrs. Seldon's time?"

"No, I don't. They were all paid off after the old lady's death, I believe. The lawyer put in a married couple as caretakers, but they left just before I came. Now I've told you what I know, which isn't much. I've nothing more to say."

THE door closed with a bang. They heard the bolts shoot home on the other side. Simon turned with a rueful smile. "We'd better get out before she decides to take a shot at us through the window."

He turned the car out through the gates but a little farther on he let it slide to a stop by the side of the road.

"Let's get out and walk, we have plenty of time to waste and it's a fine night."

Every inch of the road was familiar, the brambles sprawling from the hedges, a tree twisted against the sky. A path ran away to the left round a curve overhung with thick-growing bushes.

He looked along it. "Where does that lane go?"

Terror rose fiercely inside her.

"Out along the cliff head. It hangs right over the rocks in places. It used to be my favorite walk —"

"Then we'll go along there now, it may bring things back to you."

"But I don't want to —"

"There's nothing to be frightened of. If you come with me and see that it's all right, you won't be afraid of it again."

She put her hand in his. "Very well."

The path led between close-growing hedges. As they came out on to a smooth, green plateau with the air fresh and salty in their faces, it took a stern effort of will to keep her feet moving.

"I used to come out here every day," she said fearfully, "especially at this time of evening, when it was getting dark. I always brought the dog with me. He used to run ahead and then run back to me. I'd throw a stick for him — even in this light he always caught it."

He put his arm round her waist. "Your heart's thumping. You really are scared."

"Yes, but I'm trying to be sensible. What I'm afraid of most is the edge of the cliff, though I know I used to like standing there."

He drew her with him to the very edge of the cliff. She turned her head away, but he put a finger under her chin and forced her to look out at the sea, at the surge of iron-grey water streaked with white, the slow swelling out toward the horizon.

"Look down, Angela. It will never be so bad again."

She forced herself to look, but she clung against him

tightly with her heart jumping and fluttering.

Below she could see the sharp teeth of rock, the water leaping full about the jagged spears, the side of the cliff almost sheer, and here and there, just visible in the darkening evening, black skeletal arms of bushes clinging to the side of the cliff.

She closed her eyes in panic. "It's no use, Simon, I can't look."

"What is it you're afraid of? Try to think."

"It's as if I were reliving some awful moment of terror. There's a memory of the dog barking very loud and sharp, and then — nothing —"

He led her back toward the path.

"It seems to me now that something did happen, that you're not making all this up." He stood looking at the ground, frowning. "You said a while back that the Vicar sometimes called at the house. Let's go and see him. He ought to know who you are."

Her breath was beginning to come back again. She didn't care where they went as long as she could escape from the silent headland.

"Yes, of course he'd know me. Old Mr. Crawford . . ."

The road ran between neat hedges to a village that was hardly more than a cluster of houses with a stone church on top of a rise, and, to one side of it, a large white house with a light showing from a downstairs room. Simon halted the car by the church.

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'Decisions. Decisions. What to have for tea?'

'What a delightful predicament. Over 90 different varieties. Excellent, all of them, thanks to Heinz exclusive Peak-Nutrition cooking process.'

What this growing baby had for tea:
Heinz Apple and Blackcurrant Juice
Heinz Beef and Vegetables
Milk
1 slice bread and butter
Heinz Apricot Rice



At every meal, Heinz gives your baby more to grow on . . . more than other baby foods.

'My compliments to the Chef'

'What a splendid day it's been, all round. Heinz for breakfast, dinner and tea. Full marks to mother, I'm so pleased with her, I think I'll let her sleep peacefully tonight. No cause for tantrums, as long as she remembers to give me Heinz at every meal again tomorrow.
'Just before I toddle off to bye-byes, I think I fancy a little Heinz Egg Custard and perhaps a drop of orange juice...'



57 At every meal, Heinz gives your baby more to grow on... more than other baby foods.

"It's just occurred to me — Lynne Ryder must be buried somewhere. Surely it would be here? Let's take a look round before we call on the Vicar." He picked up a torch from the shelf in front of him.

She clutched at his arm. "Oh, no —" It would be like searching for her own grave.

"Come along, it can't hurt you."

The gate creaked under his hand. There was a little flutter among the trees and a large bird flapped away into the darkness. She gave a shiver. But he took her hand and drew her along beside him.

He flashed the light as they walked, ranging it over the headstones. Most of them were green with age, leaning drunkenly sideways, half-choked with weeds. Then they came to a more modern part where the graves were neatly kept, with ornamental surrounds, and heavy urns filled with flowers.

The name Seldon looked out at them from many memorials. Lynne stood with her head bowed beside a large well-kept grave. She spoke with tears in her voice. "This is where Granny was buried."

Simon shone the light over the elaborate cross. Elizabeth Maud Seldon. Born June 1st, 1887...

There were dozens and dozens of headstones, but the grave they were looking for wasn't there.

"She must be buried somewhere else. Let's go,

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Simon. It's eerie, I don't like it."

"Where else would she be buried? She must be here somewhere."

He pulled her on, up the rise, past the church. Now they were in an open green space, rolling away to a border of hedges. From beyond it, a voice floated out to them, a man's voice, singing. He came through a little gap into the field, an old man with a spade over his shoulder.

"I wonder if you could tell us something?" Simon stepped forward. "I'm looking for a grave — Lynne Ryder's grave."

"She's buried over there." The old man nodded up into a corner of the field where a clump of trees shadowed the grass.

SIMON took her hand and drew her toward the distant corner. They stood looking down at a narrow mound raised in the grass. There was nothing to show it was a grave.

Lynne began to cry. "It seems so terribly lonely, all by herself under the trees. Why isn't she buried with all the other Seldons?"

But he remained silent.

They came down the field, out through the churchyard, up the Vicarage path to the white door with a black knocker. Simon sounded a rat-tat on the door. There were footsteps in the passage, firm, quick footsteps.

A young man stood in the sharp light from the hall. He smiled pleasantly at them, a broad, energetic-looking young man. She felt a vast surge of disappointment.

"I'm sorry, I thought it would be Mr. Crawford."

He held the door wide. "Won't you come in?"

He ushered them into a large comfortable room strewn with books. "Do sit down. What can I do to help you?"

"We were looking for Mr. Crawford."

"I'm afraid you won't find him here. He retired six months ago. I've only been here a few weeks myself. Mr. Crawford's on a long visit to a married sister in Canada. But can I help you in any way?"

"Are you a local man?" Simon asked.

"No, I haven't worked in this part before. I've been in Africa for the past five years, doing missionary work. I've come here to take a breather before I go out again. But surely there's something I can do for you? Are you in some trouble?"

"I don't think there's much you can do, thanks, unless you happen to know anything about the people up at Fairfield House?"

"I'm afraid not, the house is only just being opened up again. Young Mr. Seldon is expected here soon. I haven't even met him yet. I didn't know the old lady, of course, she died before my time."

"And the granddaughter, Lynne Ryder?"

He shook his head. "I never knew her. I know her story, of course. The locals told me all about it as soon as I set foot in the place."

"I'm trying to trace a girl," Simon said. "I think she knew Mrs. Seldon. Do you happen to know if there was any other young girl in Fairfield House, a relative perhaps, or a friend or companion? Or perhaps there was some girl here in the village that Lynne Ryder was friendly with?"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know. I never heard of such a girl, but then I haven't been here long. Perhaps if you got in touch with Mr. Seldon — or the lawyer who dealt with Mrs. Seldon's affairs. They might be able to help."

"Thank you very much. We mustn't keep you any longer."

He came with them to the door and looked out into the shadowy evening. Lynne said, "There's a grave all by itself under the trees, no headstone or anything."

"In the corner of the field? That's where Lynne Ryder is buried, the girl we were talking about." His voice was gentle. "One never knows the whole story, of course, one can never judge. How do we know what pain or terror, what guilt perhaps—"

Her voice came sharply. "Guilt? Why do you say guilt?"

"I was only guessing. She was very young, only nineteen I believe. Let us hope

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FASHION FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"FLEUR." — Pretty dress with frill trim is available in turquoise/green/blue, or pink / green / gold printed satin-cotton. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$12.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$12.35.

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 48. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



HEINZZZZZZZZ

57 Happiness is a contented baby

she rests in peace whatever she may have done."

"Why is she buried there all by herself?"

He sighed. "It seems harsh, I know, but there are rules, and we have to keep them. That piece of land belongs to the church, but it isn't consecrated ground. They reached a compromise I suppose, buried her near the rest of the family but not in the churchyard proper."

"You still haven't said why."

"The poor girl was drowned, but it wasn't an accident. Lynne Ryder committed suicide."

She had a dreadful feeling she was going to faint. But Simon's arm was round her at once, holding her tight.

He spoke easily to the Vicar. "No doubt at all?"

"I'm afraid not — I was not here for the case, of course, but you know what these little villages are. Every detail is preserved in local gossip. I expect they'll remember Lynne Ryder long after more famous folk are forgotten."

"How did she die?"

"She threw herself off the top of the cliff. The tide was full. She'd have been swept out, drowned almost at once. She couldn't swim, apparently. She left her coat folded on the edge of the cliff and a note tucked into the pocket."

The coat, she thought, I remember walking up the

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

path with the coat over my arm. The sound of Simon's voice steadied her.

"What reason would a girl like that have to kill herself? Surely she had everything to live for? She was engaged to be married, she'd just come into a large fortune."

"I don't suppose the whole truth came out at the inquest. There was a lot of gossip round here. They said that after the old lady's death things weren't all they should be between the girl and Craig Seldon. It may be that he was going to break it off—"

Lynne's eyes opened wide. "That he was going to break it off? Not the other way round?"

"One never knows the whole truth . . . but there was talk here that Mrs. Seldon's death might not have been accidental, that someone may have — helped her on her way."

"What would that have to do with the girl's engagement being broken — and her suicide?"

"Lynne Ryder inherited a considerable fortune when her grandmother died. The rumor was that she was concerned somehow in the old lady's death and that Craig found out."

Simon held out his hand. "We mustn't keep you any longer."

In the car, Lynne leaned back with her eyes closed. She was so terribly tired, shocked, and confused by what she had just heard.

Simon drove in silence; his mind seemed to be deeply occupied.

He's wondering about me,

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

she thought dully, he's thinking I might be a murderess —

And then she jerked herself upright — what nonsense! Whether Lynne Ryder was a murderess or not, she lay beneath the trees in the dark churchyard. She certainly wasn't sitting here beside Simon Dexter in the September evening.

STOURMONT

Court was a tall, imposing block in the residential section of Melchester. Simon pulled into the parking bay and switched off the engine.

"Let me do the talking, Angela, at least at first."

Her heart was fluttering, but part of her mind was glad she was here at last, that she was facing something she'd been running away from too long.

"Mr. Seldon?" The porter looked up behind the window. "Yes, he came in a little while ago. The ground floor, number five."

She had to fight hard to keep control of herself as they stood outside number five. A radio was playing inside.

Simon pressed the bell. She kept her eyes fixed on the door, waiting for that first moment, that blinding moment — of recognition? accusation? uninterested inquiry? He had no idea they were coming. In that single instant his eyes would tell her all she needed to know.

The door opened. She was looking him directly in the eyes.

But his look expressed nothing at all. He stood staring at her for a long moment, saying nothing, unmoving, a tall, dark, handsome young man, his expression polite but blank.

"Yes?" He moved his head in inquiry. She could have wept from disappointment.

"May we come inside?" Simon asked. "It's rather important business."

Craig glanced back into the room. "I have company — but come in. I don't expect you'll keep me long."

He stood aside to let them pass into a luxuriously furnished apartment with the pale, clean lines of Scandinavian furniture, bright, modern drapes at the windows, thick carpeting on the floor.

A girl was sitting on a low pouffe in front of the hearth where an electric fire flickered imitation coals; a slim, beautiful girl with smooth black hair.

"I won't be long," Craig said to the girl. "I've some business to attend to."

He led the way into a dining-room.

"It's about a car, I suppose?"

"No, I'm sorry if I gave you that impression. It's a personal matter." Simon's voice was flat. He knows it's no use, she thought.

"Personal?" Craig looked from one to the other in

faint surprise. "How can I help you?"

"Would you take a look at this young lady, a good look, please? I want to know if you can identify her."

Craig's face expressed nothing but bewilderment. "What is this? A joke?"

"No, it's perfectly serious. I'll explain afterward, just look at her please. Have you ever seen her before?"

She braced herself to meet his look. He gave her a long, half-puzzled glance. His eyes ranged over her hair, her face, moved down to her hands. Then he looked back at Simon.

"I've never set eyes on her before as far as I'm aware." A little edge came into his voice. "Is that all you barged in here for?" He stood up. Anger was beginning to rise in his face. "I hope you have some good explanation —"

"This young lady is suffering from loss of memory—"

She saw something move across Craig's face. Understanding? Relief? But the moment slipped past, the look was gone before she could place it.

"She thinks she may have had some connection with the late Mrs. Seldon. I'm trying to help her. I thought if she had been in any way connected with the family you might recognise her."

"I see. But I'm afraid I can't help you. I don't know this young lady. I never saw her at Fairfield House."

"The girl who died — Lynne Ryder — did she ever have friends to stay? Old school friends from Switzerland, perhaps?"

At the mention of the dead

girl's name, Craig's jaw stiffened. His voice was curt.

"You wouldn't by any chance be a couple of reporters? Lynne Ryder died a long time ago. Can't you let her rest in peace?"

"We're not reporters. I'm Simon Dexter, junior partner in Lewis and Dexter's, the accountants in Seacombe."

Craig nodded briefly.

"I've heard of the firm, of course. Sorry to have jumped down your throat, but if you'd suffered from reporters the way I did a year or two back — and now they've been splashing the story all over the front page again—"

"You still haven't told me — did Miss Ryder have friends to stay from Switzerland?"

He shook his head. "No. She didn't seem to have any old friends. She was a quiet girl, and her mother had been an invalid for a long time. She couldn't have had much of a social life."

"Was there some kind of companion or secretary in the house? Could this young lady have been employed there?"

"No, definitely not. Mrs. Seldon wasn't the type to be fussed round by companions or nurses. She was a strong-willed old lady. And, of course, Lynne was a kind of companion to her in the last year or two. She didn't need anyone else."

"Could she be the daughter of some local family, some girl who visited the house?"

Craig gave a final shake

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VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

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"I suddenly remembered that the morning before she died I'd been passing the library and I heard them talking. He was asking her for money and she was refusing. She was being very firm about it. I didn't pay much attention at the time — but afterward it struck me how convenient it was for him that she'd died just then and left him quite a lot of money."

"Did he seem upset when she died?"

"No, that was another thing that struck me as odd. I was terribly upset myself, I couldn't eat and found it hard to sleep. Craig went round with a long face, but I knew he didn't really mind. In fact the funeral was hardly over before he tried to persuade me to marry him very soon."

"That was when I began to feel there was something wrong, that he might just be trying to get his hands on my money. So I lay there in bed feeling rather scared and trying to see if he could have hastened her death in some way."

"Surely the police made full inquiries at the time?"

"Oh, yes, she did quite definitely die from an overdose of pills."

SIMON nodded. "How did she usually take the pills?" he asked.

"Mrs. Jackson always made her a glass of warm milk at ten o'clock. I used to carry it up to her myself. She had two glasses, one with the warm milk and the other empty. I would drop the powder from two capsules into the empty glass, add a little of the warm milk, stir it with a spoon, and give it to her. Then she'd take the rest of the milk."

"And that particular evening—was there anything else you remembered?"

"Yes. While I was mixing the powder, Craig came in. He often came in to see Granny last thing at night. He began to talk to her very pleasantly, making a fuss of her. He has terrific charm when he likes. He was making her laugh about some cartoon he'd seen in a magazine, and he said to me, 'Do run down to the library and get the magazine to show Granny.'"

"He came over to the table and took the glass from me casually. I was still stirring it. Granny was talking to me as I went out of the room, looking in my direction, away from him. Craig had his back to her. If he slipped some more powder into the drink, neither of us would have noticed. He'd just give the glass another stir or two, turn round and hand it to her, and, of course, she'd drink it up at once without question."

"Wouldn't she have seen him open the bottle and take out some more capsules?"

"I don't think he did it that way. I think he had the powder in his hand when he came into the room. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to go into the bedroom sometime during the day and take some of the capsules."

"He could have emptied the powder from them into his palm just before he came in to see her. When I came back with the magazine she'd already drunk the powder. Craig was laughing and talking to her over his shoulder. He was rinsing out the glass in the wash-basin. She was still sipping the rest of the milk."

"It doesn't seem much to go on. It's all supposition, there's no proof."

"But I also remember that she got sleepy very quickly that night."

Usually the pills worked slowly. She began to look at the magazine, but after a few minutes she was almost asleep. Craig said goodnight and went out of the room. I got her to finish the rest of the milk and then I washed out the glass, I put out the lights, and left the room three or four minutes after Craig. She was actually asleep before I left."

"Why didn't all this come out at the inquest? Surely they'd want to know exactly how she took the capsules, who was in the room, and so on?"

"They did ask a lot of questions, and I was the chief person they questioned, because I mixed the powder and I was the one who inherited the estate. I must have looked and sounded perfectly innocent, because I was innocent. It would have been quite clear that I had nothing to hide and that I was genuinely upset about her death."

"I told them I gave her the milk and I mixed the powder. It only occurred to me much later that it was Craig who actually handed her the glass, that

he'd been there alone with her, and that she'd gone off so much more quickly than usual."

Simon frowned. "Why didn't you go to the police about it then?"

"It sounds easy enough now, but I was still engaged to Craig. And I thought I might be wrong. So I thought I'd tackle Craig."

"It never occurred to you that if he was guilty and thought you'd tumbled to it he might take some steps to silence you?"

"I see now it was a stupid thing to do, but it seemed quite natural at the time. I asked Craig to come for a walk because I didn't want to risk the servants hearing anything. I put it all as tentatively as I could, but he

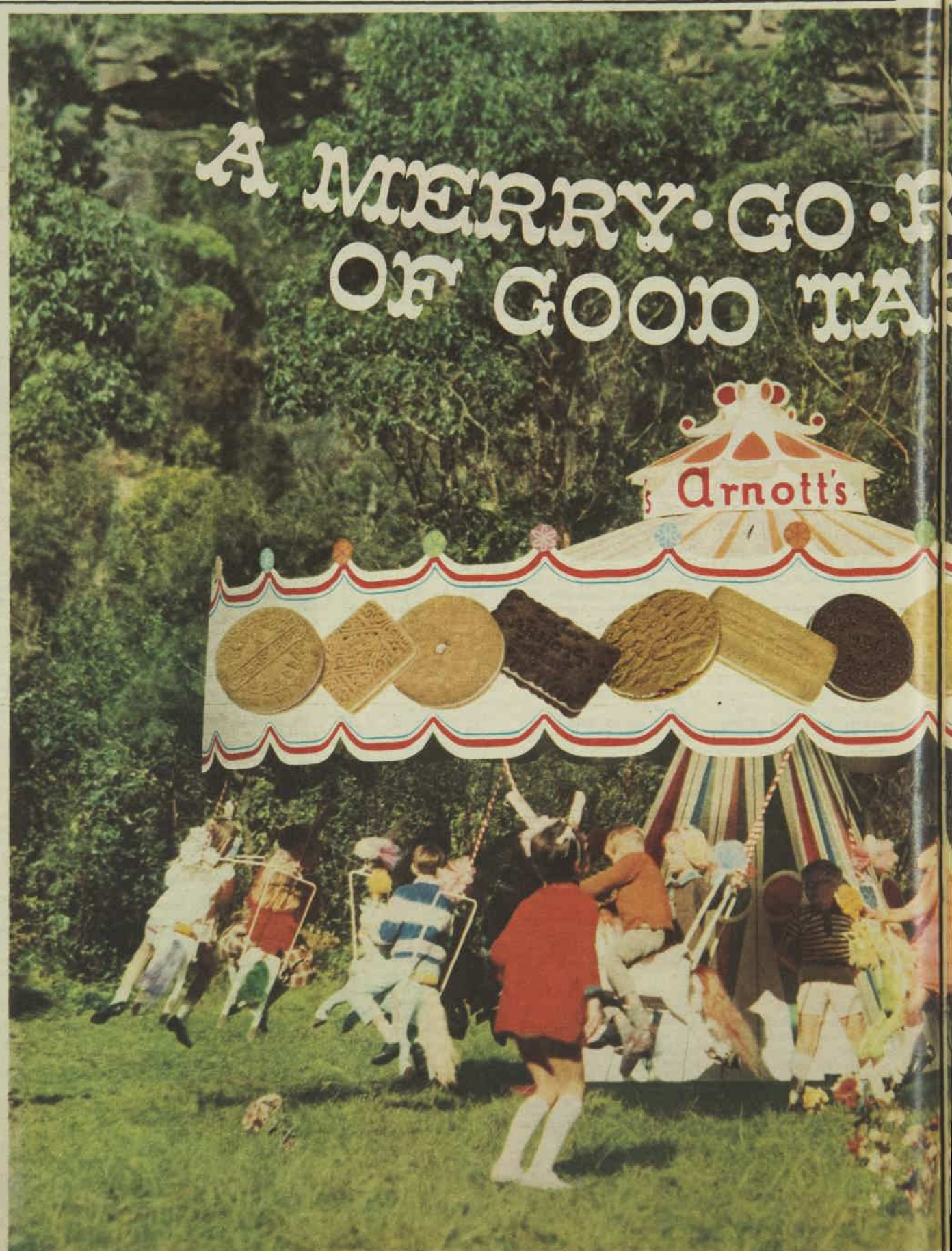
saw at once how my mind was working. He was absolutely livid. I'd never seen him lose his temper before, and it frightened me."

"He said he'd had nothing to do with her death. That if there was any question of murder it was me, that I was the one who'd come into a fortune, that I'd tricked him out of the estate and so on. He walked away and left me and I stood there and cried."

"Surely you realised that wasn't the behaviour of an innocent man? And you still didn't go to the police?"

"He denied it all so strongly and I was afraid they might think

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Italian majolica ware

MY mother tells me my punch bowl of majolica china (left) came from Italy. The goblets once surrounding the bowl have been broken. The markings are an oval with two fish facing in opposite directions and the number 1477. Can you tell me about it? — Mrs. Lorna Brennand, Allambie Heights, N.S.W.

Your punch bowl is a typical late 19th-century Italian majolica bowl and cover. It was made about 1885.

CAN you give me the age and make of the vase in the photograph (right)? It is hand-painted and on the side not shown in the photograph is a bouquet of flowers. No signature is visible and no marking. — Mrs. E. M. Rogers, Christchurch, New Zealand.

This attractively hand-painted vase is of French origin. It is an example of Paris porcelain. In the absence of a potter's mark it is difficult to attribute it to a particular potter, but I should say it dates about 1870.



● French vase

MY grandmother gave me a set of candelabras (picture enclosed) and a matching clock, a set given to her as a wedding present in Holland 57 years ago. She was told they were very old. The clock and the case of the candelabras are black marble, and on top of the clock is a bronze statue of a girl. At the base of the statue is engraved the name GIRAUD, and under the base the name A. Morel. Could you tell me something about these pieces? — Mrs. E. Edward, Ballarat, Vic.

Your clock, en suite with candelabras, was made about 1875.

I AM enclosing a photograph (below) of a pair of vases which have been in our family for some time. They stand about 15in. high and have a creamy background. The lilies appear to be hand-painted. There are no



● Staffordshire vases

markings of any kind on the base of the vases. Can you tell me something about them? — Mrs. B. M. Sinclair, Orange, N.S.W.

Your pair of vases were made in Staffordshire about 1885.

ENCLOSED is a picture (not published) of an old piece of furniture, a rocking chair. I have had many inquiries as to its age. It has the original spiral springs and is all hand-carved and is in marvellous condition. — Mrs. D. A. Flynn, Bunbury, W.A.

The rocking chair is an American example and is known as a Dexter rocker. It is approximately seventy years old.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

There's an Arnott's Cream Biscuit to please everyone.

What a parade of fresh-baked delight! Tangy, chocolatey, fruity, creamy, in individual packs of the Arnott's Assorted Cream selection, from the Arnott's biscuit bar at your food store.



SHORTBREAD CREAM. Two good flavours: light and fine shortbread and vanilla cream.

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MONTE CARLO. Crunchy biscuits with vanilla cream and raspberry jam.

CREAMY CRUNCH. Crunchy biscuit outside, smooth cream inside.

Arnott's famous Biscuits

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what he said was true, that if she was murdered, it was I who'd done it. After all, I'd told them I'd mixed the drink myself, and here I was going to turn round now and say it was Craig. I did think of speaking to the lawyer, he's a nice old man called Mr. Unwin. But I was afraid of the whole thing then."

"Just what did you do — after you'd finished crying?"

"I went back to the house. I was rather frightened of bumping into Craig, he'd been in such a temper. But Mrs. Jackson said he'd come in and gone out again. I'd made up my mind quite definitely by then that whatever happened I couldn't marry him. I

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

took off my ring and put it in a twist of tissue paper.

"I wrote a note, I can remember exactly what I said. I just put 'Craig' at the top. Then I wrote, 'I'm very sorry it had to end like this, but you will understand that I have no alternative.' I put it in an envelope with the ring and went along to his room and propped it on the dressing-table."

"How did he take it?"

"He didn't come down for supper, so I asked Mrs. Jackson if he'd come in. She said, 'Yes, he

came in and changed and went straight out again. He's gone over to Melchester to see a friend."

"After dinner I went up to his room. The letter was gone, so I knew he'd found it. I was very relieved that he hadn't come to me and made a fuss, I thought he was going to accept it all calmly."

"Later on I took Captain out along the cliffs as usual. I reached the headland and I was throwing sticks for him when I heard someone coming along the path from the opposite direction. It was Craig. I was astonished to see him there. I couldn't think where

he'd come from and I was frightened he was going to make a scene."

"Did he?"

"No, he was very pleasant and I felt relieved. He said he'd gone back to the house and Mrs. Jackson told him I'd taken the dog out. He'd followed me because he wanted to make it up. I do remember thinking, 'But you haven't come up the path from Fairfield, you came from the opposite direction, but he was talking and I forgot about it.'"

"The dog was running round and I kept picking up the stick and throwing it. I had a coat over my arm and Craig took it casually, just an ordinary polite action, I thought nothing of it."

"He said whether I made it up with him or not — and he was sure I would when I'd time to think it over — he hoped I'd forgotten the nonsense about who handed Granny the glass, and how he could have taken the pills during the day."

"He said again, 'You do realise it was all nonsense, Lynne?' but I didn't say anything. I thought I would put an end to the conversation and go back to the house."

She began to shiver. Simon patted her hand gently.

"Go on, my dear." With an effort she continued.

"Just then the dog came up again with the stick. I bent down to pick it up and suddenly there was this tremendous push. I remember a terrifying feeling of falling and the air rushing past me, and the dog barking very loudly — and thinking, 'I'm going to die, Craig's murdered me —'"

LYNNNE drew a long shuddering breath. Simon took her hand in his.

"How was it he didn't succeed?"

"It was pure luck. 'You remember looking over the cliff and seeing the bushes lower down? I caught in one of those. He'd have thought he'd succeeded of course. He'd have looked over, but it was dark and he wouldn't be able to see exactly where I'd fallen."

"I suppose he listened to see if I moved or called out and then, as it was all quiet, he went. He'd have thought that if I hadn't been quite killed by the fall, I'd be drowned. I can't swim, and the tide was very nearly full."

"The dog would still be barking like a mad thing. He probably killed it there and then. Then he'd go back the way he came, to wherever he left the car, and come home much later on, as if he'd been in Melchester all the evening."

"He had your coat, of course. He folded it and put the note you'd written in the pocket. It would look like a suicide note — but weren't you injured by the fall?"

"No, I was stunned, but it can't have been for very long. When I woke up I saw the water was only a few inches away and here I was on a ledge of cliff. I didn't know who I was or where I lived or what I was doing on the side of a cliff. All I knew was that I was in some terrible danger and I had to get away."

"How did you get away?"

"I went along the lower path. It gets to the top five or six miles from the place where I'd fallen. I walked all night. In the morning I came to Seacombe. There weren't many people about at that time of day."

"I went into a washroom on the promenade and tidied myself. I had nothing with me, just what I stood up in, a cotton dress and cardigan and a pair of flat sandals. I didn't even have a comb."

"But I did have a little gold cross and chain round my neck. When the shops opened I went into a jeweller's and sold it. I bought a straw basket, some toilet things, and a nightdress. I thought I'd get something to eat and then look for a job. I went into the Miramar, it was the first cafe I saw."

"While I was eating I suddenly thought of asking if they wanted another waitress. I can remember looking at that playbill when Millie asked me my name. That's how I became Angela Curtis."

"And all the time you worked at the Miramar you had no idea you were Lynne Ryder? It must

To page 69



This is Avocado — highlighted by black and cappuccino feature strips.

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VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

have been in the papers, the report that she was missing, the coat and the letter being discovered above the very spot where you'd found yourself. You'd no idea you might be the missing girl?"

"I didn't read the papers much and if I had seen a report of a suicide it would hardly have occurred to me that it might be me. After all, whoever I was, I was still alive. And I didn't mix much with the other waitresses. I had this terrible feeling of danger all the time, and my instinct was to lie low and keep out of sight. I hardly ever went out till I met you."

"And then I suppose the blow on your head today released some mechanism in your brain and took you straight back to the point where you'd lost your memory falling down the cliff?"

"Do you believe me, Simon?" She looked at him with desperate appeal.

"Yes, I believe you, but proving it is going to be a different matter. We'd better go straight to the police."

"Will they believe me? I haven't any proof who I am."

SIMON thought for a moment. "What about Mrs. Seldon's lawyer? Wouldn't he remember you?"

"Yes, of course! Mr. Unwin!" "There you are then! Is that Unwin and Anderson? In Melchester?"

"Yes, I don't know Mr. Anderson, but Mr. Unwin would remember me."

"We'll go and see him tomorrow. I'll explain that it's very urgent. What time will you be free?"

"I have a couple of hours off after lunch."

"I'll ring you at the cafe and tell you what time I'll pick you up. Now you go back and get a good night's sleep. Don't lie awake thinking. And don't say anything to the other girls. If Millie teases you about thinking you're an heiress, just make a joke of it."

"There's one thing I don't like. Craig knows now I'm alive, and he knows you know my story, and that I'll take the matter further. What's he going to do about it? He tried to kill me once. He must have nerves of steel. It would have been a terrible shock to see me standing there, but he never moved a muscle."

"I don't think he'll try anything. He'd have to murder the two of us, which wouldn't be too easy."

At a quarter to ten the next morning Lynne was busy with the ledger behind her window when she heard the phone ring at the back of the cafe. Miss Williams came through the curtained doorway and looked over at her disapprovingly. "There's a personal call for you."

"Thank you," Lynne slipped down from the stool. The manageress gave her an unsmiling look.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 110 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscripts as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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42929H Long sleeved terry parka (for boys and girls). White, royal. 3-8 years. \$4.50

42951 not shown Velvet terry beach jacket, Kapart styling, button front opening at neck. White, 1-14 years. From \$1.59

BOND'S

B786

"Please tell your caller that I prefer you not to receive private calls during working hours. And really, I want you to understand I will not stand for any more trouble."

"Yes, I'm sorry, Miss Williams." Lynne hurried away toward the phone. Then she relaxed at the sound of Simon's voice.

"I managed to fix an appointment for two-thirty this afternoon. But I have bad news. Mr. Unwin died several months ago. The Seldon estate is looked after now by his partner. It's Anderson we're going to see."

"Oh, Simon — Mr. Anderson can't possibly recognise me. He

never had anything to do with Mrs. Seldon's affairs."

"That's what I was afraid of. I had to give him some kind of indication of my business, otherwise he wouldn't have seen me so soon. I said it was about the Seldon inheritance and a possible claim that might be made on the estate. I didn't mention your name. He agreed to see me, but I was a little surprised at his manner. He sounded, of all things, amused."

Lynne replaced the phone and went back to the desk. Somehow the endless morning wore itself away. At long last, at two o'clock, Lynne came out of the

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"According to your calculations we must be in the heart of the city."



EXCLUSIVE:

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You just push a button. Pope heats the water. Push another . . . Pope starts to wash. Pretty good for a washer that's not an automatic! Pope has lots of other things, too. The wringer has 8 positions—and a safety 'touch-bar'. The tub takes 12 lbs. and there's a powerful 2-way pump to save precious water. There's no installation problem with a Pope—because it simply rolls into the position best suited to your laundry. But the big thing about Pope is, though it performs like an automatic in lots of ways, it's priced down there with ordinary wringer washers. Ask for a demonstration soon at your Pope dealer.

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Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER-LONGER

FWW-56-143R1

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TAILOR-MADE for a RETIRED COUPLE

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. C. Snedden decided to retire they picked Wamberal, on the N.S.W. central coast, because it was quiet and by the sea. After some searching they found their small, compact home, ideal for a retired couple, and moved in in February, 1968.

The two-bedroom house, about 9½ squares excluding patio and garage, was built five years ago. The Sneddens renovated and repainted the interior; Mr. Snedden also put down a paved patio and built a barbecue, which is cleverly screened from the front garden by an arresting wall of wooden slats painted dark and light grey and white.

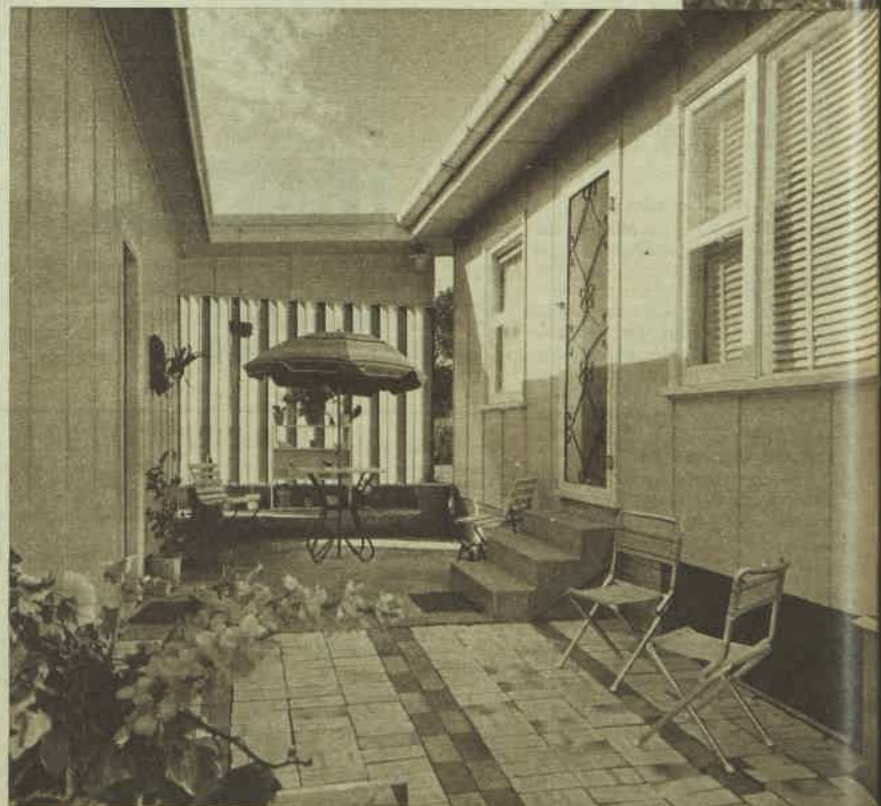
Mrs. Snedden is especially proud of her bright kitchen and attached breakfast-room. Originally the breakfast-room was a laundry, but has been renovated to form a compact area large enough to seat four people at informal meals. One wall consists of built-in linen cupboards with doors of natural-color louvred wood. The kitchen, before transformation, was all black—walls, ceiling, floor—and three layers of paper had to be stripped from the walls before they could be painted.

Other rooms had been papered with three layers of floral paper, all of which had to be stripped off before the walls could be painted in soft pastels.

A striking feature of the comfortable living-room is one end wall made entirely of the local Gosford stone. A built-in heater serves as a central-heating unit for much of the small house.

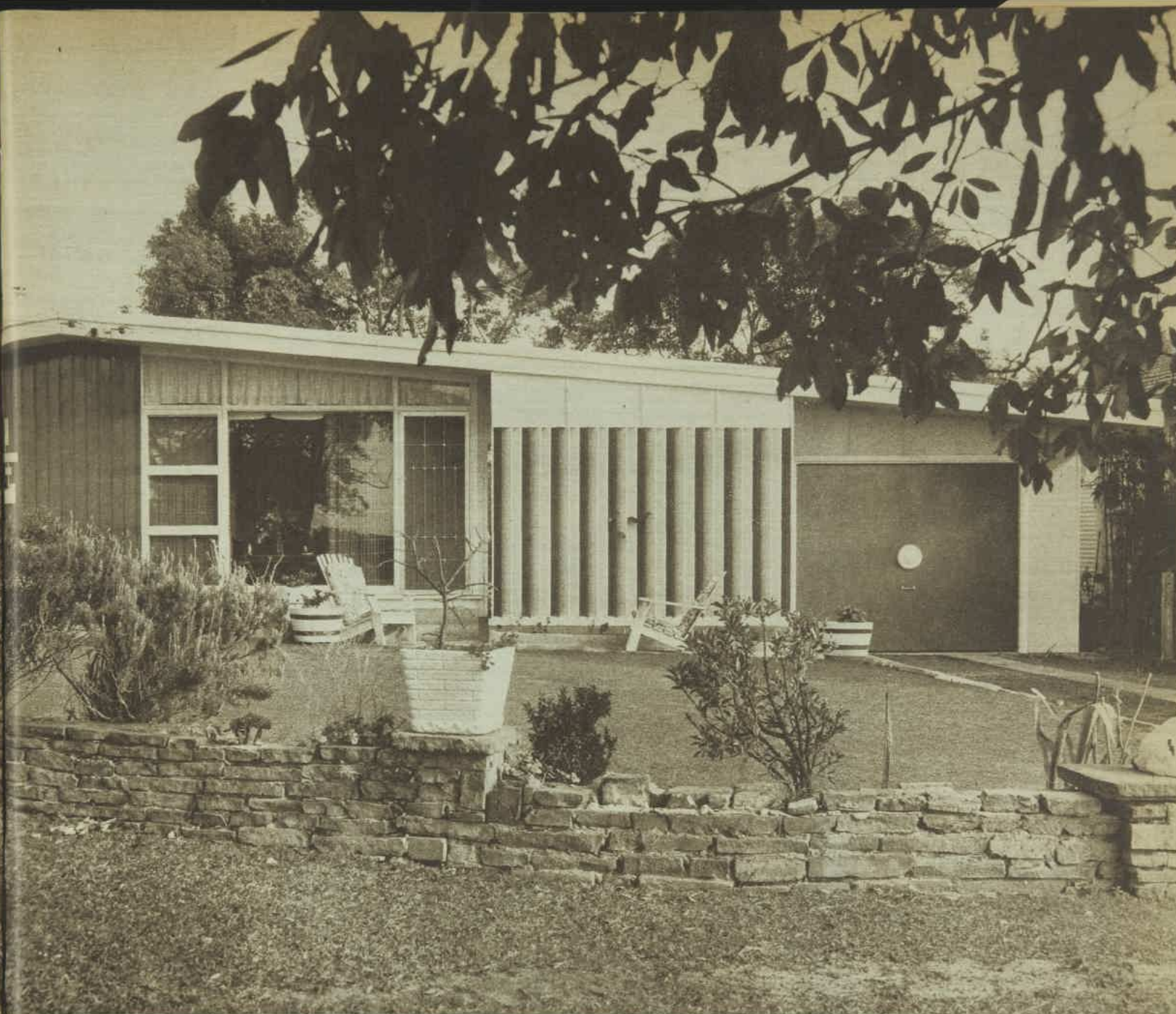
STORY: LORRAINE SMITH

PICTURES: RON BERG



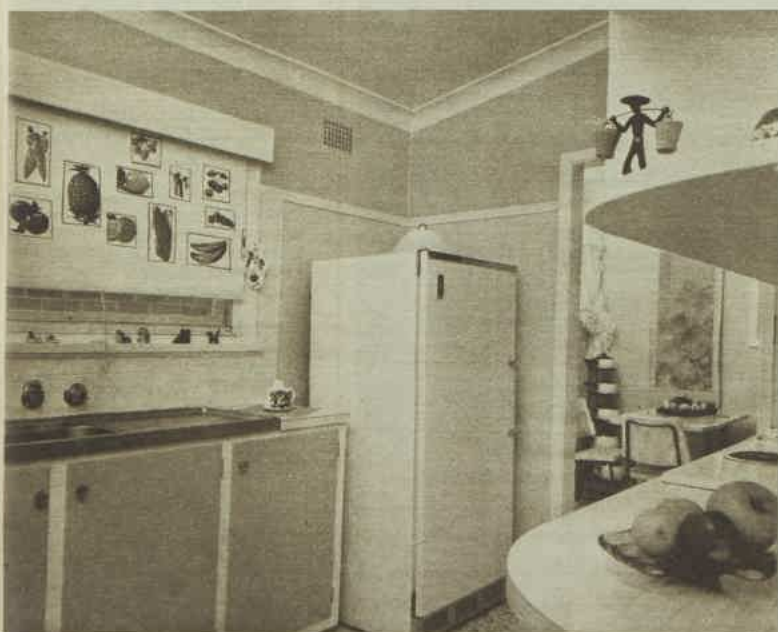
Patio, paved by Mr. Snedden and located between house and garage, is ideal for summer meals. Barbecue is just out of view. Screen wall is of wood slats painted grey and white.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968



HOUSE of the WEEK

Exterior of Mr. and Mrs. C. Snedden's house at Wamberal, N.S.W. Front door opens to the living-room, which occupies full width of house. Slatted wall conceals patio and barbecue.



The bright, compact kitchen, looking into the breakfast-room, which was formerly a laundry. The Sneddens stripped dark paper from kitchen walls and painted them in light colors.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968



Living-room has an interesting beamed ceiling and a window wall facing garden and sea. Full-length orange fabric curtains and curtains of fine timber slats can be pulled across.

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Miramar just as Simon drove up to collect her.

The offices of Unwin and Anderson raised their discreet grey frontage in a quiet road away from the centre of Melchester. The lawyer was sitting at an imposing mahogany desk. He stood up and came forward to meet them, a tall, broad man with shrewd eyes and an ironical, searching look that Lynne found disconcerting.

He drew forward chairs. "Now, what can I do for you, Mr. Dexter, and for Miss—?" He glanced inquiringly at Lynne.

"Well, Mr. Anderson," Simon said, "that's the root of our difficulty. We're not certain who she

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

is. Perhaps you'd better call her Miss Curtis, Angela Curtis. That's the name she goes by at present."

Simon began to explain. As the story unfolded the solicitor moved his head occasionally to look at Lynne.

When Simon had finished, Anderson asked her questions, shrewd questions, jumping from point to point of her story. Then he leaned back in his chair.

"Mr. Dexter, you're surely not asking me to take this seriously."

"It's deadly serious," Simon's voice was flat. He already knew

it was no use. "I take it, then, you're not prepared to assist this young lady in any way?"

"My dear sir!" The lawyer's eyebrows shot up. "I handle Mr. Seldon's affairs. You can hardly expect me to advise this—" his voice lingered on the word—"waitress. I beg your pardon, I should, I suppose, say cashier..." there was a little edge of amusement in his tone, "on how to set about preparing her claim to my client's inheritance."

Simon stood up. His face was grim. "Then it's a matter for the police."

"Go to the police by all means, Mr. Dexter. If you think it worthwhile." His voice hardened suddenly. He gave Lynne a cold, sharp glance. "The Miramar Cafe, you said. It may be interesting to hear what your employer has to say about all this." He reached a hand toward the phone.

Lynne stood up and turned toward the door.

Simon spoke brusquely to the lawyer. "I'm sorry we've taken up so much of your time. You'll be hearing further from us through my own solicitor."

Lynne turned to Simon almost in tears. "I'm sorry, Simon, I behaved like a fool. But Miss Williams wasn't very pleasant

about all this. If he phones her—"

"I'm afraid that's just what he's doing at this moment. But don't worry, Angela. If we can't find you a better job than the Miramar—" He smiled down at her. "Anyway, you might not want a job for long. I'm not sure I should want my wife to go out to work."

She began to laugh, then she frowned.

"There was something about him—I don't quite know what—as if he found the whole thing funny. You don't suppose he could be involved in some kind of conspiracy with Craig?"

"You mean he knew the whole story already and he's sharing the profits with Craig? Or that he's blackmailing him? I can't really think so."

"No, I suppose not."

"I'll find a phone and ring my own solicitor—that's Mike Pearson in Seacombe. I'm friendly with him personally as well as professionally. He'll take us seriously. I'll try to make an appointment for tomorrow. When will you be free?"

"I have two hours off in the morning, between ten and twelve, then I'm on duty for the rest of the day. But what about your own work, Simon? You'll be in line for the sack yourself if you keep on disappearing from the office like this."

"Just today and tomorrow it isn't too bad. But I'm afraid I'm going to be very busy again after tomorrow, in fact I'll have to be away for a few days."

SIMON went into the next phone booth. She waited outside in the sunshine, watching him through the glass. He came out a few minutes later and took her arm.

"He took a bit of persuading. He's a very busy man and he has a full day tomorrow, but he'll give us ten minutes at ten-thirty."

They drove back along the coast road. Inside the cafe door Millie was looking out for Lynne. "Miss Williams said to tell you she wanted to see you right away."

Miss Williams was sitting at a desk drawn up near the window. She motioned Lynne to a chair.

"I had a phone call a little while ago from Mr. Anderson, the solicitor." Her eyes noted Lynne's unhappy look. "I see you know what I'm going to say. I don't like trouble and I don't like scandal. It was probably unwise of me to take you on in the first place, a girl without references or background."

"I don't know what all this is about and I'm not particularly interested, but if there's going to be any kind of trouble with lawyers and police—" Mr. Anderson had pulled no punches then—"I'm afraid you'll have to go. Can you give me your word there'll be no further trouble?"

Lynne bit her lip. "I'll do my very best, Miss Williams."

"I'll give you one last chance then: I hope you understand I mean what I say."

"Thank you, I'll try not to let you down."

The afternoon slid into evening. Lynne smiled at the customers, handed over change, stuck the checks on her spike, made endless entries in the ledger, looking over at the door from time to time to see if there was any sign of Simon.

At last he walked briskly through the doorway. He came over to a table near her desk. While he waited for a girl to take his order, he stood in front

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in 4 days

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something good to
make growing-up
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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This scoop-necked dress is my choice for a young reader who asked for a design for a dress suitable for blue crepe.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I would like you to publish a pattern for a short-skirted party dress. I like a fairly shapely style with a bit of flare to the hemline. I take a size 16 pattern."

The high-fitted-A-line dress, illustrated above, is chosen to answer your query. The bodice has a scoop-front and back neckline and a button trim. I hope you like the design sufficiently well to copy. Under the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Is it correct to fasten a placket with snap-fasteners or must it have a zipper?"

A placket can be fastened with snap-fasteners. Be sure they are placed accurately so that they make a smooth line when closed.

"I have two fashion questions to ask you. Would it be correct to wear colored beads with a white day dress? Also, what type of stockings should I wear with a knickerbocker suit made in black velveteen?"

You could wear long strands of beads in red, white, and blue or

a gold link necklace with a white day dress. Wear black stockings with your black velveteen suit.

"Would it be correct to have a formal evening dress made with a deep V-neckline?"

Correct and very new. The word from Paris is plunge. The ultra-plunge neckline looks newest with long sleeves.

"My husband and I have been asked to an 8.15 p.m. function taking place in a hall. Would you advise me what is the correct fashion for the occasion?"

If it is a formal occasion — and I imagine it is — you will be correctly dressed in a short or long evening dress. Your husband should wear a dinner jacket.

"Could you suggest one set of accessories that could be worn with two different dresses? One dress is red, and the other is bright pink."

My choice would be black.

"My girlfriend told me it was bad fashion to mix several colors the same outfit. Is this so?"

I disagree with your girlfriend. In spring fashion there is nothing newer than red, white, and blue

worn in the same ensemble. For instance, with a navy suit you could wear a red-and-white coin-spotted blouse or scarf, navy-blue stockings, white patent shoes and bag, and navy gloves.

"Have you a pattern for a floor-length evening skirt? I am very thin."

Our pattern department has a design for a dirndl skirt and this silhouette should prove flattering to your figure proportions. The skirt is in evening- or street-length. To order, quote Vogue Pattern 7259, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

of the cash desk, talking to Lynne.

"You'll like my solicitor, Mike Pearson. He isn't the usual sort of dry old stick. By the way," he added with an air of casualness, "I had a visit from Craig Seldon late this afternoon."

"Craig? What did he want?"

"He said Anderson had rung him and told him a couple of shady characters were trying to cook up some yarn about Lynne Ryder not being dead. He also repeated a few threats about what would happen if we tried to stir things up, but he surely didn't come all the way from Melbourne just to tell me that."

"Perhaps he thought he might be left alone in the office for a few minutes, that he might have a chance to see if we'd any kind of written evidence."

"I'd hardly be likely to leave it lying around if we had. And in any case, he wasn't alone in my office for a single instant. The only thing I noticed was that just before he came in I'd been making a draft of a letter, an ordinary business letter, of no conceivable interest to Craig. I wasn't satisfied with the draft and I screwed the paper up into a ball."

"I was just going to throw it in the basket when the girl showed him in and I let it drop on the desk. After he'd gone I noticed it was gone and thought I must have dropped it in the basket after all, but it wasn't there. I think he must have taken it."

At the far end of the cafe Miss Williams came quietly through the curtained doorway. Her eyes went at once to Simon leaning against the cash-desk.

"Do sit down," Lynne said in a low voice. "I don't want any trouble."

He sat down at the table and a waitress came up to take his order. Miss Williams moved about the room chatting with customers.

She was still in the cafe when Simon finished his meal. He sat as long as possible over coffee, but at last Millie brought his check. She gave him a friendly grin.

"She's determined to out-stay you, Mr. Dexter. I don't think you'll get another chance of a chat with Angela tonight."

He went to the desk to pay his check.

"Tomorrow at a quarter past ten. Don't be late."

She felt abandoned as he went out into the street. She wanted to call after him, "Don't go, Simon, stay with me. Something might happen . . ."

But she did nothing of the sort. She served a man with cigarettes, made conversation with a woman customer, double-checked the accounts.

At ten o'clock, the cafe closed. Lynne went wearily

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

out into the corridor. She felt really tired now. She'd take a hot bath and go straight to bed. She undressed quickly, put on her dressing-gown, and lit the gas-fire to warm the room.

The bath water was beautifully hot. By the time she was towelling herself dry she felt cheerful again, relaxed and happy. But as she went back along the corridor, Miss Williams' door opened.

"Off to bed? That's right. A good night's sleep will do you good. You've been looking tired today." She paused.

"I wouldn't like you to think I'm getting at you, Angela. But if you could arrange to see your young man outside the cafe in future? I don't think it looks right to the customers to see him standing there at the desk talking to you for so long."

"I'm sorry, Miss Williams. I'll tell him what you said."

She felt a surge of depression again. Back in her room, she turned off the fire, opened the window and got into bed.

A LONG, long time later, there was a faint cold stir of breeze on her face. Somewhere infinitely far away there were voices, sharp and yet muted, as on the fringes of a nightmare.

There was movement, she was being borne along. She struggled, she couldn't breathe. Someone was bending over her, speaking to her.

A hand slapped her face. She felt a wild desire to cry out, but she couldn't open her eyes, she couldn't move.

It was cold, terribly cold . . . she stretched out a hand to pull the covers round her, but her fingers closed on the short soft bristles of grass. She clutched helplessly at the stems, bewildered, and still she couldn't lift the endless weight from her eyes.

"Angela! Can you hear me?" Miss Williams' voice sounded dimly. Miss Williams was cross with her — what had she done wrong?

"She's waking up."

Who was waking up? Herself? Or someone else?

"Angela! Open your eyes!"

She made a tremendous effort. She raised her lids and saw only darkness. She moved her lips. "I'm so cold."

Someone tucked a blanket round her. She felt the rough touch of the wool. The darkness cleared a little. Now she could see a frame of light like a window and against it a woman's head.

A voice spoke, sharply, with a tinge of fear. "Angela! Are you all right?" Miss Williams' voice.

Lynne experienced a deep

sense of astonishment. Why was she lying here in front of a lighted window with Miss Williams' head framed against the light? She spoke at last. "Where am I?"

As she said the words she had an unpleasant feeling that she'd said them before . . . sitting on the red plush bench in the Miramar — how long ago? . . . looking up at Millie and saying, "Where am I?" and Millie smiling at the others . . . "She must have had a really bad knock . . ."

"Bring her inside." Miss Williams stood up.

Hands lifted Lynne and she was borne along again.

"No — not there!" Miss Williams called sharply. "That room's full of gas! Take her into my room."

She was carried along a lighted corridor. Her head felt clearer now. She lay propped against the pillows on Miss Williams' bed, looking at the circle of faces . . . Miss Williams . . . Cook . . . the kitchen-maid.

She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece — one o'clock in the morning.

"What happened?"

"There was an accident. You left the fire switched on without lighting it. And the window was closed. You had a narrow escape."

She struggled upright. "But I turned the fire out! I know I did. And the window was open."

Miss Williams looked back at her, unsmiling. "Do you think we're imagining what we found?"

"How did you know there was anything wrong?" she asked.

Cook spoke. "You had the cat in your room. He saved your life. He woke me up scratching and mewling at your door. I went along and opened your door. The room was full of gas."

"But Blackie wasn't in the room when I went to sleep. Someone tried to murder me," Lynne said in a whisper. "It's true! I did turn out the fire and the window was open. Blackie must have jumped in through the window or come in with whoever tried to kill me."

The manageress set her lips into a grim line. "I don't want to hear any of that kind of talk. You'd better have a hot drink now and then you can sleep with one of the others for the rest of the night. Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, thank you, I feel much better now. I can't have been very long in the gas — Don't you see?" she cried suddenly. "I went to bed at half-past ten. If the gas had been on all that time I'd have been dead by now. That proves I couldn't have

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD





Page 75



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Sweeter Cleaner, Softer Washing— because only Frigidaire has **JET-ACTION!**

Only Frigidaire washers have the exclusive Jet-Cone Agitator, with its unique up-and-down action that moves clothes down into the deep wash zone.

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forgotten to switch off the fire."

Doubt flickered across Miss Williams' face. Then Cook spoke. "It'd be the cat. Blackie must have jumped in through the window and turned on the tap."

"But you said the window was shut."

There was a little silence. The three faces in front of her were wrinkled in thought. The kitchen-maid ventured a suggestion.

"Blackie could have been in your room all along. You wouldn't notice him if he was asleep in a corner or under the bed."

Miss Williams nodded. "Yes, of course, that's it. The cat was in your room. Then a short time ago he woke up and wandered about and knocked on the gas tap. He didn't like the smell and he scratched at the door to get out."

"It wasn't like that," Lynne said obstinately. "He wasn't in my room earlier. Someone tried to kill me."

"I've told you, Angela, I won't listen to that stupid talk." Miss Williams' voice had a sharp edge again. "It seems to me you're too full of fancies lately."

With an effort she made her tone more pleasant. "Take her along to your room, Cook. We'll put up a bed for her."

A camp-bed was set up in Cook's room. Cook handed Angela a glass of milk. Then almost as soon as the light was turned off, she slipped back into the abyss, dark and enveloping...

SHE was barely out of bed next morning when Miss Williams came into the room. Cook was already in the kitchen, making a clatter with the boiler. Miss Williams frowned a little.

"I think you know what I'm going to say. I gave you a warning and I meant you to take it seriously. This accident last night and the kind of wild accusations you were making — it really is the last straw. I'm afraid you'll have to go. I'm not going to turn you out into the street, of course, but I'd like you to find another job and somewhere else to stay as soon as possible. You needn't come on duty today, you can go out and look for another place."

Lynne said nothing. She felt neither surprise nor shock, she'd known all along this would happen. Suddenly her spirits rose slightly. I'd like to get away from here, she thought, I imagined I was safe in the Miramar, but now it seems I'm not... "I'll try to find somewhere today. I may be able to move out this afternoon."

"Oh, you needn't rush at it like that. Take a few days." Miss Williams looked anxious, less severe. "You do see my position. I have a business to run. My employers wouldn't like it if there was any kind of trouble."

Lynne stood up. "It'll be all right to go back to my own room now to dress? There won't be any gas?"

"Oh, yes, I looked in there just now. We left the french windows wide open last night."

Lynne went out along the corridor and into her own

VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

room. She stood looking round, remembering herself getting ready for bed last night. She could distinctly see herself stooping down to turn off the fire, she remembered opening the window. And Blackie hadn't been in her room, she was certain of that. He always snuggled down on the bed when he visited her, he would never have curled up on the floor when there was a soft nest to be made among the blankets.

She shivered in the early-morning chill. Someone had come into the room last night when she was asleep, turned on the fire, reached up and closed the window, gone out again just as noiselessly.

Blackie had either jumped through the window earlier or come in unnoticed beside the intruder.

"Will Craig try anything?" she'd asked Simon and he'd shaken his head... "He'd have to murder the pair of us, and that wouldn't be too easy."

Simon! Suppose something had happened to Simon as well!

Lynne threw on some clothes and ran toward the phone.

Simon rented two rooms in a large old house on the outskirts of Seacombe. She dialled the number with trembling fingers. If anything had happened to him — but she couldn't bear the thought.

The phone rang at the other end; it seemed hours before someone lifted the receiver.

"Mrs. Peters speaking." His landlady's voice — a cheerful, kindly woman, who looked after Simon as if he were her son.

"This is Angela Curtis — could I speak to Simon, please? It's very urgent."

"I haven't seen Mr. Dexter about yet. It's a bit on the early side for him. But I'll go and see if he's awake if you like."

"Yes, please." And hurry! she almost screamed into the mouthpiece, imagining Simon unmoving in his room. She stared down at her hand holding the receiver. Her fingers were shaking. Then the phone rattled again.

"Hello, Angela." It was Simon's voice. She closed her eyes in a moment's vast relief. She could scarcely speak.

"Sorry to get you out of bed, but I was so worried about you."

"That's all right, I'd have been getting up soon anyway." His voice sounded half-asleep. Suddenly he seemed to jerk awake.

"Worried about me? Why?"

"There was an accident here last night. At least everyone says it was an accident, but I know it wasn't."

His voice was sharp with anxiety. "What happened? You're all right, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm all right, but someone tried to gas me."

"What?" His voice was appalled.

Behind her she heard a step. She glanced over her shoulder. The manageress was standing looking at her with an expression of mingled despair and displeasure.

"I can't talk now, I'll tell you all about it later."

"Don't forget, I'm picking you up at ten-fifteen. For goodness' sake, take care of yourself till then. Don't go getting into any more tight corners."

"I must ring off now."

She replaced the receiver. Miss Williams stood regarding her.

"It seems quite pointless to try to reason with you, Angela. I really am more cross about all this than I can say. Here you are, not ten minutes after I spoke to you, ringing up someone and spreading this silly story round Seacombe. Who were you talking to? I've a right to know."

Lynne looked at her. "Keep out of tight corners," Simon had said. What do I know about Miss Williams? she thought suddenly. Why does she want to know who I was talking to? Why has she been so hostile lately?

She stood looking at Miss Williams with wide, frightened eyes. The manageress made an impatient sound.

"Why are you looking at me like that? As if you were afraid of me? You need to take a grip on yourself, you'll be having a nervous breakdown next."

Lynne brushed past her. "I'll collect my things and leave here today."

"But you have nowhere to go."

"I'll find somewhere. I'm going out soon, but I'll come back later to collect my things."

She went into her room and locked the door. She went over to the window and secured the catch. Only then did she begin to feel a little calmer. But where could she go? How would she live? Fear began to stretch out its tentacles again, but she resisted its approach. Simon would help her to find somewhere to live, somewhere to work.

At ten minutes past ten she unlocked the door, locked it behind her again, and put the key in her pocket.

She went quickly out into the cafe and through the doorway, drawing a deep breath when she was safely outside.

But the street seemed wide and open, vulnerable and exposed — to what? She felt safe hardly anywhere now.

Suppose it was Craig who'd stolen into her room? Suppose he were to drive past now, just as she was crossing the road? What if there were yet another accident?

And the lawyer, Mr. Anderson, with his air of secret amusement — he knew she worked at the Miramar. Suppose he was somehow in league with Craig, that he'd known all along Lynne Ryder wasn't the girl in the churchyard?

If they were sharing the proceeds between them, it would be highly inconvenient if the real Lynne Ryder were to turn up again... And Craig had already shown himself to be ruthless...

She stood there, struggling vainly to get a grip on her fluttering nerves.

To be concluded



It was the child's shy smile, so terrifyingly vulnerable, that inspired Jane Walters to make her momentous decision

Penny Plain, Tuppence Colored

THE Lynwood Court Hotel was not large, but it was very good. It had the best position in Leamouth, with beautiful gardens falling gently toward the sea and a private path to the beach. The food and the service and the heating were first class.

Mr. Lomas, the owner, had no need to advertise. The hotel flourished on the personal recommendation of satisfied clients. Guests came again and again and sent their friends. With time it had come to have something of the quality of a club. Many of the guests knew each other. When they booked, they asked for "my usual room."

Casuals were carefully vetted: from his private office behind Reception, Mr. Lomas kept a watchful eye on the cars arriving on the asphalt sweep in front of the main entrance. If he approved of their occupants he would appear in Reception and offer a smiling welcome. The undesirable—the raffish, the noisy, the unsuitably dressed—he left to the receptionist to deal with.

Very occasionally there was a slip-up, but never when Jane Walters was on duty. Jane had been in Reception 12 years, and although she hadn't quite the appearance he would have chosen—he would have liked someone smarter, more "with it"—she had other more important qualities.

He could always rely on her to handle the awkward situation with tact and courtesy. She was accommodating and ready to lend a hand with the afternoon tea or with coffee in the evening. With the years she had become so much identified with the job that in his mind she had ceased to be an individual. She had become "Reception."

So when on that hot, sunny evening the man stepped out of his car and Mr. Lomas saw that he was colored he was not unduly perturbed.

Guests from abroad were welcome, but with reservations. They must be of the kind likely to be acceptable to the regular clientele on whose patronage the hotel depended—and, though this had never been put into anything so crude as words, they must be white.

It was nothing so stupid and insular as race discrimination or color prejudice, it was just that guests have a right to choose the kind of people with whom they spend their holidays and Mr. Lomas felt in his bones that his patrons would prefer their fellow guests to be of their own color. It was only natural.

So when the man and the little boy came into the hotel he continued his conversation on the telephone undisturbed; he knew Jane would get rid of them gently but effectively.

They came to the reception desk and Jane left her typewriter to speak to them. The man smiled at her. A wide, white, friendly smile that made her think of the calypso singers and Test cricketers you saw on television, but it was the child who interested her.

He was only just tall enough to look over the counter. He smiled, too, and in spite of what she was going to have to do Jane smiled back. There was something about the small, dark face with the rounded forehead and the liquid dark eyes that made it impossible not to smile: a childishness, a kind of defenceless innocence that you didn't see in the white children who came to the Lynwood Court.

They were sophisticated and confident, while this little boy just stood at the desk and smiled at her, giving her the feeling that whereas the white children were sure of themselves he, in some odd way, was sure of her.

To page 79

By DOROTHY CRAY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

Now there's a real difference:

Frigidaire is kid-proof!



Keeps food safe in a month of continuous above-century heat!

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Heinz, the soup you know they like

The man started to say something about two rooms, but she interrupted.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, "but we're absolutely nothing. We are booked out."

He smiled, not at all put out. "That's all right, I have a reservation. Two adjacent single rooms: the name is Andrews. Doctor James Andrews, and my nephew."

She remembered the booking at once. It had been made a fortnight ago from a London hotel. She recalled it because it had been more specific than most, almost personal. His little nephew, he said, had been seriously ill, and he had heard that the Lynwood Court was very comfortable and quiet, and had beautiful gardens. "I want one of the rooms at least to get plenty of sun and to overlook the sea."

THERE was no question about the reservation. Mr. Lomas had been pleased. He liked to have members of the medical profession, and he had allocated numbers eleven and twelve, two of the best rooms in the house, overlooking the bay.

For once in her efficient life, Jane was uncertain. The color bar at the Lynwood Court might be only tacit, but it was no less rigid for that. Guests must never be put in the embarrassing position of having to exercise tolerance.

"You come on holiday," Mr. Lomas said, "to relax, not to subject yourself to disciplines you wouldn't tolerate in your own home." It

PENNY PLAIN, TUPPENCE COLORED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

was particularly unfortunate just now with the Van Inn party in the hotel. Mr. Van Inn was a South African millionaire, and his wife had strong views about color. Only last night Jane had heard her expressing them in the lounge.

"You people here just don't know what you're talking about. Take it from me, colored folk are not fit to have rights." The couple from Alabama had joined in and at once there had been a coming-together, a friendliness based on a common prejudice.

Jane had been serving coffee and had heard the talk. Much of it had sounded reasonable, had even made apartheid sound like social justice. "Both sides have their rights, but they're different." "People are happier with their own kind." "I honestly believe most of them prefer separation, just as we do. It's only a few political agitators out for their own ends..."

It had filled her with a kind of dumb, helpless rage. Seeing them sitting there, in their comfortable chairs, wearing their good clothes and their beautiful jewellery, sure of their right to the best of everything.

She had thought of Sharpville and Little Rock, of shanty towns frying under a South African sun, and filthy tenements in New York freezing in a North American winter. To listen to these people, you would think they were no more than wicked

inventions of irresponsible journalists out to make political trouble. One of the men had said: "That's one of the reasons why I like this place. You can be absolutely certain you'll meet your own kind."

The little boy smiled again. He said very softly: "I like it here."

"I have your letter confirming the reservation," Dr.

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Jesus said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, no man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.*

— St. John 8: 10, 11.

Andrews was saying. His voice was rich and soft.

He took a letter from his inside pocket and spread it in front of her. It was on Lynwood Court paper. She saw the signature pp. G. Lomas and her own initials.

She looked at him in something like desperation, and though she didn't know it her expression betrayed that she hated what she was doing. She had had to refuse colored people before — against her will because she herself wasn't bothered

about color — but she had never felt as she felt now.

Partly, of course, it was being confronted with the letter that made it so difficult, but much more it was the little boy. Those trusting eyes that could, you felt, be so gay and mischievous and that shy, sweet smile. He seemed to symbolise childhood itself: innocent, vulnerable.

To gain time, she pretended to read the letter again. "It certainly seems to be in order," she was beginning vaguely when the door of the inner office opened and Mr. Lomas appeared.

As he came into Reception, he said: "Hallo, Sonnie" to the little boy and smiled at Dr. Andrews.

He said pleasantly to Jane: "Some trouble, Miss Walters?" and then, turning to Dr. Andrews: "I'm afraid you're unlucky, sir, we're jam-packed from attic to cellar."

"That's all right," Dr. Andrews said, "I was warned not to come without booking. I have a reservation." He pushed the letter toward Mr. Lomas. "Two single rooms for a fortnight. I am taking up an appointment at Ham-borough General Infirmary and I want to give my nephew a holiday first. He has been very ill."

Mr. Lomas took it and as his eyes travelled slowly over Jane's beautiful typing, his brain raced. What to

do? Especially with the Van Inn party here. Damn the fellow for not saying he was colored. And for having an English name.

"I don't understand," he said. "There must be some mistake. I'm terribly sorry."

The door from the television room opened and Mrs. Van Inn appeared. She looked at the pair standing at the counter and Jane saw the instant withdrawal in her eyes. She went to the postcard rack, pretending to be looking for something, but Jane knew from her back that she was waiting to see what happened.

"I'm tired," the child said, and the man told him to sit on a settee.

Mr. Lomas came to a decision. This was one of the occasions when Jane must take the rap. It is, after all, a secretary's duty to take the blame for the boss. He turned to her and said severely, "You seem to have slipped up, Miss Walters. Bring me the room list."

She put it in front of him, pointing to the line concerned. Dr. Andrews, numbers eleven and twelve and the dates. He pretended to study it. Two of his nicest rooms.

"I don't understand. Both these rooms are occupied. There has clearly been some mistake." As he spoke, he saw Mrs. Van Inn's attentive back and slightly raised his voice. "I'm afraid you must blame Miss Walters. She has somehow managed to confuse the bookings."

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no
teething
troubles



thanks to
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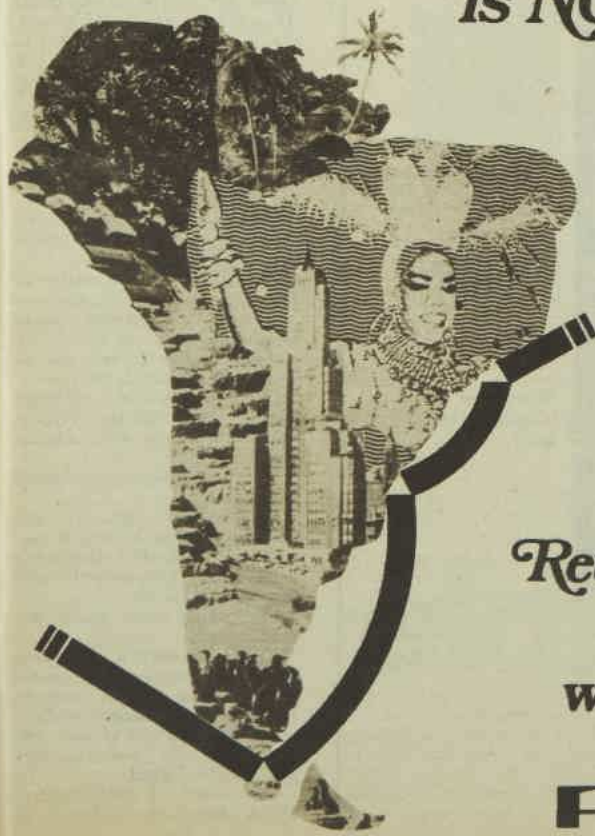
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By GEORGE JOSEPH



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THE tall man in the raincoat looked down on the little woman and thought to himself: This is going to be even worse than I thought. He cleared his throat and looked over her head.

"My name is Growcott, Inspector Growcott of Scotland Yard. This is Sergeant Parfitt."

"How do you do, gentlemen?" She offered her hand, and the clear blue eyes beamed happily behind the thick lenses. "Please come in. I have been expecting you."

She laughed a sweet tinkle of genuine enjoyment.

Growcott licked his lips. "Mrs. Pedlar," he said, his voice hoarse, "please don't say any more. We are here to arrest you for the murder of Benjamin Pedlar. Anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you."

She frowned and then smiled again.

"Benjamin! That's strange. Why not Caldicott, Vicars, and Blewman. You had them exhumed as well, did you not?"

"Mrs. Pedlar," began the Inspector desperately, "I . . ."

She raised a slender hand, and as he looked at the sweet, contented face, the waving, gleaming mass of silver hair, the uncertainty deepened in his heart.

"Mr. Growman," she murmured.

"Growcott," corrected the other.

"Oh, of course! I'm so sorry." Again the tinkle of laughter.

"How silly of me! Mr. Growman was a floorwalker at Kirkup's. Haberdashery, I think. No, I'm wrong. It was gentlemen's shoes. And he wasn't at all like you."

"Mrs. Pedlar, I have to ask you to accompany us."

"Of course. I understand. But it's such a cold day. Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?"

The Inspector remembered something and there was almost panic in his quick reply.

"No, thanks. As a matter of fact we — we had a cup of tea only a few minutes ago. Would you be good enough to . . . ?"

"But I'd like to tell you all about it," she said gently.

"I've given you the necessary warning, Mrs. Pedlar. Perhaps you ought to see your solicitor first."

The bright blue eyes widened innocently.

"My solicitor! But that isn't necessary. I did it, you know."

"Mrs. Pedlar!" Growcott's voice was high-pitched with desperation. "Please . . ."

She smiled and raised her hand again.

"You seem such a nice young man," she murmured. "I would prefer to tell you all about it. I'm sure you'll understand."

"As long as you're sure you understand the position, Mrs. Pedlar," he sighed.

"Of course, I understand. I killed Benjamin Pedlar, and

Morris Caldicott, and Martin Vicars, and Archibald Blewman. And now I should like to tell you all about it. Not that there is anything on my conscience now." She smiled, the rosebud mouth curving as though her mind was dwelling on unusually pleasant things.

She caught her breath, folded the well-shaped hands in her lap, and then the sweet, gentle voice began as though reading from a well-rehearsed script, "I started working for Kirkup's Bargain Bazaar when I was fifteen. My parents were very poor and there were five other children in the family besides myself.

"After I had been with the firm for only a few months, I began to steal. I found what is called a defect in their system. What that defect is doesn't matter now. It no longer exists, I believe. At first I stole only a shilling or two, but then as I realised how easy it was the sums became larger.

"When my brother David got into serious trouble, I had to take fifty pounds to pay his lawyer—and even then poor David went to jail. That was the largest sum I took at one time. I kept a careful list of what I stole, telling myself that one day I would pay it all back. After I had been with Kirkup's for fifty years, I retired. They were just wonderful to me. Gave me a lovely presentation and a pension of three pounds five shillings for life."

She sighed. "It was so good of them, especially as I realised that in my fifty years with them I had stolen a sum of eight hundred and seventy-two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence.

"I had never married. Of course, I'd had chances. For example, there was Mr. Dowdall in Soft Furnishings. Such a nice young man! But I said 'no,' and I believed he married a sweet little girl in Inquiries.

"Anyway, soon after I left Kirkup's I put an advertisement in the paper that I was lonely and wanted to get married. I gave my true age—I was sixty-five then. The man had to have at least one thousand pounds. You'd be surprised how many replies I got. I sorted them out. I met one or two of the men, but they weren't what I wanted.

"Then I met Morris Caldicott. He was a widower of seventy. He'd been a carpet salesman. Morris didn't enjoy good health. He had a very weak heart. And he had over a thousand pounds in the bank. He wasn't a very nice man. He was red-faced and sweaty and his language was coarse in the extreme. He drank a great deal and invested money on racehorses. But then I didn't want to marry a nice man, one I would grow to care for. You see, I knew what was going to happen to him.

"After we were married, Morris was nastier than ever, and he seemed to be drunk every day. Really, I wasn't sorry when, six months after we were married, he died in his sleep. The doctor said he wasn't surprised. Morris' heart was badly diseased.

"But then I received a nasty shock. Morris must have had a bad time with the horses, because there was only a hundred pounds left in his account.

"I advertised again, and two months after Morris died I married Martin Vicars. Martin had been a chairmaker in Birmingham and he showed me stocks and shares worth over a thousand pounds, and he had some money in the bank as well.

"He suffered from diabetes. He was very bad-tempered and would sulk all day. Sometimes when his meal did not please him



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he would throw the plate at me. So when he died three months after our marriage I wasn't really sorry.

"However, after Martin had been buried, I received a most unpleasant shock. His stocks and shares had slumped so badly in the market that, after paying the undertaker and the lawyer, there was less than three hundred left.

"I waited six months and advertised again. Archie Blewman had terrific blood pressure and he said that he'd never get married. He proved to me that he had gilt-edged investments worth nearly two thousand pounds. He was seventy-two. He didn't smoke, drink, or gamble.

"However, he was very bad-tempered and morose. He would vanish for days on end and he wouldn't answer my questions as to his absence. He died suddenly while he was reading the paper, and the doctor said that it was no doubt a stroke.

"Then I got the most dreadful shock of all. Archie wasn't really my legal husband. He'd been married to a woman in Cardiff for nearly forty years and had four children. I paid for the funeral before I found out. I didn't get a penny from Archie's estate.

"I changed my address and advertised again. I had no hesitation in marrying Benjamin Pedlar. He was sixty-five and

was insured for a thousand pounds. I insisted this time that the policy be transferred to me.

"He was the nastiest man I had ever met. He was viciously bad-tempered, drank a great deal, and had a coronary thrombosis. Benjamin lived only two months as my husband and he died in his bed after I had brought him a cup of morning tea.

"So when the insurance company paid me the money I went and saw Mr. Kirkup—I mean Mr. Jimmy Kirkup, of course. Old Mark Kirkup died nearly thirty years ago.

"Mr. Jimmy was ever so nice about it all when I gave him a cheque for eight hundred and

seventy-two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence. I told him all about my stealing for fifty years and the defect in his system. He was most impressed. He said I was the most honest woman he'd ever heard of."

She simpered. "And that's all there is to it, Inspector. I'm ready to go with you now. But are you sure you wouldn't like a cup of tea?"

Growcott gulped.

"No, thanks, but why did you

"She regarded him with myopic benevolence. "Oh, Inspector, Kirkup's had been so good to me! I did so want to die with a clear conscience."

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Hair so lovely to touch

The girl with soft, silky hair is the one who regularly shampoos with Delph 'Peek-In' glow. The hair becomes easy to manage while a naturally beautiful lustre shines through. The 'Peek-In' glow shampoos bring out a soft glow of beauty to all hair types.

In order to seem convincing and because he preferred to be civil, he embroidered a little. "A lady and her daughter have these rooms for three weeks." He turned to Jane. "Have you forgotten Mrs. and Miss Thompson have eleven and twelve?"

That was her cue to rush in and support him. The moment when, overcome by regret and confusion, she was supposed to say something like: "Oh, dear, of course they have. How on earth did I make such a mistake?" Mr. Lomas is quite right. It's all my fault. I'm so dreadfully sorry."

But for once she couldn't do it. This time the lie stuck in her throat. Afterward she told herself it was a child who had made it impossible.

From the settee he stared at her out of great dark eyes, and the sight of him brought a tightness to her throat. He looked so small.

His feet didn't reach the floor and his legs and arms were too thin. He couldn't look pale, but you could see from the way he leaned his head on the back of the settee that he was tired. She longed to gather the defenceless scrap in her arms and put him to bed.

"I'm speaking to you, Miss Walters," Mr. Lomas said sharply, and at his tone the man turned and looked at her, too.

Until now she had noticed only the boy with his air of childlike innocence. Now she looked at Dr. Andrews. He was older than she had thought and his dark face, unlike those of the West Indians you saw on television, the calypso singers, and the Test cricketers, was unsmiling. His eyes met hers

— and held them in what felt like a challenge. "Are you going to lie?" they asked her.

Beside her, Mr. Lomas waited for her to speak. Well-groomed, smooth-spoken Mr. Lomas, who paid her the good salary that enabled her to live in that little white cottage by the sea. By the postcard rack Mrs. Van Inn waited, too, to see what she would do; and a vague schoolgirl memory of a wartime poster came into her mind: "It all depends on you and you depend on God."

She had suddenly a curious sense of having a second self and of having to choose once and for all between which was the true one. It felt like choosing between good and evil. Dr. Andrews and the little boy

on one side and on the other Mrs. Van Inn and Mr. Lomas.

The little boy smiled again, but not at her this time, he seemed to be smiling at something in his own mind. At a world that he imagined wise and merciful? Or at God, who had made it so beautiful?

The smile did it. It was the intangible something that weighed down the scale on the side of truth. She said clearly and firmly: "There's no mistake, Mr. Lomas. Eleven and twelve were vacated this morning."

There was a moment of electric silence. She saw Mrs. Van Inn turn to look at her. She saw Mr. Lomas see her for the first time as a human being. She felt her heart beating in her throat.

The man looked from her to Mr. Lomas and back at her. His eyes, like the child's, were dark, but unlike his they held a great sadness as though, she thought, the soul of his people looked out of them at a world that had cheated them. And did she only imagine that she read in them also a kind of expectancy?

Mr. Lomas looked at the clock and pretended to be startled. "Oh, dear, is that the time? I forgot to tell Monsieur Auguste that we shall want extra scampi tonight. Will you go to the kitchens, Miss Walters, and tell him we shall need double the usual amount?"

When she hesitated, he added: "Please go at once. I will deal with this gentleman."

She had no choice but to go. The man opened the door from the office into the entrance lounge. As she murmured an acknowledgement of the courtesy, he smiled and said, "Thank you" in his rich, dark voice.

In the kitchen she had to wait, as Mr. Lomas knew when he sent her she would have to — M. Auguste kept everybody waiting. It was his way of demonstrating the independence of the creative artist.

When she delivered Mr. Lomas' message, she knew from his face that it had been a shabby device to get her out of the office. He said indignantly: "But he tell me himself not a half-hour ago! What does he think I am? A colander full of holes?"

From a window in the passage from the kitchens to the entrance lounge, she

saw Dr. Andrews and the child leave the hotel and walk toward the car. The man carried his head high, as if he were defying society to wound him, but the little boy drooped.

Immediately beyond the window was a side door on to the sweep in front of the hotel. She opened it and walked quickly toward them. She had no clear idea what she was going to do or to say — she only knew she couldn't let them go away like that.

Hearing footsteps, the man turned and, seeing who it was, paused and waited.

"I'm sorry," she said. It was all she could think of.

"It's not your fault. You did what you could. More than most people would do."

"I'm so ashamed. It's horrible."

"You must not distress yourself. It is not the first time it has happened to me. It's the child I'm concerned for. He is very tired."

SHE looked at the little boy and found his eyes fixed on her face. Confidently. As if he trusted her to help. She said, "I have a cottage here. Down by the sea. He can stay there to-night if you like. You'll have difficulty at this time of day, at a weekend, finding anywhere suitable."

"You're very kind. But I couldn't possibly accept. We're strangers."

She smiled at that. "It's surely strangers who need our hospitality."

He hesitated. "It doesn't seem right."

She said simply: "It's time he was in bed."

The child spoke for the first time since they left the hotel. "I'd like to sleep in a cottage by the sea."

"There, you see. It's settled." She became her practical self. She had an extraordinary sense of exhilaration and relief — as if, after long and painful uncertainty, she had reached an important decision. "I come off duty in a quarter of an hour. Wait for me at the bottom of the drive."

Mr. Lomas signalled her into his private office. She knew at once from his thunderous face that he had seen her talking to Dr. Andrews. He could hardly wait to shut the door before exploding with anger. How dare she behave like that?

To page 84

P.S. I love you



Pak-nit
FABRIC — less than
1% shrinkage in length

P.S. stands for permanent shape. And now, Jockey underwear has permanent shape. Because Jockey underwear is made from new PAK-NIT fabric. PAK-NIT fabric is pure cotton, specially processed to cut length shrinkage to less than one per cent. So whether you're a man and wear it, or a woman and wash it, new Jockey underwear with PAK-NIT fabric is what you want.

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THE BOYFRIEND



"I can always tell when you're annoyed with me!"

Do you feel depressed and tied to the house? Then . . .

Go out and help others

WHENEVER I read of the problems of "housebound women," or whatever they are called, I know exactly what is meant, because I have experienced most of these problems.

I understand the discontent at seeing a husband leave to join his congenial adult companions at work while I return to masses of unwashed dishes, clothes, nappies, floors, faces, and sweet but exhausting babies and toddlers.

I know full well the panic of having too much work to do in too short a time, and the fear that my husband will grow exasperated at continually returning home to a weary, "ungroomed" wife.

Ever-present bills and bank-account problems do nothing to renew confidence that there will be any improvement in the situation.

A while back I discovered that my discontent and resentment had such a hold on me that I was always unhappy.

Then a change took place. How, I can't quite say. Moving interstate, away from our friends and families, I experienced a period of dreadful loneliness, and perhaps this strengthened my character, as they say. Suddenly, however, I was able to look beyond myself.

I realised I was an individual, responsible for my own destiny, and that there must be many people whose illness, aloneness, or financial need made them better candidates for help than I. Perhaps I simply grew up.

In any case, I found that people I considered mature were those who could take an interest in others, as well as living for themselves and their families.

Having reached this conclusion, I did not feel I any longer had to dedicate myself completely to my family.

READER'S STORY

by a Victorian mother

I decided I was entitled to a regular time each week to myself. No one wanted a martyr in the house, anyway.

This was easier than when my children were small babies, but they were still not old enough to attend school all day, or a part-time job would probably have been my first thought. Instead, I began to consider other avenues of interest which would help me recover some of my own personality.

Not being artistic, I ruled out classes in artistic things. Money was in short supply, and this limited my choice.

One day I saw an advertisement asking for volunteers to visit patients in mental hospitals. My husband was doubtful, but the idea kept recurring until I finally telephoned and offered my services.

To say I was received with open arms is an understatement. I attended some lectures one weekend, and joined the organisation in Victoria which arranges these visits. A niche soon was found for me.

I go to the hospital once a week for a couple of hours and help patients doing occupational therapy. My presence as an "outsider" is regarded as very helpful — and I can see that it certainly helps the pitifully understaffed hospital.

I find mental illness sad but fascinating and I have learned interesting facts about it from the hospital staff. I have met interesting people, who have given me much to think about as they offer friendship by telling me about themselves and their former occupations and lives. I usually return home refreshed. It is just the diversion I need.

Since I began this work I have learnt of other places for doing similar work in different fields, mainly just providing a friendly face for people in need. The organisations which care for the aged, ill, and needy are always anxious to have voluntary assistance.

The first step is the hardest, but you will find all sorts of co-operation once you make the offer. Young children need not be a problem (I could and have taken mine with me), and your local council, doctor, or church will give you the names of organisations which will supply details.

I find I am rewarded by an immense feeling of satisfaction at being able to give something of myself to people who need my relatively anonymous effort to help them through a difficult time in their lives.

I'm sure I am a better person to live with now. My family is not deprived in any way, and I am able to organise my time much better with my weekly outing in mind.

ON A FOOD CAMPAIGN

● Young Scottish home economist aims to change our daily eating habits.

ATTRACTIVE young Scottish home economist Sheena Macdiarmid, from Edinburgh, who works for the N.S.W. Egg Marketing Board, is responsible for the food in the Board's current eye-catching advertisements.

Sheena studied at Edinburgh's school of domestic science as a full-time student for three years, and obtained her home economist's qualifications there.

Afterward she went to London and worked as a home economist for four years, a period which included two and a half years with the Food Information Centre.

It's hard to miss coming in contact with Australians and New

Zealanders in London and hearing something about their respective countries. Sheena was no exception, and early last year sailed for New Zealand to see for herself something of that country.

For six months she worked as a hospital dietitian in Auckland, then "out of curiosity" came to Australia.

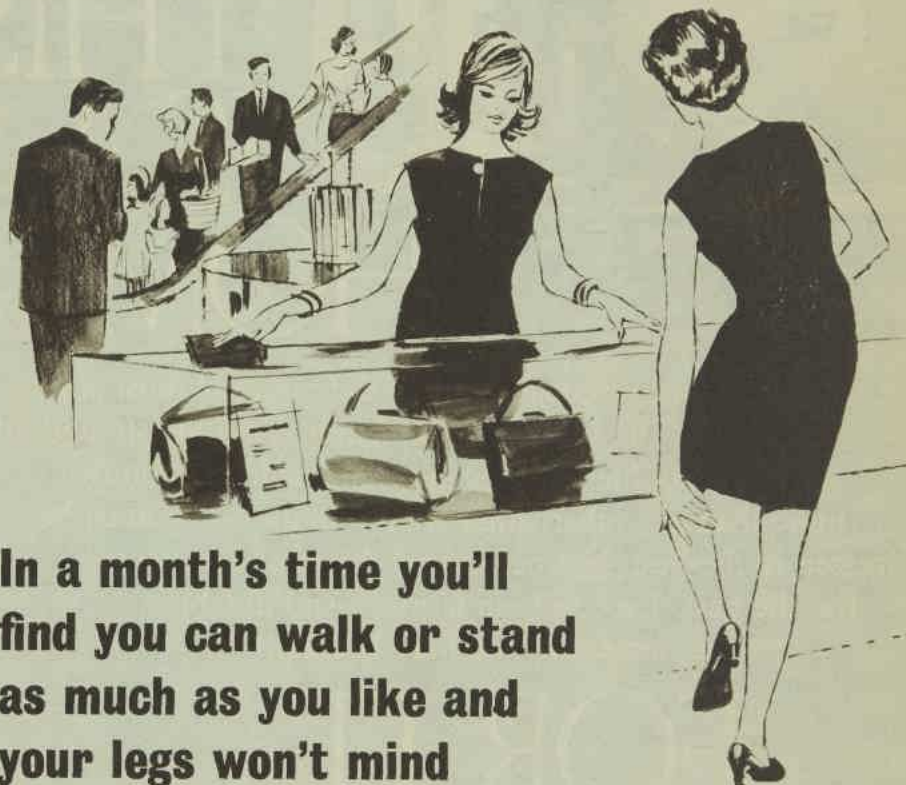
An advertisement in a Sydney newspaper led to her present job as chief home economist at the Egg Board's vast centre at Lidcombe. Here, in a modern test kitchen, she works out recipes to promote the use of eggs, determined to convince people "Eggs are ideal for meals other than breakfast."

She continued to say what a valuable food they were and how well they keep.

"But store point down to keep the yolk in the centre."



Miss Sheena Macdiarmid



In a month's time you'll find you can walk or stand as much as you like and your legs won't mind

Just imagine being able to stand, even for hours on end, without having your legs turn heavy as lead. To sit, and never feel the tiredness, the aches and pains that are the danger signs of developing varicose veins.

Just take two Venoruton tablets, three times a day for the next four weeks — to get the positive benefits of Venoruton. In cases of early leg fatigue (very often associated with varicose veins) Venoruton ointment should also be used.

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PENNY PLAIN, TUPPENCE COLORED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"And if you think you're indispensable..."

Suddenly, she was tired of listening. In some queer way she was seeing him for the first time not as the urbane handsome owner of the Lynwood Court Hotel but as a human being, as a prejudiced, mean-minded man who cared more about that plump cat Mrs. Van Inn than about a tired child. She cut coldly through his tirade.

"That's precisely what I don't think. And it's why I'm going now. This minute."

"You can't do that." Some of the bluster went out of him. "Not without notice."

"Can't I?" She picked up her handbag. "You'll see whether I can."

"I'll sue you for breach of contract," he spluttered.

"You wouldn't dare." She faced him coolly and contemptuously and said, "Think of the newspapers. 'Color prejudice in hotel.' That would do you a lot of good, wouldn't it?"

When he saw she was in earnest he changed his tune. She mightn't be as decorative as he would have liked but she was immensely useful. He said he was sorry if he had said more than he ought. "But I was upset. I dislike having to do this kind of thing as much as you do. But I must consider my guests. We can none of us quarrel with our bread and butter, you know."

She turned to face him. "I can," she said. "And do you know why? Because I've suddenly realised that you can buy even the best butter too dearly."

At the end of the drive the car was waiting. The child was lying asleep on the back seat. Dr. Andrews looked at her anxiously.

"If you want to change your mind," he said, "I shall quite understand."

"I don't."

He opened the car door for her and she got in. The curious sense of exhilaration remained with her. What she was doing was madly irresponsible but exciting, too. She had never dreamed that inside that sensible, obedient, dull creature who had worked twelve years in Lynwood Court reception office there lurked this daft, hare-brained rebel, prepared to walk out of a well-paid job because a child smiled at her and to drive away with a colored man she had never seen before. "Straight on," she said. "The cottage is at the end of the lane."

In Jane's spare bedroom, the child was asleep. It was the first time in the three years since she moved into the cottage that it had been occupied.

On the apron of lawn in front of the cottage, Jane and Dr. Andrews sat and watched the sun sink out of a turquoise and coral sky into a sapphire sea, and listened to the waves lapping softly on the sand as the tide came in. She felt they had known each other a long time. She had told him about her father being killed on D-Day and her

mother marrying again and about her work at the hotel.

He had told her about reading Medicine at Edinburgh and afterward practising in Barbados. He told her he had taken the appointment at the hospital because "so many of my people work in the mills in Hamborough." And he had told her about the child, how his parents had been killed in an air crash and there was no one but himself to take care of him.

"He was ill in London," the soft, dark voice said. "And I brought him here because a friend told me it was a good place to come. I thought he would get strong here before I start work at the hospital. Now, I don't know where to take him."

She said: "He can stay with me if you like. I shall be at home to look after him. I have left the hotel."

"Because of what happened today?"

"In a way. But only partly. Chiefly, I think, because I suddenly found myself."

"Found yourself?" he repeated.

SHE frowned, seeking the right words. "That's what it felt like. I was comfortable there. The pay was good. But this evening I suddenly saw that none of it was real. So much luxury. So much money. Everybody thinking about food and wine and clothes and cars."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know yet."

He said hesitantly: "Will you wait to take another job and keep the child here? I will gladly pay what I should have paid at the hotel."

"I'd love him to stay," she said. "But not on those terms. You can pay for him because I can't afford not to work, but not at the Lynwood Court rates. There is no luxury here."

"There is something more important than luxury." His smile had the same strange sweetness that the child's had. "There is peace. He will feel secure. And he, more than most, needs that."

He looked at his watch. "I will go up and see him before I leave."

When he came back into the garden, the sun had disappeared below the horizon. She went with him into the lane. At the car, he took her hand.

"I shall not try to thank you tonight. But I shall come back."

She watched the car until it reached the main road, and then she went back into the cottage. In the kitchen, she laid the table for breakfast. It must look exciting. She spread a gay blue-and-yellow cloth and set a bowl of meringues in the middle, and at one corner a wooden dish of oranges. As she moved about getting cups and plates, she thought: This is the first time since I came here that I have laid breakfast for two.

Her heart was strangely light.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1968

THIS IS A HOME

Castle or cottage, it is at the centre of most of our lives. The visible sign of family. And the strength of our way of life requires the continuation of 'family' more than any other single thing. So the home must be dressed in the best. Not necessarily the most expensive. But the best. Especially in fabrics. And in fabrics for the home, the finest are Bradmill.

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• Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Sudden change



LETTERS

Girls, beware when you make a conquest while wearing a wig. I purchased a lovely long blond wig and wore it to several social events during our Royal Show Week and made some very nice contacts. But when I received an invitation to a barbecue from one of them, and turned up with my own black hair, I was not greeted quite so cordially as I had been in my blond wig. As it happened, it all turned out happily in the end, but things were a bit sticky for a while. So I just pass on my experience for what it is worth.

—B. ALFORD, Annerley, Qld.

"In fictional works whenever the gusty

North wind blusters and blows

It brings a glow to the heroine's cheek.

Perhaps I'm just a bit of a freak,

It brings a glow to my NOSE!"

— Lee Clutterbuck, In-naloo, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Chief justice

OUR family always sympathised with my brother when he complained about his bosses at work until Dad was talking to one of them. The boss said, "You can always be sure that if boys and girls are complaining about their bosses the bosses are doing the same thing about them." I am working now and find some girls honest, obliging, and hard-working, while others try to get out of as much work as possible and try to run things their own way. They are never popular with bosses. — "Conscientious," Windsor, Qld.

Dad's apology

DAD and I have recently been to several school functions at which many of my girlfriends were present. Dad commented that he was surprised how the girls, as well as being pretty, were self-confident and poised. He explained that during his youth girls were simpering. One thing, though — he's sorry that adults have left the world in such a mess for us. At least one adult doesn't always criticise. — Betty Flounders, Whyalla, S.A.

For teenagers

How long has Tasmania not been part of Australia? I have heard many people referring to "Australia and Tasmania." It may be the smallest State in Australia (one-hundredth of the entire continent), but it plays a fairly large part in Australia's industries. A great percentage of apples are grown there, and the historic attractions of Tasmania are important in the tourist industry. So wake up and start including Tasmania as part of Australia. — C. Guerin, Glenunga, S.A.

Too tolerant

SOME mothers do the wrong thing by their sons when they tolerantly pick up after them. Surely it is bad for boys to grow up with the feeling that they can do as they like around the house. They live at home for only a small percentage of their lives, and if their mothers don't teach them that they, too, are a working part of family life it must come as a horrible shock when they leave home. It is also very unfair to the girls they marry. A young wife has to do a lot of adjusting. It's much harder if she has to try to cure her husband of a boyhood of irresponsibility. — Pam Angel, Narrandera, N.S.W.

TAKE COUNSEL

For about four years we have had a Student Council at my school. In that time it has done a great deal to improve student facilities and was instrumental in persuading our local council to build a badly needed library. This was done by every girl in the school writing one letter a week to the council. It has now agreed to build the library, and some of our suggestions are being used. Hostess Clubs, arranged by teachers and students, were another SC idea. These advised girls on etiquette, conversation, university life, diet, dress, and dancing. — H. Hamilton, Penshurst, N.S.W.

Born free

IN Czechoslovakia young people were killed or seriously injured fighting for the freedom they love and want to keep. This is the freedom which a lot of us here in Australia take for granted. How lucky we are to have a country where we are able to enjoy such things as freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, and being able to communicate with the rest of the free world. Instead of spending a lot of our time complaining about having to go to school and the trouble with the older generation, we should all wake up and enjoy the freedom which is ours. — Sandra Palmer, Quirindi, N.S.W.

Equal chance

PEOPLE don't realise that if we senior and sub-senior students were not continuing our studies we would be out in the world earning our livings. They look shocked if we have read certain books or seen certain films. If we were not at school, nothing would be thought of it. Going into a shop in school uniform, I was forced to wait until all the customers coming in after me were attended to. If I had not been in uniform, I would have been served in my turn. After such an experience I begin to wonder if we do not have the same rights as other people. — "Hurt Seventeen," Brandon, Qld.

Make The Rounds

Relieved of Periodic Pain

It's a busy, whirling life you lead as a modern woman. Here, There, Back here again. At home, on the job or out having fun, you certainly get around. No time to slow down... and you don't have to. Not even because of functional pain or distress. How? With MIDOL!

Because MIDOL contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPS...
- Medically approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACK-ACHE... CALM JUMPY NERVES...
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for cold sores, cracked & dry lips

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from your chemist

Another McGloin's quality product

Dear Polly,

I'm nobody's girl...make me somebody's blonde...

Q. I have very nice light brown hair and I suppose I should be happy with what nature has given me. But somehow my heart says I'm blonde. I know I would gain more attention (particularly from a very special "somebody" who lives next door). Every year about this time, I feel the same way. But when it comes to the point I just can't do it, because I've heard that blonding creams can actually harm your hair. Please, Polly, can you help me?

A. Now you can achieve your heart's desire. With Polyclor Blonde Cream, you can lighten your hair as much as you want, without fear of damage to the hair. You see, Polyclor Blonde Cream is not only extremely effective but also especially mild. The extra developing time allows a gentle blonding action which ensures that the results are always beautiful and natural. In addition, of course, Polyclor Blonde Cream contains special in-built conditioners which protect and nourish the hair shaft. In effect, you are giving your hair a beauty treatment and a health treatment at the very same time. Ask for Polyclor Blonde Cream—the results will delight both you and that special Mr. "Somebody" you want to impress. So have a wonderful summer—on Polyclor.

Q. When I was younger my hair was a lovely natural golden blonde, but over the past four or five years it has become a lot darker. I want something that will lighten my hair a little, just one or two shades to take it back to my natural colouring.

A. Polyclair Hair Lightener is the answer to your problems. Polyclair will lighten your hair up to two shades and is extremely simple to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. Shampoo in Polyclair about once every four to six weeks for the gentle lightening you want. At the same time, of course, you will be adding health and gloss to your hair because of the special conditioning agents in Polyclair.

If you have a hair problem write to Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polyclor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood 2163, N.S.W., or call her in person at Sydney, 72-0461.



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AT ALL CHEMISTS

POLITICAL COMMENT

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Bulletin

REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

25c EVERY WEEK



Your 'old faithful' fridge may have had its points — but certainly not those of the thoroughly modern 'Americana'. And more to the point, this GE 2-door refrigerator-freezer is available now at refrigerator prices. See what you're missing. Then check with your retailer.

- 1 Automatic defrost. No mess. No fuss. Simply turn a dial twice a year.
- 2 Heated butter conditioner. Serve butter at its spreadable best the way you like. Full width dairy door.
- 3 Sealed meat keeper. Large dish with see-through lid that seals the flavour.
- 4 Big sub-zero freezer. Start enjoying modern freezer living. Buy in bulk, save shopping trips. Serve food fresh, out of season.

5 Maximum capacity. The 15 cu.ft. has the biggest freezer (108 lbs. capacity). The 12 cu.ft. is actually 12.2 cu.ft. with a 78 lb. freezer.

6 Complete ice service. Storage bin for 90 cubes, aluminium ejector tray, twist tray and tidy tray rack.

7 Elegant 2-door styling. Clean-line design, inside and out. Scandinavian sculptured door handles, chrome kick plate.

8 Tall bottle storage. Tall wine bottles can actually stand up.

9 Safety door stops. Every little thing has its use, this one prevents scuffing of door and wall.



Shop now during the GE 'Summer Spectacular'. Check for special prices and trade-ins on both 'Americana' models, 12 and 15 cu.ft.

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GE6284



IN CHINA, MUM'S NO LONGER THE WORD

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

RIVETS



I READ an interesting story recently about Chinese Chairman Mao Tse-tung's daughter, Hsiao Li.

A thing that really grabbed me was a mention that Hsiao Li, it seems, always addresses her father or mother as "Comrade."

While what she calls her parents is her own business, I would like to say that I can see great problems if the habit spreads to the Western world.

For although a lot of kids appear to have little respect for their parents — or else affect to have scant regard — the conventional labels here are still widely used and are handy to have around, if only for ease of communication.

One of the first uses of "Father" and "Mother" is when an offspring is a baby.

Imagine the problems if the Chinese girl's system applied.

When the baby is first seen in hospital, how would anyone know who was meant when people started saying, "Ooh, isn't he just like his Comrade?"

Which Comrade, pray?

Later childhood wouldn't be the same, either, if kids said to each other: "My Comrade could beat your Comrade."

It's also hard to see a son saying to his father, "Can I borrow the car tonight, Comrade?"

Many other traditional uses of "father" would go out the window, too.

For instance, associations between wealthy old men and young birds would never be quite the same again — if a man in that category was referred to as a sugar-Comrade.

To sum up, youngsters who see a revolutionary breakthrough here with the Chinese idea might consider a sobering thought . . .

I'm sure that the old rules would still apply — and that fathers, in the long run, would insist that Comrades know best.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4705.—Modified tentdress with self-yoke back and front. Price 70 cents includes postage. Sizes 28, 29, 30½, 32, 33½in. bust.

4705



4295.—A-line coat with button-loop closing over sleeveless A-line dress. Price 65 cents includes postage. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust.

4747.—Tentdress gathered on to contrast neck-band. Price 55 cents includes postage. Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14.



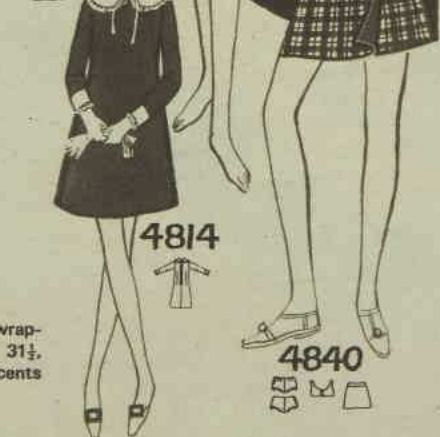
2198.—Knee-length nightgown with curved yoke. Also included in pattern are brunch coat and pyjamas. Price 50 cents includes postage. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust.

4814.—Semi-fitted A-line dress has detachable collar and cuffs. Price 75 cents includes postage. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust.

4295



2198



4814



4840



4840.—Two-piece swimsuit has wrap-around hipster skirt cover-up. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

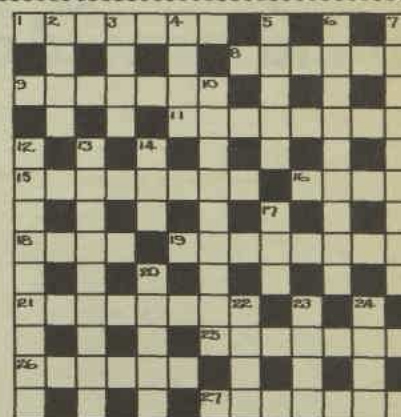
THE BABOOS have returned to their space ship to find Nardraka missing. Mandrake has signalled Magnon and told him that she is with him. READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Brag about a doctor with high-sounding language (7).
8. Saunter along a street with a list (6).
9. Lets it in waves (7).
11. Enduring and in sharp pain (8).
15. A carbon copy of a chap if aged (8).
16. A bristle in a broken seat (4).
18. A decoration about love with a musical instrument (4).
19. Cancel a seaman or back gate (8).
21. Drinking vessels for acrobats (8).
25. Kind of macaroni for blockheads (7).



26. Musical compositions for nine with no fish-traps (6).
27. Agrees the stupid fellow dispatched badly (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Frank is not close (4).
3. A grenade for an old car (4).
4. Poses it in a steamship (4).
5. Dwarf a showy performance (5).
6. River vermin on a chap who keeps law and order (9).
7. An aggressive imperialist to droop and falter (4-5).
10. Torn bills (anagr., 9).
12. It's pompous to bring an insect into the country (9).
13. Imparting knowledge to (9).
14. A foot behind (3).
17. Hope for a shilling (3).
20. A musical instrument in another (5).
22. Scatters seed for the swine (4).
23. Lazy and lied badly (4).
24. Suitable for the assembly (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

N
059.4
AUS

1795



Crispy-fresh
SAO biscuits-
big enough to
build a meal on!



Arnott's
famous
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian
Women's **Weekly**
Fashion News

In this issue: Dresses, suits, and ensembles for wedding guests at day or evening ceremonies.



Smart and unusual styling in navy and white three-piece ensemble for a guest at a daytime wedding. The contrast-stitched coat scoops deeply over a sleeveless white blouse with a round neck and the skirt is cone shaped. In size range. About \$91.50. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)

FOR WEDDING GUESTS

Here, fashionable hailspot voile is the scenestealer, ruffled and belted with feminine charm. In pink, pale blue, navy with white spots. 10-14. About \$18.99. (David Jones', Shirdresses, 2nd floor.)



Subtle elegance for a gay occasion in highline coat of hopsac linen with Empire bodice and false belt finished with a big rectangular buckle. In oyster/brown, navy/white. XXSSW-SSW. About \$28. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Bondi, Parramatta, Chatswood, and Roselands.)



● FASHIONS
IN THE SHOPS

At left: Handsome ensemble in pastel pink ottoman has a youthful short-sleeved dress under a tailored coat with a high, narrow front band and bow and decorative buttons. In blue and yellow also. 14-16. About \$90. (David Jones', Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)

Above: White thai-silk ensemble in the wedding mood features a collarless coat with crystal-banded cuffs and a dress with matching crystal collar that shows above the coat. Available in range of sizes. About \$99. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)



At left: Deliciously young and attractive gala dress of washable terylene, waisted, pintucked, and with a gathered skirt, is in pink, blue, lemon. XXSSW-SW. About \$26. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)

Short and graceful chiffon dress printed in black, brown, and white has a wide, deep neckline and a flattering, high V-shaped band under the bustline. In size range. About \$35. (Kara, Castlereagh Street.)

Collarless green-and-navy floral silk dress shows a high side panel and bow of navy shantung. This style is suitable for daytime right through to after-five. In size range. About \$46. (From Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)

For the OLDER WOMAN



At left: Festive little hat in black-and-white striped silk with pompon trim by Mr. Individual. About \$32. (McDowells, Millinery Dept., 1st Floor.)



Above: Elegant imported lame ensemble tops a simple, scoop-necked dress with a matching coat trimmed with jewelled buttons. Size 14. About \$80. (David Jones' Evening Wear, 6th floor.)



At right: Reminiscent of Spain is this bronze chantilly lace dress with pin-pleated collar and Empire-line bow of velvet ribbon. 12-16. About \$95. (David Jones' Evening Wear, 6th floor.)



Above: Imported jacket dress of soft pink silk and wool. Short, collarless jacket has beaded sleeves, and beading repeats on the top and on slender shoulder- straps of the dress. 12-16. About \$72. (David Jones' Evening Wear, 6th floor.)

At right: Trim little coatdress in linen-look fabric with white contrast collar, cuffs, and buttons is in navy, pink, blue with white. 12-16. About \$28. (David Jones' Coat Shop, 2nd floor.)



Above: Fetching shovel brim of this white paribuntal straw hat makes the utmost of a pretty profile. Black roses trim the back. Available in fashion colors. About \$10.50. (McDowells, Millinery Department, 1st floor.)



At left: Trim, tailored suit of glamorous imported fabric features a longish jacket with double-breasted button trim. Cream only. XSSW-W. About \$30. (Horderns Mid-city.)



For formal EVENING WEDDINGS



Above: Chiffon overlay evening gown beaded around the neck comes in green, pale pink, hot-pink, blue, aqua, lemon, orange, black. XXSSW-W. About \$33.99. (Katie's Fashion stores, Pitt Street, Bankstown, Roselands, Parramatta, Wollongong, Canberra.)

At left: Swirl of pale pinspot chiffon with soft frilling around the neck has a full, gathered skirt and Empire band and front bow. XXSSW - SSW. About \$32.50. (Sportsgirl, 77 Castle-reagh Street.)



Above: Bouffant black organza, at left, with sheer top, full-cuffed sleeves, waisted belt, and rows of black ribbon on skirt and bodice. About \$56. Slick brown jersey style, at right, has a tiny, wide V-necked bodice and gold-bead brooch. In size range. About \$75. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)



At left: Lovely outfit in mint-green silk and wool. The jacket has beaded detail and can be removed later in the evening to show a gown with matching beading and slender shoulder straps. 12-16. About \$156. (David Jones, Evening Wear, 6th floor.)



Above: Slim lines and casual detail in pinspot chiffon, belted, sleeved, and with a V-neck plunging to a flower spray. In range of colors. XXSSW-SSW. About \$32.50. (Sportsgirl, 77 Castlereagh Street.)

● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

At left: Long pink shantung gown with cone skirt and white guipure lace top linked with a highish front bow. In size range. About \$73. (Available Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY



Christine Gearin's cameo-pink hat, designed by Mim, has a fall of matching flowers at the back of the crescent-shaped crown. Christine likes hats for special occasions.



Perfect for the races, Dianne Darke's natural straw picture hat features a wide bone chiffon scarf around the crown. Styled by Henriette Lamotte, the large brim has an unusual square-cut back.



Above: "I love big hats," said Mrs. Bill Taylor, in this lovely black swiss straw one designed by Bill McCowage. Apricot roses make a decorative trim above and below the wide brim.



At left: Watermelon chiffon was a perfect choice for Mrs. Frank McCall Power's elegant turban, designed by Frederick Waters. Long fly-away panels are thrown casually across the shoulders.



Elegant picture hat, with alternate layers of chocolate and white chiffon on the brim, was designed for Mrs. Bob McInerney by Bill McCowage. It has a wide chocolate band draped around the crown and a double bow at the back.

SPRING HATS

● Here are the hats some of Sydney's most fashion-conscious women will wear this season.



At left: Chic snood-style hat, in gold, navy, red-and-white patterned silk, is Mrs. Arthur Gollan's choice for spring and summer luncheons. Her smart hat wardrobe comprises mostly small, head-hugging styles, like this one by Langee.



At right: Scattered petals add a delightfully different touch to Mrs. Shirley McDonald's winged cloche, designed by Bill McCowage. Styled from stark white pique, the hat is highlighted by tiny sprays of translucent red glass berries.



Slashed with white, Mrs. Sam McMahon's large navy straw, by Pierre Balmain, is one of her favorite hats. Mrs. McMahon likes picture hats — "they make you feel glamorous."

EVENING GLAMOR



Mrs. Sid Griff in her formal black velvet pantsuit by Hermes. The jacket and vest are bound in black satin and the silk georgette blouse has ruffles down the front, around the cuffs, and is finished with a handmade flower at the neckline.



The elegance of a dress plus the ease of movement of pants combine in Mrs. Neville Christie's white french crepe evening duo, made by Morson Clift of Cassano. The dress is slit at hip level, revealing the beautifully cut pants, beaded with crystals and pearls to match the trim on the dress.



Above: Actor Roger Moore and his fiancée, Luisa Mattioli, at the London premier of the film "The Graduate." Miss Mattioli wore an exquisite flower-printed dress which had a deep V-neckline encrusted with jewels and beads.

Below: Kathy Harter, of California, takes a break from tennis action at the U.S. Open Championships to chat with Birger Roos on the sidelines. Her white mini-skirted dress was embroidered with racquets on the red band at the hemline.



Above: Princess Alexandra at a ball in London prior to the death of her mother, Princess Marina, looked charming in this silk evening-gown with an all-over pattern of crystals and pearls. Her diamond- and-pearl tiara matched her necklace.

At left: Actress Jane Russell and Roger Barrett after their wedding in Beverly Hills, California. The bride wore a long-sleeved plain silk dress with a printed sleeveless coat. Mr. Barrett completed his all-white Edwardian-style outfit with a cravat.

At right: Marlene Dietrich at London's Heathrow Airport in a three-piece suit—a black-and-white checked jacket and skirt and black overblouse—with a black "Bonnie" beret.





Guests at a London wedding. Above: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, in a green silk ensemble and matching hat trimmed with lily of the valley, talks to Mr. Noel Coward, who was sartorially splendid in striped pants, a cutaway coat, and camel-colored waistcoat. At right: Lord and Lady Brunfield arriving at the reception. Lady Brunfield wore a superb black silk skimmer with a five-strand pearl necklet. Her husband's black-and-white tie was a striking contrast for his morning suit.



WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



**Brown-
and-white
check
ginghams**

Check cotton shift with Chinese collar and braid trim. \$10.50. Josephine-line design with rick-rack braid trim. \$7.50. Available in aqua and navy with white as well as brown and white. XSSW-SW. By Casual Trend. (Curzons, Sportswear, 3rd floor.)

The Editor
Women's Weekly presents . . .

TOYS AND GIFTS

TO MAKE FOR
Christmas

Sheer delight for any child — this mod menagerie of beasts and birds to knit in wayout colors. Directions start page 2. Also in this book are fun toys to sew, plus some enchanting gifts designed for girls.



A Mod Menagerie to Knit

In color on page 1

KING OF THE BEASTS



Materials: 4 balls gold Patons Skol-Patonised (color A); 1 ball orange (B); 1 ball dark gold (C); small quantities black and contrasting colors for embroidery; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Phantom crochet hook.

Note: This article has been designed for this yarn only, which is used double throughout.

Size: 13in. long to base of tail.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1in. with double yarn.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; "bobble," k into front, back, front, back, then front again of next st., sl. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of these sts. over last st.

FRONT LEGS

Cast on 5 sts.

1st Row (wrong side facing): (Bobble, p 1) twice, bobble.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2.

3rd Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 2½in., ending with a p row. Break yarn and leave sts. on a safety-pin for 1st 3 legs. For 4th leg, cont. for body as follows: K across leg, cast on 3 sts., work across next leg, cast on 10 sts.,

work across next leg, cast on 3 sts., work across last leg. (32 sts.)

Next Row: Purl.

Work in st-st. until body measures 4in. from top of legs, ending with p row.

Next Row: Cast off 19 sts., k across rem. sts. for head. **Next Row:** Purl.

Work in st-st. until head measures 2in. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and alt. rows twice. (9 sts.) Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front, omitting bobbles, until body measures 4in. from top of legs, ending with k row.

Next Row: Cast off 19 sts. P across rem. sts. for head.

Complete head as for front.

TO MAKE UP

Sew front and back tog., leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff firmly. Stitch opening.

Tail: Cut 6 strands A 12in. long and plait for tail. Sew to body. Cut 6 strands each of A, B, and C, 8in. long. Bind tog. in middle and sew to end of tail for tassel. Using contrasting colors single, embroider all features in ch-st. as in photograph. (See page 1.)

Mane: Cut B and C in 8in. lengths. Draw a strand halfway through a st. at edge of face, and knot both halves of strand tog. twice. Cover back of head and around face with knotted strands, occasionally pulling through and knotting 2 strands at a time. In a st. at top of head, draw three 12in. strands halfway through, and knot. Plait these lengths tog. Make a similar plait at side of head.

Whiskers: Cut 2 strands of B, 6in. long (use picture as guide), draw a whisker through a st. on cheek, then bring out strand through another st. ¼in. away. Make knots close to cheek to prevent yarn from pulling through. Repeat on other cheek.

Flowers (make 2): Using scraps of yarn, make 4 ch., join with sl. st. to form ring. (5 ch., 1 d.c. in ring) 5 times. Break off. With contrasting yarn, tie a flower to each plaited section of mane.

CARROT-POWER COTTONTAIL



Materials: 2 balls white Patons Skol-Patonised (color A); 1 ball each of red (B), gold (C), bright pink (D), and green (E); small quantities of contrasting colors for embroidery; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles.

Note: This toy has been designed for Patons Skol-Patonised yarn only, which is used double throughout.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1in. with double yarn.

Abbreviations: Y.f., yarn front; y.b., yarn back.

FRONT

Right Leg: Starting at foot, using A, cast on 11 sts., work in st-st. for 5 rows.

6th Row: Cast off 5 sts., p to end, break off A. **7th Row:** Using C, k 3; using B, k 3. **8th Row:** P 3B, p 3C. **9th Row:** K 3C, k 3B. **10th Row:** P 3C, p 3B. **11th Row:** K 3B, k 3C. **12th Row:** As 10th row.

Cont. in checkerboard pattern for 6 more rows, ending with p row. Place sts. on safety-pin.

Left Leg: Using A, cast on 11 sts. Beg. with p row, work in st-st. for 5 rows.

6th Row: Cast off 5 sts., break off A. Using B, k 2; using C, k 3.

7th Row: P 3C, p 3B.

8th Row: K 3B, k 3C.

Work in checkerboard patt. as for right leg, ending with p row.

Body—1st Row: K 3B, k 3C across leg sts.; cast on 3 sts. B, k 3C, k 3B across right leg sts. (15 sts.)

Cont. in checkerboard patt. for 5 more rows, ending with p row. Break off yarns.

Join in D and E for shirt.

1st Row: K 1D, (k 1E, k 1D) 7 times. **2nd Row:** P 1D, (p 1E, p 1D) 7 times.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, place colored thread at each end of needle to mark underarm. Cont. in patt. until body measures 4½in. from top of legs.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Break off D and E.

Head: Using A, work in st-st. until head measures 3in. Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front, reversing colors in checkerboard patt. Sew front and back tog. around head and shoulder only.

Left Arm: Join in D and E at left underarm, marker on front. Pick up and k 1E, 1D for 10 sts. to back underarm marker. Cont. in striped st-st. until arm measures 2in. Cast off.

Right Arm: Work as given for left arm.

EARS (make 2)

Starting at base of ear with A, cast on 8 sts. Work in double knitting as follows:

1st Row: (K 1, y.f., sl. 1 purlways, y.b.) 4 times.

Rep. last row until work measures 3½in.; cut yarn, leaving 10in. end. Thread end in needle, run needle through 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 7th sts. Sl. all sts. off needle and put 4 free sts. back on needle. Pull yarn tightly, then, starting with 8th st., run needle through 4 sts. on needle. Sl. them off needle, pull yarn tightly, fasten off. Sew ears in place.

TO MAKE UP

Sew rest of rabbit tog., leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff firmly. Sew up opening.

Features: Embroider mouth, nose, eyes in stem-st. and satin-st. with black yarn. Work cheeks in satin-stitch with red yarn.

Carrots (make 3): Cut 16 strands lightweight green yarn 8in. long. Holding strands tog., and starting 1in. from one end, wrap orange yarn tightly around strands for about 3in. Wrap

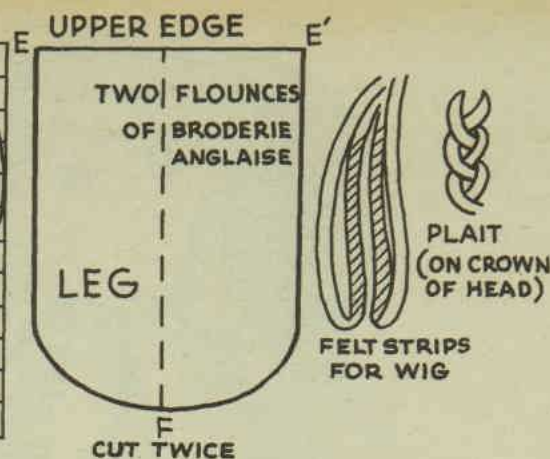
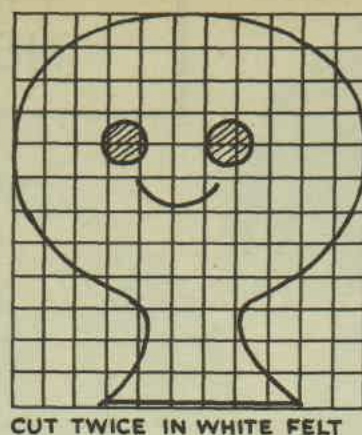
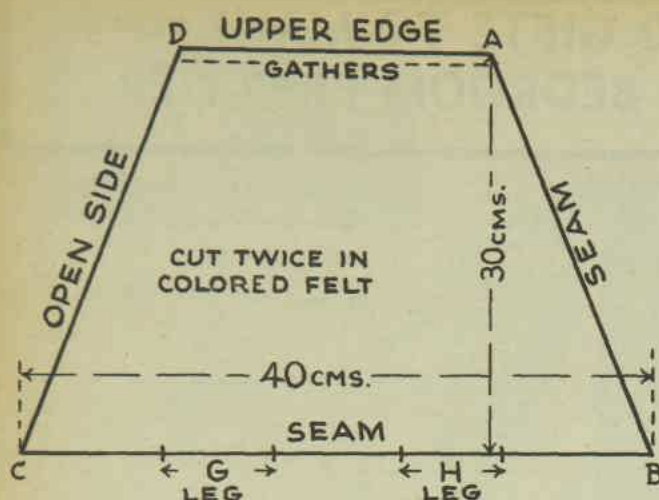
To page 5

The Australian Women's Weekly, October 2, 1968

TWO GIFTS TO MAKE HER BEDROOM PRETTIER



● A cute French doll that is a pyjama case in disguise and a dainty lamp to match make an unusual set of gifts for a girl. Choose colors and fabrics to suit her bedroom. Directions and diagrams for making the set are overleaf.



Diagrams (above) are a guide for cutting pattern pieces for doll pyjama-case and lamp (in color, page 3). Scale for doll's face is one square equals one centimetre (use metric ruler to make patterns).

Doll pyjama-case

In color on page 3

SOME measurements are given in centimetres, so, before starting to make the doll pyjama-case and the lampshade and stand, invest in a ruler marked in centimetres.

Materials: 1yd. patterned cotton fabric (36in. wide); same amount of felt to tone; 1½yd. broderie anglaise edging; about ¾yd. white felt (for head and legs); 1½yd. ribbon; thread to match fabrics; pink, red, and black felt pens; soft filling.

Diagrams (above) show sections to cut. First diagram at left shows trap-

ezium shape of pieces of felt which make the hidden pyjama-case. The same trapezium shape is used to cut patterned fabric for doll's dress.

Each leg piece is a rectangle (20cm. x 14½ to 15cm.) with lower edge curved. Flounces of broderie anglaise are stitched along upper edge of each leg to give the effect of frilled panties.

Cutting guide for doll's head is drawn to a scale of one square to one centimetre. To make this pattern, enlarge diagram to scale on squared paper, then cut out.

TO MAKE

Cut pattern pieces. Then, from white felt, cut head twice. Join on wrong side, leaving base of neck open for filling. Turn inside out, fill firmly, stitch opening securely.

Cut two trapeziums in colored felt. Join from A to B and B to C. (Leave side C to D open to take pyjamas.) Turn inside out, run a gathering thread along upper edge on back and front. Enclose neck of doll in opening formed

by these gathers, draw up, and stitch firmly to secure head to felt body.

Cut legs from white felt. Make each piece into a cylindrical shape by folding along dotted line and stitching from E-E' to F. Turn inside out. (Seam marks back of leg). Fill firmly. Attach broderie anglaise flounces to top of legs to give effect of frilled panties. Stitch legs to base of felt body at places marked G and H.

Dress: Cut two trapeziums of printed fabric (same size as felt ones). Join sides (A to B) and (C to D). Hem upper and lower edges (hems ¾in. wide). Finish lower edge with broderie anglaise. Thread ribbon through upper hem. Place dress on doll, drawing ribbon firmly round the neck and tying.

Face: Use felt pens, black for eyes, red for lips, and pink for cheeks.

Wig: Cut narrow strips of felt (about 8cm. long). Loop them as shown in diagram above and plait the ends. Stitch plaited section to crown of doll's head along the join.

Lampshade and stand

In color on page 3

Materials: For the stand—1 wooden skittle (or spiral leg from old chair, etc.) about 12 to 15in. high; piece of wood 6in. square for base; screws or glue; white paint. For the shade—1 lampshade frame (about 10 to 12in. diameter); 1yd. same patterned fabric as dress for doll pyjama-case; 1yd. white lining; ribbon.

TO MAKE

Attach skittle firmly to wooden base with screws or glue. Have the stand wired for electricity, then paint white (two coats).

Cut out two trapeziums (as for doll pyjama-case) from patterned fabric and two from lining. Join each patterned piece to each lining, then join two sections at sides (A to B and C to D). Hem upper edge, thread with ribbon and gather to fit top of frame. If liked, trim lower edge of shade with broderie anglaise.

A Mod Menagerie . . . continued

twice more around top section to shape carrot. Fasten ends.

Note: Extra green yarn at upper end acts as carrot tops. With green yarn, bind carrot tops tog., close to carrots. Plait 3 triple strands green tog. to fit around rabbit's arm. Sl. plait end through yarn binding carrot tops. Join plait to form circle. Sl. over arm.

Tail: Cut 30 strands A 3½ in. long. Tie tog. in centre and sew in place.

CAT OF SUPER COLORS



Materials: 4 balls Patons Jet-Patons green (color A); 4 balls yellow (color B); 1 ball purple for ruffle; small quantities black and contrasting colors for embroidery; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles, 1 No. 7 Phantom crochet hook.

Note: This article has been designed for this yarn only, which is used double throughout.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble.

Size: 13 in. long to base of tail.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1 in. with double yarn.

FRONT LEGS

Using A, cast on 5 sts., join in B.

1st Row: (K 1A, k 1B) twice, k 1A.

2nd Row: (P 1A, p 1B) twice, p 1A.

Rep. last 2 rows until leg measures 4½ in., ending with p row. Break yarn, leave sts. on safety-pin for first 3 legs.

For last leg, cont. for body as follows:

1st Row: K 3B, k 2A, cast on 1 st. A, then 2 sts. B; next leg k 1B, k 3A, k 1B, cast on 2 sts. B, then 3 sts. A, 3 sts. B, and 2 sts. A; next leg k 1A, k 3B, k 1A, cast on 2 sts. A, then 1 st. B, last leg k 2B, k 3A. (36 sts.)

2nd Row: (P 3A, p 3B) 6 times.

3rd Row: (K 3B, k 3A) 6 times.

4th Row: (P 3B, p 3A) 6 times.

5th Row: (K 3A, k 3B) 6 times.

6th Row: As 4th row.

Work 6 rows in checkerboard patt., dec. 1 st. at end of every k row (tail end of cat). (Four bands of checkerboard squares completed.)

13th Row: K 15B, complete row in checkerboard, dec. 1 st. at end of row.

14th Row: Work to last 15 sts., p 15B.

Rep. 13th and 14th rows once, then 13th row once. Cast off 15 sts. for back in patt., break off A; with B, p rem. 15 sts. for head.

HEAD

Work evenly in st-st. for 2 in. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row 4 times. (7 sts.) Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front until 6 rows of body have been worked (2 bands of squares). Cont. in checkerboard patt., dec. 1 st. at beg. of every k row 6 times, ending with p row.

Next Row: Cast off 15 sts. for back. K across rem. 15 sts. in checkerboard patt. for head. Cont. in checkerboard patt., working back of head in same manner as front.

TAIL

With A, cast on 6 sts. Working in st-st., work (4 rows A, 2 rows B) 6 times, 4 rows A. Cast off. Sew long edges tog., drawing up sts. slightly so that tail curls.

Wrap B 5 times round index and middle fingers. Slip loops off fingers and, using contrasting color, bind tightly round centre. Sew to end of tail.

TO MAKE UP

Sew front and back tog., leaving opening for filling. Fill firmly, stitch opening. Sew tail in place. Using contrasting colors (single yarn), embroider all features except cheeks in chain-stitch and cheeks in satin-stitch.

RIGHT EAR

Commence at base. Cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: K 4, k 2 tog.

2nd Row: P 2 tog., p 3.

3rd Row: K 2, k 2 tog.

4th Row: P 2 tog., p 1.

5th Row: K 2 tog. Fasten off.

LEFT EAR

Cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 4.

2nd Row: P 3, p 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 2.

4th Row: P 1, p 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Sew ears in place.

RUFFLE

With crochet hook and purple yarn, make an uneven number of ch. long enough to go around cat's neck.

1st Row: Miss 2 ch., 1 h.tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss 1 h.tr., * (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next h.tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next h.tr., 1 ch., rep. from * to end, 5 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in next ch. space, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch. space, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Sew ruffle around neck.

MOPSY BIRD



Materials: 2 balls white Patons Skol-Patons (color A), 2 balls black (B), 1 ball red (C); 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Phantom crochet hook.

Note: This article has been designed for Patons Skol-Patons yarn only. Yarn is used double.

Size: 14 in. from tip of beak to tail.

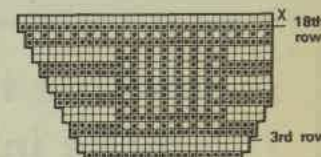
Tension: 3 sts. to 1 in. with double yarn.

Abbreviations: Loop-st., loop yarn 3 in. over index finger of left hand, insert hook in next st., and draw bit of both strands of loop through sts., remove finger from loop yarn over hook, draw yarn through all loops on hook; ch., chain.

BODY

Beg. at lower edge and, using B, cast on 21 sts.

1st Row: Knit.



COLOR KEY

□ white ■ black

2nd Row: Using A, p, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

Cont. in st-st., and, starting with 3rd row of chart (above), follow chart from right to left on k rows and left to right on p rows. Inc. at edges indicated on chart. Work to end of 18th row. (34 sts.)

19th Row: K 12A, place sts. on safety-pin for head, k across rem. sts. for back. Work other side of bird by reading chart from top to bottom.

20th Row: P 22A, cast on 12 sts. (34 sts.) Cont. by starting with 18th row and dec. at edge indicated on chart. (21 sts.) Cast off.

HEAD

Place sts. from safety-pin on needle. Using A, work in st-st. for 1½ in., place marker at front of head to indicate top of beak. Work even for 1½ in.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next row. Work 1 row. Cast off rem. 10 sts., pick up 12 sts. along cast-on edge for other side of head.

Work to correspond with other side. Sew halves of head tog. from markers to back.

Beak: With bird facing right, join in C at point X on chart and knit up 11 sts. to point X on back, knitting up centre st. from head seam. Work 3 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 3. Work 3 rows in st-st.

9th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 2. 10th Row: Purl. 11th Row: (K 1, k 2 tog.) twice, k 1. (5 sts.)

12th Row: Purl. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew rest of bird tog., leaving opening

To page 10

TOYS AND GIFTS — Page 5

Four fun toys to make in felt

... a zebra, a llama, and, overleaf,
a hare and a baby bull.



STRIPEY the ZEBRA

GUIDE to cutting pattern pieces for the zebra is on opposite page.

Materials: White felt; remnants black and brown felt; soft filling.

Cut out pattern pieces as shown in cutting guide. Then, from white felt, cut part A (body) twice, part B (legs) 8 times, part C (head) once, part D (ears) twice. Cut all parts except D with $\frac{1}{8}$ in. seam allowance.

BODY

Join leg pieces two by two, leaving upper ends open. Insert head part between crosses on one part A, then join both A parts together but leave opening in lower seam for filling. Turn legs and body right side out, fill firmly. Stitch openings securely. Join legs to body. Fold ear pieces at base, sew narrowed base to head.

To make tail, cut a piece of white felt $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. and a piece of black felt $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Fold black piece in half breadthwise, fringe nearly as far as fold (see picture). Roll up, join at back edge, then join this black section to inside edge of white felt. Roll up white section, stitch securely. Stitch completed tail to zebra's body.

Cut stripes from black felt (making a point at both ends of each strip). Glue to body and legs as illustrated.

FACE AND MANE

Cut narrow strip of brown felt for mouth and two spots for nose. Glue or stitch to head. For eyes, cut strip of brown felt (pointed at both ends), make into round shape as shown, fringe at equal intervals. Glue or stitch in position.

To make mane, cut strip of black felt $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. biased at both ends so that ends are only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Fold strip in half lengthwise, fringe on raw edges (see picture). Stitch mane along head and neck seam.

I am Stripey, a toy zebra with long legs and a pretty black mane. I am nearly 10 in. tall. Directions, above, tell how to make me.

The Australian Women's Weekly, October 2, 1968



LETTY the LLAMA

LETTY is the prettiest llama ever. Make her in felt of two colors (we used white and blue) and embroider her with sprigs of flowers and a surprised eye.

Saddle-stitching is used to join the various sections on the outside.

Materials: 2 skeins Clark's Anchor stranded cotton in blue, 1 skein in white (use 3 strands throughout); 1 Milward's Gold Seal Crewel needle No. 6; white felt (2 pieces 22in. x 10in.), blue felt (1 piece about 22in. x 10in. or use odd pieces); $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. blue ribbon (1in. wide); soft filling.

TO MAKE

Use cutting guide (right) to make patterns. Each square of diagram represents 1 inch. Copy diagrams on to

paper ruled in 1in. squares, then cut out.

Then cut section A (main body shape) from white felt once, then in reverse once. Cut section B (inner legs) from feet to dotted line twice from blue felt. From white felt cut C (back gusset) once, D (front body gusset) once, E (front face gusset) once, F (ears) twice, and H (tail) twice.

Cut section G (inner ears) 4 times from blue felt and J (foot bases) 4 times from blue felt.

Note: When cutting felt pieces allow small margin for seams.

For embroidery follow diagram (below right). The letters represent stitches used and are: B (button-stitch), C (cross-stitch), D (daisy-stitch), S (satin-stitch), U (stem-stitch). Work nose in satin-stitch and mouth in stem-stitch.

Before making up llama embroider flowers on the two main body sections. Then join inner legs across straight upper edges; place between two embroidered sides of toy and join round corresponding parts with saddle-stitch, using white thread.

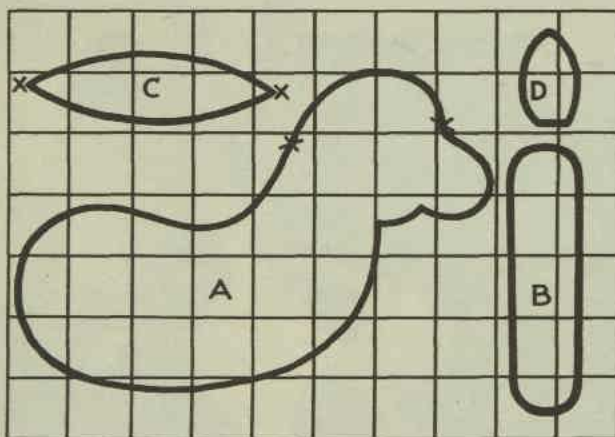
Fill legs and insert foot bases before continuing body (round sticks may be inserted into legs to give better balance). Continue stitching round body, inserting front body gusset between dots (as shown on diagram) and front face gusset. Leave back gusset until last (see directions below). Work stitching on outline of face through both sides to make jaw stand out.

Fill toy between dots marked on llama's back (diagram at right), then insert back gusset between these dots.

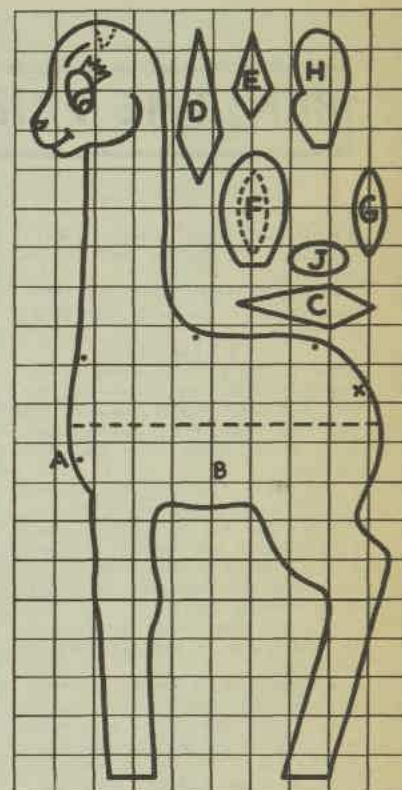
Stitch blue inner sections of ears to white ear sections, oversew in position on head. Join two tail sections; fill lightly and oversew to llama at cross marked on diagram.

Finish toy with ribbon bow.

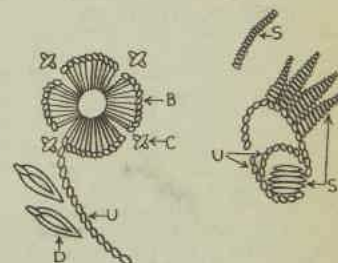
CUTTING GUIDE for Stripey the Zebra



Scale used in diagram for cutting patterns for Stripey the Zebra (shown in color on opposite page) is 1in. for each square. Copy diagrams on to paper ruled in 1in. squares.



Cutting guide for Letty the Llama is shown above, embroidery key below. See directions for making toy at left.



BEN THE FRIENDLY BABY BULL

DIAGRAMS for cutting pattern pieces for the toy bull are on page ten.

Materials: Yellow felt; felt remnants in brown, red, white, and black; soft filling.

TO MAKE

Cut pattern pieces as shown in cutting guide. Then, from yellow felt, cut part A-B twice; part B (inside of legs from dotted line) twice; part C (head) once. When cutting allow $\frac{1}{8}$ in. extra for seams.

Join parts A-B to parts B, then turn right side of legs out. Insert part C between crosses on A-B, then place right sides of A-B together and join, leaving opening beneath body for filling. Turn right side out, fill firmly, stitch opening securely.

Cut ears from brown felt (part D in guide), join to head as shown in picture.

To make bull's horns, cut two strips of brown felt $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., cutting one edge on the bias so that upper edge is about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Roll up and stitch. Make another horn in same manner. Stitch horns to head (see picture).

Cut two spots from white felt and two from black for eyes; glue to head. Accentuate nose with two spots of brown felt.

FINISHING TOUCHES

Cut several spots from brown felt and glue to bull's body as shown. From red felt cut strip 8 in. x 1 in. Sew white trim down middle (ric-rac braid or felt). Cut one end to a point, place band round neck, join to curtaining and sew a small bell in front.

To make tail, cut a strip of yellow felt about $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. and a brown strip 1 in. x $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. Fringe brown strip (see picture), then join to inside edge of yellow strip. Roll up tail, stitch securely, and join to body.



My name is Ben. I'm just a baby bull, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. high to the tips of my horns. I'm friendly and cuddly, and round my neck I wear a bell. Directions for making me are at left, cutting guide on page 10.



CUTTING guide for Harriet Hare is shown on the next page.

Materials: Orange felt; remnants of white and brown felt; small piece of white, long-haired plush or similar material (for ear linings and tail); waxed thread or other stiff thread for whiskers; blue ribbon.

TO MAKE

Cut pattern pieces as shown in cutting guide. Then, from orange felt, cut part A (body) twice, part B (underbody and legs) twice, part C (head) once, part D (ear) twice. Cut part D again (twice) from plush, also part E (tail) twice from plush. Allow $\frac{1}{8}$ in. all round for seams.

Join each part A to each part B, turn right side out. Insert head between crosses on parts A, then join both body sections leaving opening for filling in belly. Turn right side out, fill firmly, stitch opening.

Join parts E (tail), leaving open the back seam, which must be sewn to body. Make ears by joining a felt section to a plush one, and leaving lower part open. Turn ears and tail inside out. Fill tail tightly, stitch to body. Close lower edge of ears, make small dart at lower edge, and stitch narrowed edge to head.

EYES AND NOSE

For eyes, cut two oval pieces from white felt and two spots from brown felt. Glue or stitch to hare's head as illustrated. Accentuate mouth with narrow strip of brown felt.

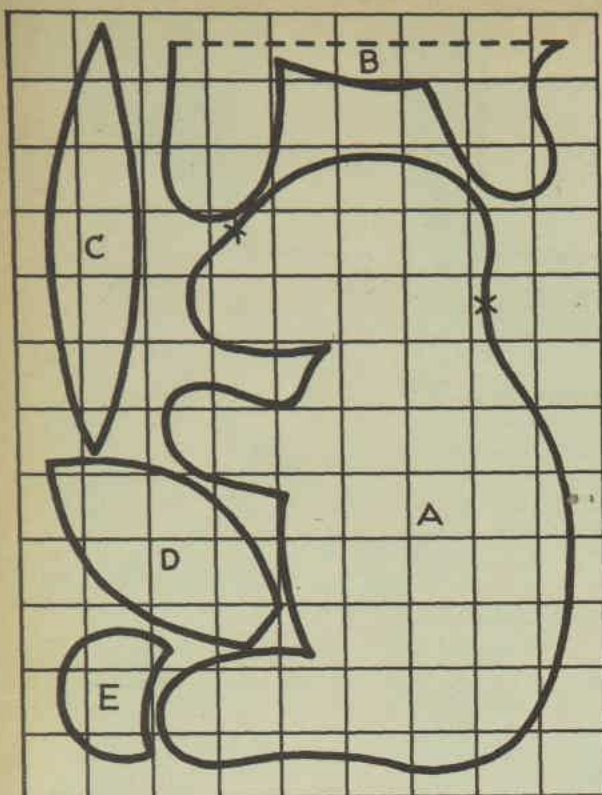
Make nose from two small half-circles of brown felt. Join curved edges, turn right side out, fill loosely, pucker at front edge. Stitch nose to head.

For whiskers, thread stiff black thread through nose (see picture). Tie ribbon round neck, finishing with big bow.

I'm Harriet. Like all hares I have long, soft ears and a fluffy tail. Make me from orange felt and give me a pretty bow. Directions are above and diagrams overleaf.

HARRIET HARE





Cutting guide for BEN the BABY BULL

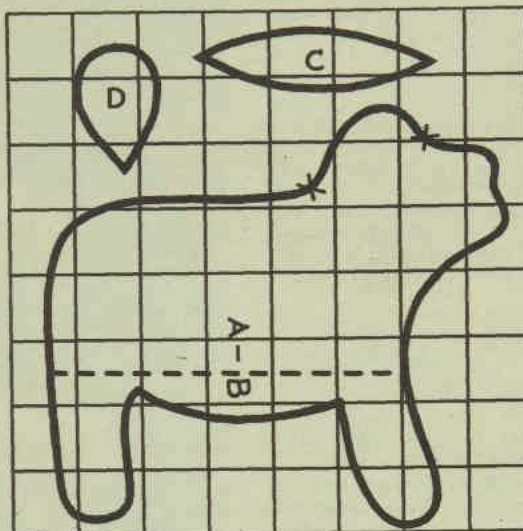
In color on page 8

Each square on diagram at right equals one inch. To make pattern pieces, enlarge diagram on squared paper, then cut out. When cutting various sections in felt, allow 3-8th in. for seams on parts A-B, B, and C. Crosses on part A indicate placement of head section (see page 8).

Cutting guide for HARRIET HARE

In color on page 9

One square equals one inch. Enlarge diagram (left) to scale on squared paper and cut out pattern pieces. When cutting various sections in felt, allow 3-8th in. all round for seams. Crosses on part A show where to insert head section C (see directions for Harriet Hare page 9).



A Mod Menagerie . . .

continued

for stuffing. Stuff. Sew up opening.

Embroidery: Using yarn (single thread), embroider all features as shown in photograph. (In color, page 1.)

Crest: Using C double, crochet ch. to go along seam on head from lin. above beak to back.

1st Row: Work loop-st. in each ch. to end. Fasten off. Sew crest along seam on head.

HIPPIE-POTAMUS



Materials: 3 balls bright pink Patons Jet Patonised (color A), 3 balls green (color B), and scraps of white and aqua; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles.

Note: This toy has been designed for Patons Jet Patonised yarn only. Yarn is used double throughout.

Size: 14in. from nose to base of tail. Tension: 3 sts. to 1in. with double yarn.

BODY

Beg. at bottom of right hind leg, with B, cast on 10 sts. Attach A.

1st Row: (K 1A, k 1B) 5 times.

2nd Row: (P 1B, p 1A) 5 times.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until leg measures 2½in., ending with p row. Place sts. on safety-pin, make right front leg in same manner, and leave sts. on needle.

Next Row: K in patt. across front leg, cast on (1A, 1B) 5 times. (10 sts.) Work across next leg in patt.

Work in patt. on 30 sts. for 4in. Work 4 more rows, dec. 1 st. at end of every k row. (2 sts. dec.). Place marker at opposite edge (neck edge). Cont. by working other side of hippo in same patt., inc. 1 st. at dec. edge every alt. row twice. Work even on 30 sts. for 4in., ending with p row.

To page 13

All these toys from one basic pattern

THESE attractive, cuddly toys are easy and inexpensive to make. Diagram for cutting the basic pattern is on page 12.

To draw pattern enlarge diagram to scale on lin.-squared paper.

BASIC BODY

Materials: One-third yard of material. For filling use teased cotton, shippings of fabric or stockings, crumb foam plastic, or other material which will make toy washable.

Note: Basic body pattern does not include seams.

Cut out body pattern. Pin to double thickness of ironed material; then carefully draw round pattern to mark an accurate shape. Allow $\frac{1}{4}$ in. all round for seam, and cut out.

Pin two shapes together. Following pencilled outline seam carefully, leaving openings between A and B, and C and D (see diagram, page 12) for filling.

Trim seam; snip material between raw edge and seam at sides of neck, under arms, and at strain point between legs. Turn body inside out. Use index finger to ease out curves. Iron body flat.

Fill toy until it is about 1 in. thick all over but still feels soft. Stitch openings and brush down with clothes brush.

BASIC FACE

Features can be appliqued with scraps of colored linen or ribbon. They can be embroidered or simply drawn with felt pens, marking ink, or soft pencils. (Note: Marking inks tend to spread when applied to fabric, so make markings small to begin with and enlarge a little at a time.)

Using face pattern as a guide (see page 12), make a stencil by cutting out eyes, nose, and mouth. Place stencil on face of doll and outline features lightly in pencil.

To page 12

TOYS AND GIFTS — Page 11

Rag dolls, golliwogs, teddy, pussy, little pink pig, and the gingerbread man—make them all from the one simple pattern. Directions at right.

All these toys from one basic pattern . . . continued

Note: Separate sketch for golliwog face is shown at right.

GINGERBREAD MAN

Use gingerbread-color material. If liked, cut arms and legs a little shorter than for other toys. Make nose and mouth red, eyes black, and outer eye orange. Embroider buttons in black or mark them with felt pen.

Note: It is not advisable to use real buttons on toys for very small children.

RAG DOLL

Make body from white material. Cut nose from scrap of white fabric, gather with small running stitch. Leave thread on needle, put some filling into centre of nose, then pull gathering thread around filling, secure with stitches. Stitch nose to face.

For eyes use buttons or embroider. Applique, embroider, or draw mouth, mark eyebrows. Make hands and hair as for golliwogs. (See below.) If you cannot obtain fringe of correct color, dye some white fringe.

Make a simple dress from pretty fabric and trimming.

BOY AND GIRL GOLLIWOGS

Make body in black material. Applique facial features with scraps of linen or ribbon, using white cotton to stitch eyes and red for mouth. Mark in iris of eyes with black felt pen, pencil, or marking ink.

The hair is made from one-inch-wide fringe available at most chain or department stores. Use black or dye white fringe. You will need 1 yard thick double fringe or 1½ yards single fringe.

To make hair, start at centre back of golliwog's head with a small circle of fringe and sew on remainder in a spiral about one-third of an inch apart to outer edge.

For hands wind black cotton round wrist three times, secure with stitch or knot.

Make a simple dress for girl golliwog from scraps of colorful material and trimming. For boy, make gay trousers and jacket.

For his vest and bow use a length of satin ribbon 21in. x 2in. Cut off 7in.

for vest, fold in two, and cut raw edges to shape (see picture page 11). Fold satin side in and sew round edge. With remainder of ribbon make a tailored bow. Join at centre back and catch to neckline of coat.

Put coat on golliwog. Turn lower fronts under about ½in. and pin vest in position. Attach coat to vest with four small buttons.

LITTLE PIG

Make basic body in pink fabric. Make two ears. Pin a tuck on either side of each ear at an angle so that ear will curve forward. Sew ears in this position to back of head. Also catch down in front at edge of face with hidden stitches. Make snout from two small pieces of fabric. Join. Pack firmly with filling.

Pin snout in place. Start with a strong stitch in upper centre face and sew on snout. Do other features with black marking ink or felt pen or embroider in black.

Dress pig in trousers with shoulder straps.

PUSSY CAT

This toy is best made in velvet or fur fabric. Sew on Little Pig type ears, taking one tuck in each ear about a third of the way from the start. Shape ears to curve forward and stitch to back of head about half an inch from edge.

Lightly mark in facial features using stencil as explained above. If using fur fabric, cut fur back to linen base with nail scissors wherever features go. Embroider or mark in features.

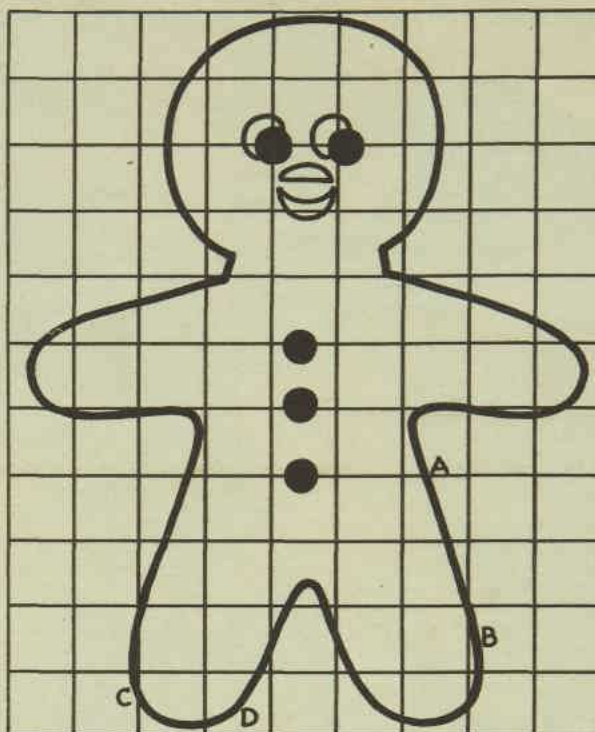
Hands are made by winding matching cotton around arms and knees by winding matching cotton round legs. Secure with firm stitches. Finish neck with pretty bow.

TEDDY BEAR

The teddy bear shown was made from a terry-towelling napkin, but other materials are suitable. Make ears, using two pieces for each ear and join to head securely, gathering a little to shape. Mark in facial features as for Pussy Cat.



Guide to cutting basic pattern for toys on page 11 is shown below. Each square represents 1in. Enlarge diagram to scale on squared paper, then cut out. Make legs longer or shorter as required. Fill toy between A and B, C and D. Face on basic pattern is suitable for rag doll and gingerbread man; use the face at left when making the golliwogs.



A Mod Menagerie . . . continued

Next Row: Work in patt. across 10 sts. (front leg), place them on safety-pin, cast off 10 sts., k across rem. sts. (hind leg). Work even on 10 sts. of hind leg for 2½ in. Cast off.

Place sts. from front leg on needle, join in A and B, and work to correspond.

LEG GUSSETS (make 2)

With B, cast on 8 sts. Work in st-st. for 5 in., cast off.

HEAD

With hippo facing to right, attach A at top of right front leg. K up 15 sts. along edge to marker, k up 15 sts. along opposite side of body to top of left front leg. (30 sts.) Cont. in st-st. until head measures 4 in., ending with p row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 11, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 11, k 2 tog. **Next Row:** Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 9, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 9, k 2 tog. **Next Row:** Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 7, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 7, k 2 tog. Cast off.

Ears (make 2): Beg. at base and using A, cast on 5 sts. Work in st-st. for 3 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next row. Work 2 rows. K 3 tog. Fasten off.

Teeth (make 2): With white, cast on 3 sts., work 3 rows st-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew seams, sew gussets in place, leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff. Sew up opening.

Tail: Cut 15 in. strand of A. Draw strand halfway through st., at back of hippo. Tie ends into knot at centre. Cont. tying knots, one after another, for 3 in. Tie small piece of B round ends.

Necklace: Starting at long edge with B, cast on 30 sts. P 1 row (right side), k 1 row. Cast off purlways. Follow photograph (color, page 1), work french knots with A, about 1 in. apart, along centre of necklace. Sew around neck.

Features: Using contrasting colors (single yarn), embroider all features. Sew teeth in place, using purl side for right side, sew ears in place. Thread

strand of A. Fasten in head seam under chin and run through sts. around head about 3 in. from 1st row of head. Pull strand slightly to shape muzzle, fasten off.

WIGGY BIRD



Materials: 2 balls orange Patons Skol-Patons (color A), 2 balls red (B), small quantities contrasting colors for embroidery; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Phantom crochet hook.

Note: This toy has been designed for Patons Skol-Patons yarn only. It is used double throughout.

Size: 14½ in. from tip of beak to tail.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1 in. with double yarn.

Abbreviations: Loop-st., loop yarn 3½ in. over index finger of left hand, insert hook in next st., and draw bit of both strands of loop through st., remove finger from loop; yarn over hook, draw yarn through all loops on hook; ch., chain.

BODY

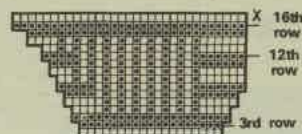
Beg. at lower edge with A, cast on 17 sts.

1st Row: Knit. **2nd Row:** P, inc. 1 st. at each end of row. Join in B.

Cont. in st-st. and beg. with 3rd row of chart (above right), follow chart from right to left on k rows and from left to right on p rows. Inc. 1 st. at edges as shown on chart and cast on 2 sts. at end of 13th and 15th rows. Work to end of 16th row. (31 sts.)

17th Row: Using A, k 11 and leave these sts. on safety-pin for head. K across rem. 20 sts. for back. Work other side of bird by reading chart from top to bottom as follows:

Next Row: Using A, p 20, turn, cast on 11 sts. (31 sts.) **Next Row:** Using B, knit. **Next Row:** Using B, cast off 2 sts., p across rem. sts. **Next Row:**



COLOR KEY

□ orange ■ red

Follow chart across as 14th row. **Next Row:** Using A, cast off 2 sts., p across rem. sts., following chart.

Cont. by reading chart from top to bottom, starting with 12th row and dec. at edge shown on chart. Cast off rem. 17 sts.

HEAD

Place sts. from safety-pin on needle and work in st-st. for 1½ in. Place marker at front edge of head to indicate top of beak. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row twice. (7 sts.) Cast off. Pick up 11 sts. along cast-on edge for other side of head. Work to correspond with other side. Sew halves of head tog. from markers to back.

BEAK

With bird facing right, join in B at point X on chart and k up 11 sts. to point X on back, knitting up centre st. from head seam. Work 3 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 3. Work 3 rows st-st.

9th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 2, work 3 rows st-st.

13th Row: (K 1, k 2 tog.) twice, k 1. Work 3 rows st-st.

17th Row: K 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog.

18th Row: P 3 tog. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew rest of bird tog., leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff. Sew up opening.

Crest: Using A and hook, make 14 ch., join with sl-st. to form ring.

1st Round: Work loop-st. in each ch. around. Do not join at end of round. **2nd Round:** Work loop-st. in each st. around, sl-st. in next st. Fasten off. Fold ch-st. edge of crest tog. and

sew edge of last round to top of head.

Using contrasting colors (single yarn), embroider all features as shown in photograph (page 1).

FLOWER-BEARING BRUIN



Materials: 6 balls gold-brown Patons Jet-Patons yarn (color A), 2 balls olive (B), small quantities black and contrasting colors for embroidery; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Phantom crochet hook.

Note: This toy has been designed for Patons Jet-Patons yarn only. It is used double throughout.

Size: 15½ in. tall.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1 in. with double yarn.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; "Bobble," k into front, back, front, back; then front again of next st., sl. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of these sts. over last st.

FRONT LEGS

Beg. at foot with A, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row (wrong side facing): (P 1, Bobble) 4 times, p 1. Work in st-st. until leg measures 4½ in., ending with p row. Place sts. on safety-pin. Make 2nd leg in same manner, leave sts. on needle.

BODY

1st Row: K across leg, cast on 1 st., work across other leg. (19 sts.) Cont. in st-st. until body measures 3 in. from top of legs. Place colored thread at each end of needle to mark underarm. Work even until work measures 10½ in. from toes.

To page 15

TOYS AND GIFTS — Page 13

Knitted bunny in a pretty dress



I'm Belinda. I am 12½ in. tall and you can knit me in fluffy mohair or smooth synthetic yarn. See directions at right.

Materials: 2 Balls Emu Filigree or 3 Balls Emu 12-ply Bri-Nylon; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; felt for inner ears and face; oddments of yarn for face; ¼ yd. material for dress; string for whiskers; 2 pipe-cleaners for ears.

Abbreviations: M.1, lift bar which lies between st. just worked and next st. on left-hand needle and k into back.

FIRST BACK

Cast on 4 sts. Work 2 rows in st-st. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row. Work 11 rows straight. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row. Work 1 row. Leave these 9 sts. on spare needle.

SECOND BACK

Cast on 4 sts. Work 1 row in st-st. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row. Work 12 rows straight. Inc. 1 st. at end of next row. Work 1 row. Leave these 9 sts. on spare needle.

FIRST FRONT

Cast on 2 sts. Work 2 rows in st-st. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Work 1 row. Inc. 1 st. at end of next row and beg. of foll. row. Leave these 6 sts. on spare needle.

SECOND FRONT

Cast on 2 sts. Work 1 row in st-st. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Work 2 rows straight. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row and end of foll. row. Leave these 6 sts. on spare needle.

To Join Fronts: K across 6 sts. of 1st front, cast on 8 sts., k across 6 sts. of 2nd front. (20 sts.) Work 9 rows in st-st., starting p row and inc. 1 st. at each end of 8th row. Leave these 22 sts. on spare needle.

To Join Back and Fronts: K across 9 sts. of 2nd back, cast on 4 sts. Work across 22 sts. of front thus:—k 10, m.1, k 2, m.1, k 10, cast on 4 sts., k across 9 sts. of 1st back. (50 sts.)

Next Row: P.

Next Row: K 24, m.1, k 2, m.1, k 24. (52 sts.) Cont. in this way, inc. at either side of two centre sts. on every k row until inc. to 56 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 25, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 25. (54 sts.)

Next Row: Purl. Cont. in this way, dec. 1 st. either side of two centre sts. on every k row until 48 sts. rem.

To shape legs:

Next Row: P 23, cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K 21, k 2 tog., turn. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Work 16 rows straight.

To shape foot:

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Break yarn. Thread yarn through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off. Rejoin yarn to inner edge of rem. sts., k 2 tog., k to end. Comp. to match other leg.

ARMS (make 2)

Cast on 5 sts. Work 1 row. Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 17 rows straight.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog. across row. Break yarn, thread through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

HEAD

Cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: Inc. into 1st st., k to end.

2nd Row: Cast on 2 sts., p to last st., inc. into last st. Rep. last 2 rows once. Inc. 1 st. each end of next row.

Next Row: Inc. into 1st st., p to end.

Next Row: K to last st., inc. into last st.

Rep. last 2 rows twice. (25 sts.) Work three rows straight. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row twice. (22 sts.)

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows. Cast off rem. 8 sts.

Work another piece, reading k for p and p for k.

HEAD GUSSET

Cast on 4 sts. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 6th rows until inc. to 18 sts. Work 11 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th row until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. Fasten off.

Knitted bunny . . . continued

EARS (make 2)

Cast on 12 sts. Work 2 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 4, inc. into next 2 sts., k 4, inc. into last st.

Work 3 rows straight.

Next Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 6, inc. into next 2 sts., k 6, inc. into last st.

Cont. inc. this way on every foll. 4th row until inc. to 28 sts. Work 17 rows straight.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 8, k 2 tog., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 8, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6, k 2 tog., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6, k 2 tog., k 1.

Cont. in this way until 8 sts. rem. Work 1 row.

Next Row: K 2 tog. across row. Break yarn, thread through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

A Mod Menagerie . . . continued

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

HEAD

Inc. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 4 times. Work 4 rows even on 17 sts. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 4 times. Cast off rem. 9 sts.

BACK

Work as for front, omitting Bobbles. Sew front and back tog. around head and across shoulders only.

ARMS

Left Arm: Attach B at left underarm marking. K up 18 sts. to back marker. Beg. with P row, work in st-st. for 6 rows. Next Row (wrong side facing): P 10, (p 1, Bobble) 4 times, cast off.

Right Arm: Work to correspond with left arm, starting with Bobble at beg. of last row.

EARS (make 2)

Beg. at base of ear with B, cast on 6 sts. K 1 row. Working in g-st. (knit every row), inc. 1 st. at each end of

TO MAKE UP

Body: Join shoulder, centre back, and leg seams. Join arm seams and insert arms. Stuff firmly.

Head: Pin centre of gusset in position to two side pieces of head, pointed end of gusset to start at nose and other end to finish at cast-on edge of pieces. Join these two seams. Stuff firmly and join to body.

Fold ears in half lengthwise and join side seam. Sew felt to one side for inner ear. Insert pipe-cleaners into ears to stiffen. Attach ears to head. Embroider face as shown in picture.

Dress: Cut 2 pieces material 6in. x 9in., hem both 9in. edges. Join short edges tog. to form side seams, leaving 2 1/2 in. open either side for armholes. Catch shoulders tog. at extreme edge. Turn in armhole edges to neaten.

Run two rows of gathering thread round neck; do not fasten off.

Put dress on rabbit, draw up neck neatly to fit, and fasten off each thread securely.

using contrasting color, tie tightly around centre of loops. Make 7 flowers in all and sew evenly spaced to ch. Tie ch. around neck and tack in place.

BANGLE-BELL BOSSY



Materials: 2 balls bone Patons Jet-Patons (color A), 2 balls dark brown (color B), 2 balls light brown (color C); small quantities black and contrasting colors for necklace and embroidery; 1 pair No. 2 Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Phantom crochet hook.

Note: This article has been designed for Patons Jet-Patons yarn only. It is used double throughout.

Size: 12in. from nose to base of tail. Tension: 3 sts. to 1in. with double yarn.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

BODY

Beg. at lower edge and using A, cast on 25 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: K 5A, join in B, k 10B, k 5A, join in C, k 5C.

3rd Row: P 5C, p 5A, p 9B, p 6A.

Cont. in st-st. and beg. with 4th row of chart (above right), follow chart from right to left on k rows and from left to right on p rows. Place marker at beg. of 8th row to indicate head. When chart has been completed, cont. piece, working other side as follows:

Beg. with 23rd row, read chart from top to bottom and place marker at end of 39th row to indicate head. When chart has been completed, cast off.

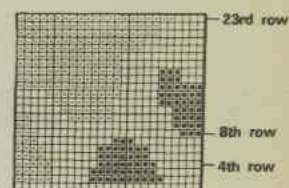
HEAD

1st Row: Join A at first marker and k up 21 sts. between markers.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 4, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 4, k 2 tog.



COLOR KEY ☐ natural ☒ dark brown ☐ light brown

7th Row: K 4, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 4. 9th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 3. 11th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 2. (7 sts.) Cast off.

LEGS (make 2B and 2C)

Beg. along side of leg, cast on 10 sts.; work 4 rows in st-st. Cast off. Sew side edges tog. with p side out.

TO MAKE UP

Fold body and head in half and sew tog., leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff. Sew up opening. Placing legs so that they curve as in photograph, sew C legs in front, B legs at back.

Tail: With B, crochet 4in. chain. Sew to body. Cut 2B and 1C strands 5in. long, draw halfway through end of tail and tie. Using C double in a tapestry needle, starting at top of tail, make running sts. along top of Bossy to centre of first row of head, pull up sts., drawing in Bossy's back about 1in.

Using black, embroider features as illustrated.

Horns (make 2): Using B, make 8 ch. 1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. Fasten off. Sew in place.

Necklace: Crochet ch. long enough to go around neck and to tie. For each flower, wrap yarn around index and middle fingers (4 or 5 times for heavy yarn, 10 or 12 times for lightweight yarn), slip loops off fingers, and, using contrasting color, tie tightly around centre of loops. Make 7 flowers in all and sew evenly spaced to chain. Tie bell to necklace. Tie ch. around neck and tack in place.

"TWO-FACED" LOOKING-GLASSES

Sweet Sue, with swinging plaits, makes an appealing decoration on the back of an oval mirror. Use felt or other fabric and a strong adhesive.



MAKE a plain, inexpensive mirror with a handle into a novel gift by decorating the back with a pretty face. Little girls, and big ones, too, will love these two-faced looking-glasses.

Cost is negligible. You can use all sorts of bits and pieces — colored felt, pretty cottons, ribbons, knitting wool, raffia, buttons and beads, colored adhesive tape — in fact, anything that fires your imagination. You'll also need glue or other suitable adhesive.

Here are two suggestions to get you started. Sweet Sue, left, looks very attractive on an oval mirror. Glue plain felt or other fabric to the back of mirror. Make plaits from strips of felt and rest of hair from the same material. Glue to face, hiding upper ends of plaits beneath main hair section. Cut features from scraps of felt and glue to face.

For Flower Girl, right, cut a circle of felt or other material (gingham is effective) to fit back of round mirror. Cut petals, glue to back, then glue on round face. Cut mouth and fringed eyelashes and glue in position.



Designs and illustrations by MANDI

Flower Girl is another pretty idea for a mirror back, this time a round one. Glue and colorful scraps of fabric are all you need. Directions at left.